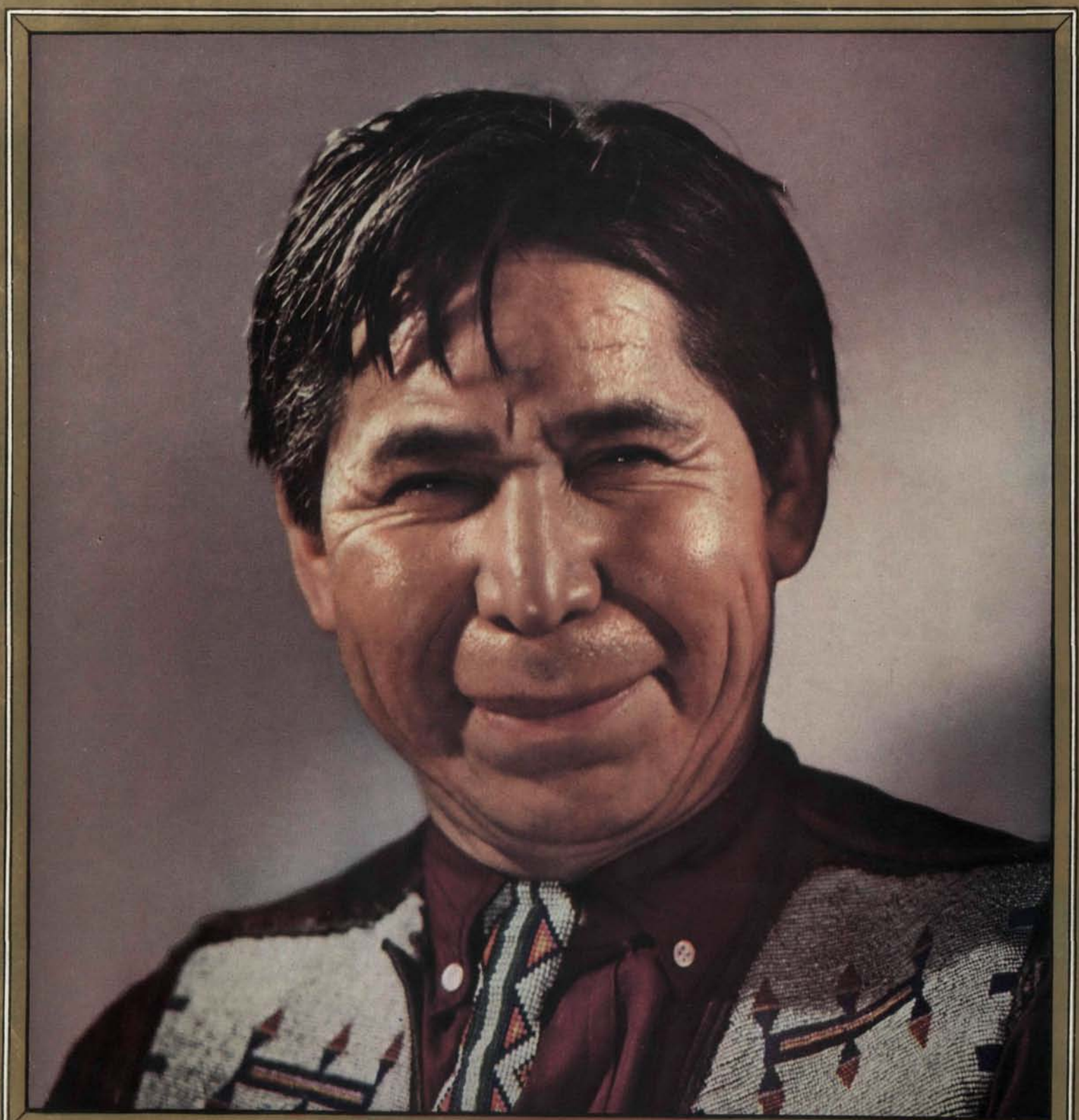
APRIL

1937

Scribner's

MAGAZINE



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Grinding Wheels

ONE of industry's valuable production tools is the grinding wheel. It is furnished as small as 3/32" for delicate die finishing. A 42" diameter wheel grinds crankshafts in the automotive industry. A ten-ton pulpstone converts wood into pulp in the paper industry. There is a grinding wheel for each of industry's grinding jobs—made of Norton Abrasives.

It should be of public interest that Norton Abrasives have such a vital part in the production of the things that make our daily lives pleasanter and more comfortable.

With the grinding wheel are associated other abrasive products — oilstones that keep our tools and cutlery in condition, abrasive paper (sandpaper), rubbing bricks and stones of every description. Norton Abrasives go into refractories for handling heat and into floor surfaces to make them non-slip.

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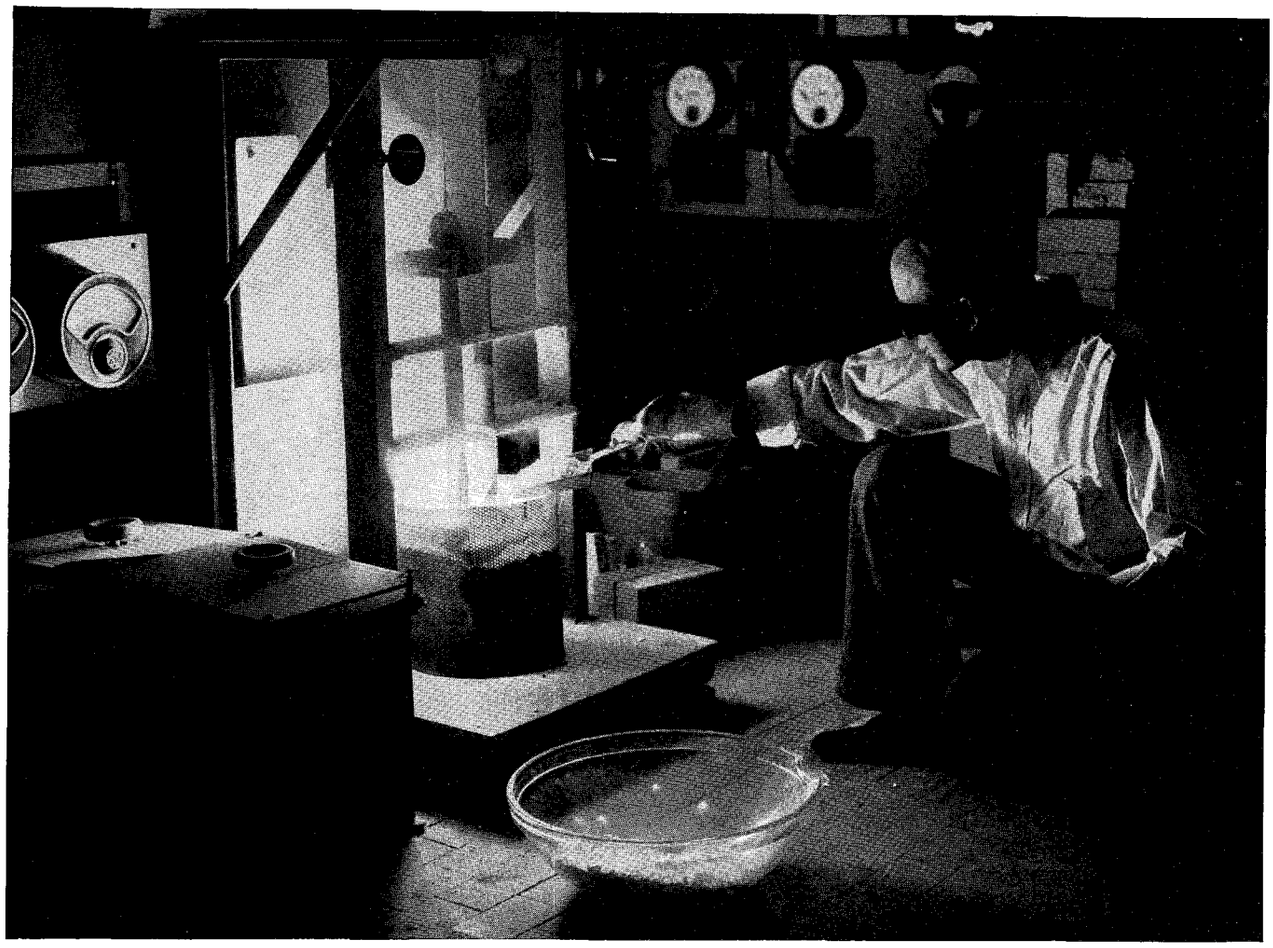

White Heat Means a Cooler Kitchen

WORKING with searing heat at 5400 degrees Fahrenheit, G-E scientists have evolved more durable, more efficient heating units. These CALROD units, used in General Electric and in Hotpoint electric ranges, provide quick, clean, even heat—localized just where it is needed. This means a cooler kitchen. In thousands of plants, CALROD units are being used for industrial heating because they provide heat at a remarkable saving in cost.

But the CALROD unit is only one achievement of the ceramics experts in the G-E Research Laboratory. New and unusual kinds of glass serve as vital parts in sodium lamps that light miles of American highways—light them for greater safety for drivers and pedestrians. Large insulators support the wires that bring electric power from the generators to your home; tiny insulating blocks help to maintain the high quality of reception in your radio tubes. To these, too, General Electric scientists, in Schenectady, have brought important improvements.

These examples are but a few of the contributions of research which has stimulated industry, increased employment, made available more things for more people at less cost.

G-E research has saved the public from ten to one hundred dollars for every dollar it has earned for General Electric

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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Scribner's

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Cover Photograph by HENRY WAXMAN

Published by CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, 597 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

CHARLES SCRIBNER, *President* EDWARD T. S. LORD, WHITNEY DARROW, MAXWELL E. PERKINS, *Vice-Presidents*
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Scribner's Magazine: HARLAN LOGAN, *Editor-Publisher;* JO H. CHAMBERLIN, *Managing Editor;* MARIAN IVES, *Fiction Editor;* ELMER LOEMKER, *Art Editor;* WARREN BOWER, KATHERINE GAUSS JACKSON, LOMBARD JONES, KATHERINE KENT, DON WHARTON, *Editorial Associates.* Published monthly, 25 cents a copy; $2.50 a year; Foreign, $3.50 a year. Copyrighted in 1937 in the United States, Canada, and Great Britain by Charles Scribner's Sons. All rights reserved. No article in this issue may be reprinted in whole or in condensed form without express permission. This magazine will not be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts. All manuscripts should be accompanied by stamped, addressed envelopes for return. Scribner's Magazine is indexed in the *Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature.* Printed in Philadelphia. Entered as second-class matter December 2, 1886, at the Post-Office at New York, New York, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, September 10, 1936. Entered as second-class matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Canada.

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STRAWS IN THE WIND

Chief Red Cloud (*See cover*)

The face on our cover this month is that of Chief Red Cloud, of 22 West End Avenue, New York, Apartment 3B. When we asked Red Cloud when he was born, he reached into his pocket, pulled out a soiled passport, and pointed to a line on which was written March 7, 1879. This sounds as if he has a poor tongue or a bad memory, but not so. He merely wanted to show us his passport.

Red Cloud is proud of being a 100% American Indian. He says that he is the only genuine Indian in the show business and approves the government's attempt to drive out what he calls "Irish Indians and Jewish Indians." Born in Indian Territory before white men were admitted, he is of the Cayuga Tribe of the Iroquois Confederation. He has a full-blooded disdain for half-breeds. We asked him how much Indian Will Rogers was, and he said, quick as an arrow off bow, "one thirty-second." Charles Curtis, the late Vice-President? "About the same." We gathered that he was not interested in these men and so asked how much Indian one had to be to be an Indian. He cited us the United States Government ruling: fifty per cent.

Red Cloud has had a lot of experience in the show business. In 1901, fresh from government school and reservation, he went with his people to the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo. He lived in the Indian village there and remembers well the day McKinley was assassinated. Three years later Red Cloud was at the St. Louis World's Fair. Thereafter he joined Buffalo Bill's Wild West show as a rider, becoming one of the fearful Redskins who whooped down upon the white man's covered wagon. It was with the 101 Ranch that he went abroad—in the middle 1920's.

Red Cloud has been in business for himself since the 101 Ranch closed down. He has an old-type medicine show labeled "Chief Red Cloud and His Real Americans." He is a pitchman, and his spiel is well worth hearing. Standing on a platform, pounding his left palm with his right fist, he lectures about oils and shampoos, points to his fine crop of black hair, flexes his muscles, praises his clear skin. Privately he admits that the oils account only in part for his health. He lays it more to a good diet and a careful wife. Red Cloud never wears a hat, feeds largely on vegetables, avoids ice cream and firewater. Princess Little Star, his wife, sees that he puts on his overshoes whenever it rains.

Red Cloud is international president of the North American Indian Confederation. Elected at the Buffalo convention last summer, he comes up for reelection in a few months. We asked him whether he would be given a second term. He said "Maybe like Hoover," but reached into his breast pocket, pulled out a cigar, and showed us his campaign technique. The cigar was of the brand *Optimo*.

Editor's Mail

While the number of SCRIBNER readers has more than doubled since last September, the amount of mail coming into the office has increased even more—a healthy sign and to some degree a barometer of interest in the magazine. Even though experience accustoms one to certain kinds of letters, there is always something new. Only this past week a woman wrote in, wishing to cancel the subscription entered some months ago for a sister living in Moscow. It appears that the sister had received two issues of the magazine, but more recent copies have been confiscated by the Soviet postal authorities . . . just why we have been unable to find out.

In addition there are letters bringing up questions of fact or interpretation. In the rush of going to press recently the San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge was improperly referred to in a picture caption as the "San Francisco Bridge over the Golden Gate." The slip went by several people. Do you think this matter was passed up? No, indeed. To date, the editors have received twenty letters—friendly and otherwise—on the subject from outraged Californians. Lately, the most amusing letters have referred to "The Scribner Quiz." Although no homes have been broken up as yet, or lifelong friendships sundered, quite a number of people have written in to settle arguments over interpretation of fact and thus settle bets running as high as five or ten dollars. A little warily, the editors have endeavored to comply.

Not Represented

Each month SCRIBNER'S presents a short story by a new and talented writer —*unless* no story which comes up to standard is received from a new writer during the month. Thousands of stories by unpublished writers are coming into this office from all parts of the country. A large proportion of these contain good writing, and there are nearly fifty writers who are submitting work regularly which shows unusual ability but which is not quite ready for publication. It is probable that one of these fifty will send in something entirely worthy within the near future. Every new-author story submitted is carefully read, particularly if it shows promise, but the editors will not accept a story unless it is completely satisfactory. This month the new and talented writer is not represented.

Who's Who

The author of "Our Hypnotized World," in this issue, is V. F. Calverton, founder and editor of *The Modern Monthly*. He has been lecturing this year in this country and Canada on the influence of hypnosis, as embodied in his recent novel *The Man Inside*. Mr. Calverton was born in Baltimore, stud-

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A FREE COPY . . . for your library

—a book which until last year was available only in privately printed copies valued at $20,000 each. Unexpurgated, identical with the original text is this special edition of

SEVEN PILLARS OF WISDOM

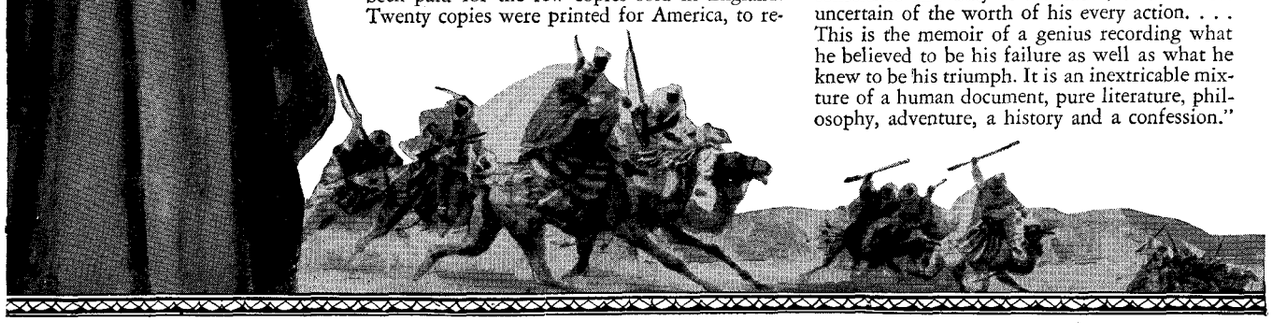
By T. E. LAWRENCE

THE SEVEN PILLARS OF WISDOM will be, as it was meant to be, Lawrence's monument to posterity. It has an exciting story of its own, and for years has partaken of the sensational and legendary which surrounded everything that Lawrence did. Lawrence finished it during six months of writing at the Peace Conference in Paris. Close to 250,000 words had been written. Then one day while he was changing trains at Reading Station near London, he left this manuscript unguarded and it disappeared. It has never been recovered.

Within a few months he rewrote a second draft in 400,000 words; but his style was careless and hurried, and realizing he would never be satisfied with it, a year later characteristically he burned the entire manuscript. The third text was begun at once and was composed with great care. It is the present one. It was privately printed in London and fabulous sums were said to have been paid for the few copies sold in England. Twenty copies were printed for America, to retain copyright here, and the price of these was set at $20,000 apiece. Upon his death, last year, the unexpurgated text was given to the world.

"Lawrence was not writing a history in this book.... The stream of explanation and narrative is made up of many elements. There are studies of Arab history and Arab character, the latter brilliant in the extreme, and pen portraits of Arabs, Turks, French and British leaders of extraordinary wit, shrewdness and power, and these and much else are floated on a narrative of adventures that are terrible, humorous, exciting to a degree unequalled in our time, enriched by descriptions of the desert, of Arab life, of the backgrounds of critical action, many of which are beautiful in a high degree, real masterpieces of English prose. . . .

"But this is only one strand of this great book. . . . The other is philosophical, but in no abstract sense. It is the meditation, often agonized, sometimes profound and occasionally petulant and despairing, of a leader torn between duty to his conscience and duty to his cause, of a Hamlet uncertain of the worth of his every action. . . . This is the memoir of a genius recording what he believed to be his failure as well as what he knew to be his triumph. It is an inextricable mixture of a human document, pure literature, philosophy, adventure, a history and a confession."



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THERE is no reader of this magazine who would not find it in many ways to his advantage to subscribe to the service of the Book-of-the-Month Club; and we make this extraordinary offer in order to demonstrate that this is the case.

What we here propose is this: mail the inquiry coupon, *and a copy of this fine library volume will immediately be put aside in your name,* and held until we hear whether or not you care to join. In the meantime, a booklet will at once be sent to you outlining how the Club operates, and what it is doing for its subscribers.

Study this booklet at your leisure; you may be surprised, for instance, to learn that belonging to the Club does not mean you have to pay any fixed sum each year; nor does it mean that you are obliged to take one book every month, twelve a year (you may take as few as four); nor are you ever obliged to take the specific book-of-the-month selected by the judges. You have complete freedom of choice at all times. You also participate in the Club's "book-dividends," of which over $1,250,000 worth were distributed among members last year alone.

If, after reading the booklet, you decide to join the Club, the free copy of SEVEN PILLARS OF WISDOM being reserved for you will at once be shipped to you.

Here is a very interesting fact; over 150,000 families—composed of discerning but busy readers like yourself—now get most of their books through the Book-of-the-Month Club; and of these tens of thousands of people *not a single one was induced to join by a salesman;* every one of them joined upon his own initiative, upon the recommendation of friends who were members, or after simply reading—as we ask you to do—the bare facts about the many ways in which membership in the Club benefits you as a book-reader and book-buyer.

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PLEASE send me without cost, a booklet outlining how the Book-of-the-Month Club operates. This request involves me in no obligation to subscribe to your service. It is understood that if I decide to join the club, I will receive a free copy of *Seven Pillars of Wisdom.*

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ied at Johns Hopkins University, and now divides his time between New York and Baltimore. He has written extensively on sociology and history, is a member of the American Sociological Society and the American Academy of Political and Social Science. He says:

"After watching developments in the international scene for years, reading newspaper dispatches day after day, and seeing the populations of European countries victimized by dictators, I became convinced it was time that we examined some of the forces involved in the process. Tying up my experiences in the field of hypnosis, it did not take me long to realize that what was taking place here, in these countries, and in all countries to varying degrees, was a form of social hypnosis.

"As a result of the development of modern techniques of communication and contact, in particular the radio, the amplifier, the up-to-the-second newspaper, the telephone, the telegraph, I realized it now has become possible to hypnotize entire nations, especially totalitarian nations, where the controls over such techniques are absolute. The truth involved in that fact has been all too inadequately realized; hence my eagerness to put it in an article where the American people could see what might very well happen to them if they ever allow a totalitarian state to get control over such techniques in this country."

*

Thomas Sugrue is a Connecticut, Roman Catholic, Irish Democrat, who, after being educated at a Southern university founded by Presbyterians, came to New York to report Methodist sermons for the Republican *Herald Tribune*. He was drafted in 1934 by *The American Magazine* to go around the world and write travel articles. These almost ceased when he found a friendly Arab, living in the shadow of the pyramids, who seemed to have knowledge of the dead. He lived through this, he reports, and through some other things, including an acquaintance with voodoo in Cuba and an evening with one of the heiresses presumptive to the throne of Hawaii. As a child, he was kissed by Mae West, but eventually in 1935 married his college sweetheart and thus united two of the oldest and most belligerent families of County Kerry, Ireland.

He now lives in Greenwich Village with this same wife, who spends her time cooking and talking to policemen's horses. Sugrue, we are informed, tries fitfully to write fiction, composes sonnets at dawn while watching ships in the North River, and earns his living as a reporter.

*

Bergen Evans, a member of the English department at Northwestern University, has spent the last two summers in Hollywood, and has had access to the fan mail of some of our most outstanding "stars," though he can't let us publish their names. A postscript on his letter says that if we think he exaggerates in "Fantasia," he has a newspaper clipping which says that a gorilla in the Cincinnati Zoo that had a birthday some time ago received a lot of fan mail on the happy day. "Am not at all surprised," quoth Mr. Evans.

*

A boyhood spent in a small southern Indiana town where there were three churches, and each of them holding a month's revival during the winter, probably had a lot to do with Tom S. Elrod's ideas on hell. Those revivals kept the town amused and happy through December, January, and February, he says. After high school, he got a job as society editor of the local paper. "I met all the trains, to ask citizens where they were going and why." Later he served for fifteen years as reporter, city editor, and editor of the Columbus *Evening Republican*. He is now an editorial writer on the Indianapolis *News*.

*

"Yes, I certainly was in it," says Jesse Stuart of the Ohio River flood. "Seventeen days and couldn't mail a letter or get one. I got my first mail today—a whole stack—so many letters, and how glad I am to get them. Greenup, Kentucky, is a total wreck. I was there today—couldn't buy a cigar. No lights, no gas, no drinking water. Homes gone—telephone poles in the streets—wires broken—privies, garages, and houses in the streets—nearly all porches torn from the houses—one hotel collapsed—schoolhouse condemned. Two trains took the people up the river to higher ground and safety. Every grocery store in Greenup was doomed. Airplanes dropped food to refugees. Once a sack of cheese and crackers lodged in a tree. You ought to hear 'em tell about getting an ax and chopping down the tree. One home had one hundred and ten refugees. It's like being in a war to go through one of these floods. Only trees back on the hills will stop them. Don't care how many damned dams the government builds; they won't check the old bull river when he comes down the beaten path a-bellering like he did this time. Have I been in a flood!"

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The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York

First Policy Issued, February 1, 1843—Ninety-Four Years Ago

COMPLETING 94 years of Security and Service, The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York, the First American Life Insurance Company to Issue a Policy, had Assets on December 31, 1936 of $1,308,278,819, an Increase of $69,239,255 over 1935.

Payments to Policyholders and their Beneficiaries in 1936 amounted to $133,381,385.

New and additional Insurance amounted to $250,663,340, bringing the Company's total Insurance in Force on December 31, 1936 to $3,712,259,614, the first increase since 1930.

The Company has set aside from its 1936 Gains in Operations $25,024,520 for Dividends to Policyholders in 1937 and its Fund for Depreciation of Securities and General Contingencies stood on December 31, 1936 at $61,520,866 as compared with $55,769,831 in 1935.

BALANCE SHEET, DECEMBER 31, 1936

ASSETS	Per cent	
Cash	4.28	$ 55,989,728.76
United States Government bonds	20.46	267,668,754.96
State, County and Municipal bonds	4.33	56,714,710.28
Canadian Government, Provincial and Municipal bonds	.72	9,402,107.40
Other Foreign Government bonds	.08	1,057,897.22
Railroad, Public Utility and Industrial bonds	31.92	417,596,990.24
Preferred and Guaranteed stocks	1.70	22,190,775.00
Mortgage Loans (at cost)	17.20	224,990,118.64
Real Estate (at cost or less)	4.24	55,501,453.75
Policy Loans	12.74	166,624,777.05
Premiums in course of Collection and Reinsurance due from other Companies	1.17	15,297,971.40
Interest and Rents due and accrued	1.16	15,243,534.55
Total Admitted Assets		$1,308,278,819.25

LIABILITIES AND RESERVES	
Policy Reserves	$1,131,251,577.00
Supplementary Contract Reserves	65,970,402.11
Other Policy Liabilities	13,719,192.19
Premiums, Interest and Rents paid in advance	4,242,936.91
Miscellaneous Liabilities	4,136,221.51
Reserve for Taxes	2,314,665.31
Set aside for Dividends in 1937	25,024,520.28
Reserve for Future Deferred Dividends	98,437.51
Fund for Depreciation of Securities and General Contingencies	61,520,866.43
Total	$1,308,278,819.25

Bonds subject to amortization under Section 18 of the New York Insurance Laws were taken at their amortized, i.e. their book values. Non-amortized bonds and preferred stocks were taken at market values at December 31, 1936, published under the auspices of the National Association of Insurance Commissioners.

The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York

DAVID F. HOUSTON *President*

34 Nassau Street, New York

Do you know the value of acquaintanceship with a Mutual Life Agency Representative? Decide today to see and welcome the one who may call on you, if only to request the interesting booklet, "The Dollar that Keeps on Growing." Or send for it to the address above.

FIRST POLICY ISSUED — FEBRUARY 1, 1843

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A BRAND-NEW CUSTOMER used the telephone this morning. Betty Sue called up that nice little girl around the corner.

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There is constant, never-ending search for ways to improve the speed, clarity and efficiency of your telephone calls . . . to provide the most service, and the best, at the lowest possible cost.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

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Scribner's
MAGAZINE
Volume CI, Number 4 April, 1937

The Newsreels

THOMAS SUGRUE

SCRIBNER'S EXAMINES *the newsreels in America . . . their origin, history, and social function . . . what they mean to posterity . . . how they are made*

EACH week there are projected on the screens of America's 16,000 motion-picture theaters some 10,000 feet of film depicting the news of the day, week, month, year, country, and world at large, offered for the entertainment and enlightenment of the 108,000,000 persons —some duplicates, some triplicates—who seek surcease of reality each heptad of days in the cinema. There are five newsreel companies: Pathé, Paramount, Fox Movietone, Universal, and Hearst News of the Day. Each presents two reels a week, each approximately 900 feet long. Each reel is seen, before its brief life is over and it is sold for scrap film, by twenty or more millions of people. Every motion-picture theater books one or more of the reels; no patron of the products of Hollywood escapes exposure to them. The newsreels have done more to acquaint Americans with the world in which they live than all of the other beneficent agencies of modern civilization combined.

They have, in effect, used the only new art form which has appeared in the world for several ages in a practical way. They have accepted the motion-picture camera as an eliminator of space, as a means of teleportation, whereby there is catapulted to any designated place any part or portion of the earth and the events transpiring thereon. They have set before the cinema audiences of the world the world itself—realistic, brutally curt, uncomfortably detailed. Through them the movie audiences of the world have been released from a dream world, a captivity of the eye as torturesome to the curious as was the chained agony of Prometheus.

The effect of this magical transportation of earth and flesh has been, and is, incalculable. The generation which has grown up with automobiles, radios, and airplanes has also grown up with newsreels. This generation, which is accustomed to travel over land at sixty miles an hour and through the air at two hundred miles an hour, and which accepts as a commonplace the voice of a man speaking to it from a distance of a thousand miles, has not considered as remarkable the fact that it can see with its own eyes, while sitting in its neighborhood theater, events that transpired in the far places of the world only a few days before. This practical clairvoyance in time and space, with which mystics have wrestled for thousands of years, is not considered a phenomenon by Americans.

Foreigners think differently. In London there are twenty newsreel theaters—cinema houses devoted exclusively to the exhibition of pictorial news. In Paris there are ten, and every small European city has at least one. In the whole of the United States there are six: three in New York, one in Newark, one in Philadelphia, and one at North Station in Boston. The best customers of these half-dozen pioneers are foreigners, especially Japanese and Chinese. The Oriental thrills when a faraway place or a great man is brought before him.

The American is apathetic; it is for him that the newsreels have injected comedy, novelties, features, and the expert filming of sports events. History either bores or frightens him. He prefers the feature picture, which pacifies him with illusions of beauty and provides him with a vicarious outlet for his appetites and his dreams of beauty and grandeur. The astounding circulation figures of the newsreels are therefore misleading. They are not the result of voluntary attention; you get the newsreels whether you like it or not, while you are waiting for the stage show or the feature. Even so, their effect has been great, incalculably great.

Elimination of space and time is the problem which

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keeps man from liberation, and he labors at this problem mightily. In such things as radio and the internal-combustion engine he seems to have discovered clues. By means of the airplane, man can almost follow the sun. Such things are considered wonderful, as they are; yet on the evening of March 4, 1913, Broadway movie audiences in New York looked at a newsreel of Woodrow Wilson's inauguration, which had taken place that afternoon in Washington. The audiences were thrilled, but not astounded. After all, hadn't a man invented an electrical self-starter for automobiles the year before? It was an age of miracles anyhow. People were singing, at that time, a curious popular song entitled, *When Ragtime Rosie Ragged the Rosary*. Perhaps this hedonism had something to do with the casual acceptance of an event which should have knocked those who observed it back on their heels.

The makers of newsreels have been able to exist and grow healthy on narcissism. Exhibitors have never cared a tinker's dam about the reels, and they argued against their inception in 1910, on the basis that the news would be too old by the time they got it to their screens. For a while the reels were given away, and they persisted only because something had to be shown to fill the gap between showings of the feature. Figuratively, an emancipation of the mind was rammed down the throats of Americans. Now they know what the world looks like beyond the horizon, and how Mussolini and Hitler and Gandhi, and the Duke of Windsor walk, talk, swim, laugh, and squint. History, because of the newsreels, can never again be what it had been since Herodotus—a romanticized glorification of commonplaces. The past cannot be more glorious or heroic than the present. The newsreel record lies in its morgue, ready to leap out and reveal the past as something as dull, ordinary, and prosaic as the things of the present. Had Napoleon and John L. Sullivan been exposed to the newsreel they would never have become the demigods of militarism and pugilism. Napoleon would be preserved for visual inspection as a megalomaniacal punk, and the Boston Strong Boy would be a ridiculously mustached blacksmith turned bludgeoner of humans. When Pathé released its twenty-fifth anniversary reel in 1935, Wilson, Taft, the first Roosevelt, and a host of other figures who are heading toward Olympus in the public mind were suddenly exposed as ordinary men in rather silly-looking clothes. The grinning newsreel cameraman, hunting ridiculous angles with savage glee, kills gods of the future with his picture gun.

In recent years the great men of the world—proving their greatness—have recognized this danger, and are more circumspect and restrained before the camera. They dare not refuse to be filmed, so they make the best of it by co-operating with the cameraman and acting for him. At the last inauguration, President Roosevelt literally toed a chalk line for the boys, and stayed within a small square marked out for him by the cameramen, who were on a tower fifty feet away with their machines focused on the square. The tower cost the newsreels $2000 to construct. In return for co-operation the great men are spared the cameraman's satire, but the camera itself is a satirist. Its realism is subtle and cruel. It can be tipped to a flattering angle, but its lens will not delete a single detail.

Should the newsreels suddenly announce that, since they have never been appreciated and do not make money and are given away as premiums with Garbo and Gable and Crawford, they have decided to give up the ghost and retire, there would probably be quite a squawk. There has been a growing appreciation of them on the part of intelligent people, especially since the advent of sound, and the companies themselves have labored to make reels that grow less tiresome and repetitious, more interesting and informative, week by week. And the average American, pampered almost to extinction, would be inclined to cry a little, much as he would weep if his fresh grapefruit in midwinter were taken away from him.

But the newsreels are not apt to make any such announcement. Their makers are joyous in their creation, and they represent a prodigious investment. They are still the ill-used stepchildren of Hollywood's household, distributed as lollipops along with the supersmash productions of their owners, but they comprise an amazing and ingenious system of world news coverage which dwarfs everything of its kind except the great press associations. They represent an investment in camera and sound equipment which cannot be estimated; they consume film as fire consumes tinder; they envelop the lives of more than 2000 photographers from Bangor to Benares. They examine a quarter of a million feet of film negative a week; and they work like madmen to present in 10,000 feet a panorama of civilization's epic attempt to tie itself into an inextricable knot.

The newsreel history is consistent with its rôle of unappreciated stepchild of the movies. It had a rocky start. Its first adventure was almost its last, and it went out to conquer the world with faith alone. There was little blessing from the multitude, and no cheers.

In 1906 a short, stocky young man named Leon Franconi stood among the ruins of San Francisco and contemplated the effacement of his family's home and fortune, both done in by the great fire. He decided to go south in search of a better fate, and traveled to Los Angeles, where he joined the firm of Pathé Frères,

Celebrated Newsreels

To illustrate Mr. Sugrue's survey of American newsreels the editors of SCRIBNER'S called in the editors of the newsreels themselves. Whereupon each newsreel editor pulled hundreds of films from his morgue, selected the best six of his company, and handed us the stills. They are published here, the choices of newsreel editors:

TRUMAN TALLEY—MOVIETONE
M.D. CLOFINE—NEWS OF THE DAY
ALBERT RICHARD—PARAMOUNT
COURTLAND SMITH—PATHÉ

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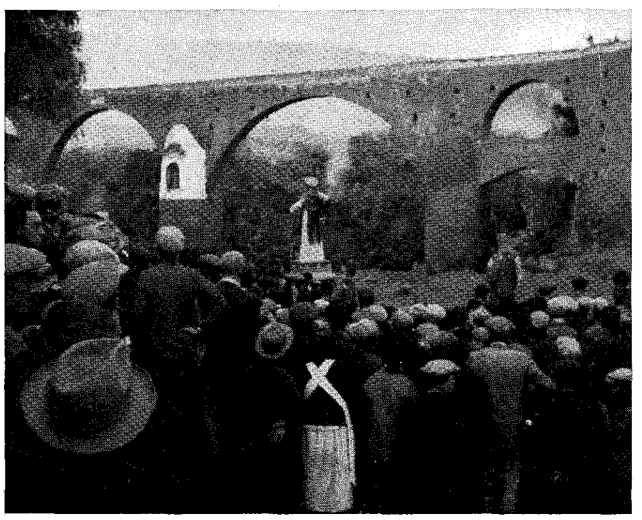
Fox-Movietone Names These as Their Six Best Newsreels

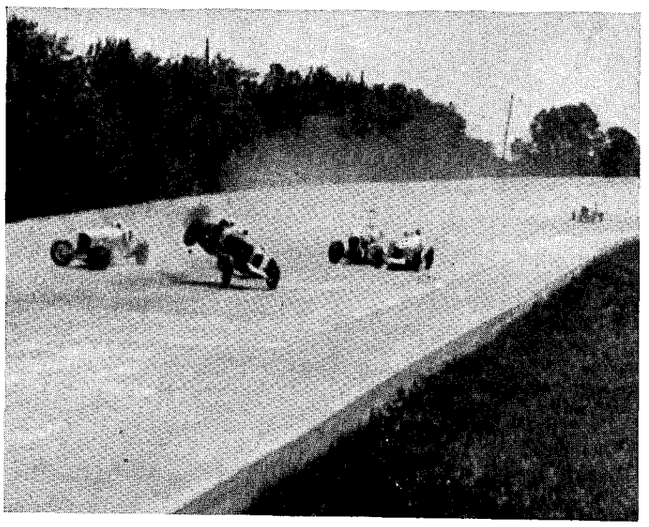


Italians asking their saints to stem Mt. Etna's lava

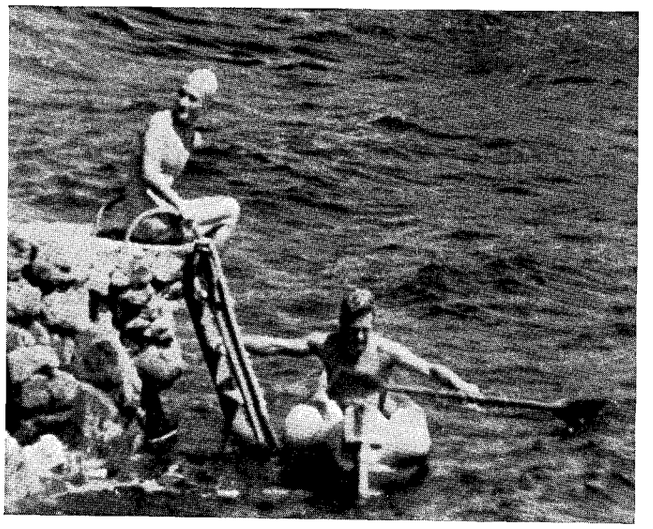
Cameraman McFarland outwitted Villa to get this picture

Cameraman George rushed in on the King Alexander killing

. . . and then turned to photograph unintended victims



Six cars were involved in this crash at Indianapolis



Edward and Mrs. Simpson at Cannes (*see page* 17)

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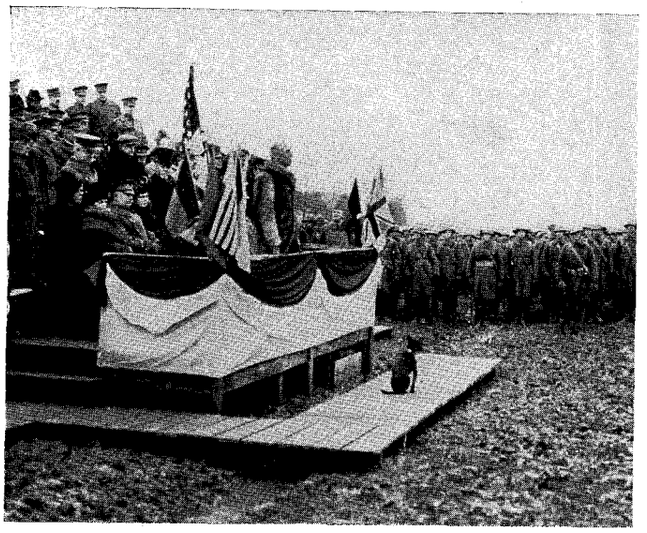
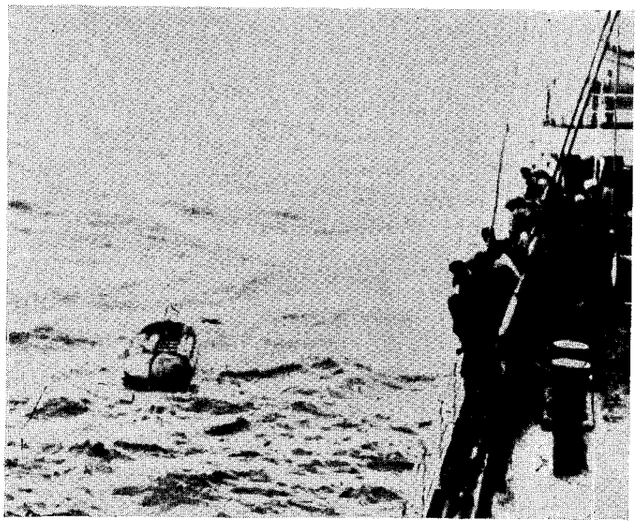
News of the Day Chooses These



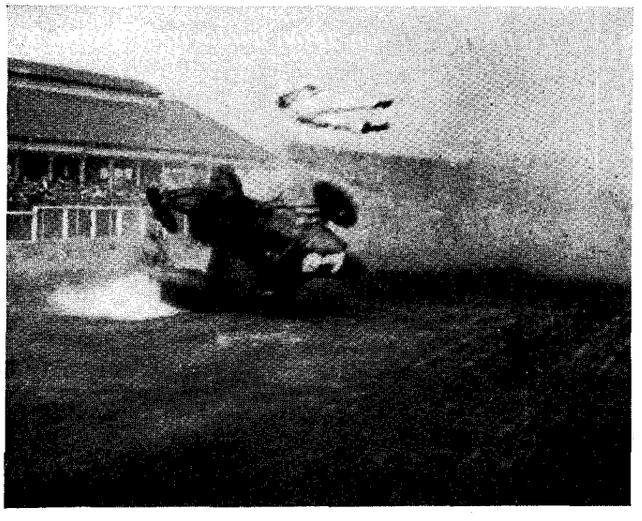
Woodrow Wilson reviewing an A. E. F. unit in France

First newsreel shot of Pope Benedict—taken in 1920

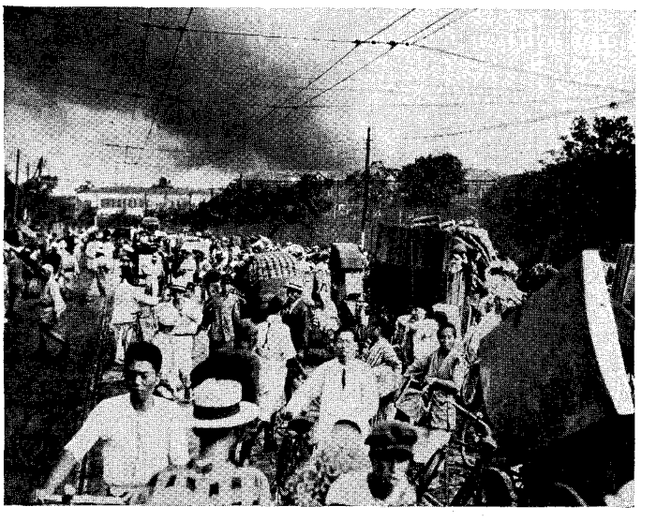


Lifeboat bringing passengers from the sinking S.S. *Antinoe*

Lindbergh coming up Broadway: 1927



Auto racer shot through the air at Hawthorne, Illinois



Refugees in Japan's earthquake, tidal wave, and fire of 1923

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French motion-picture producers, who had established a branch firm in Hollywood. Young Franconi became confidential interpreter for Charles Pathé, one of the brothers, and worked as general practitioner in the business and executive offices of the company. In 1909, inspired by the sight of a film of Taft's inauguration, he suggested to his employer that a magazine of the screen be founded by the company, to record and present news events to the audiences. Charles Pathé thought it over, went to Paris, and tried it out on the French; and in 1910, eight months later, cabled Franconi to go ahead in America.

Confronted with the job of realizing his own idea, Franconi was a little puzzled. There were no cameramen adapted to the task of filming spot news, and there wasn't any system whereby news could be spotted far enough ahead to get cameras and equipment to the scene in time to photograph the event. Franconi was faced with the task of training studio cameramen in a new technique, and building up a system of covering spot news. He was also beset by the opposition of the exhibitors, the nickelodeon proprietors, who thought the idea was silly.

For his first reel he decided on something spectacular. Rodeman Law, a daredevil, offered to jump off the torch of the Statue of Liberty with a newfangled parachute.

"Are you a parachute jumper?" Franconi asked.

"Sure," said Law, "I've been jumping for eighteen months."

The jump was made with four cameras trained on the scene, each from a different angle. The parachute didn't open until Law was a third of the way down, and Franconi almost collapsed. Law plummeted into the water with terrific force, striking his foot against the wall of Bedloe's Island as he fell. He was crippled for months, the parachute company threatened to sue Pathé, and Law finally admitted to Franconi that it was his first parachute jump. But the first newsreel had a punch.

Law did a few more stunts for Franconi. He had himself blown out of a rocket, which he constructed in the shape of a funnel. Inside this he set a sheet of galvanized iron, and he sat on this, wrapped in blankets and wearing a football player's helmet, while dynamite in large quantity was detonated beneath him. Everything went a mile high except Law, who for some reason unexplained by the rules of physics was simply dumped over the edge of the funnel, landing on the platform on which the curious contrivance had been built. He was not badly hurt, and lived to race the Twentieth Century Limited for Franconi on a motorcycle. The rails above New York were pretty well watched by detectives, for anarchists and other nuisances were about. Franconi was refused permission to try his trick, so the cameras were rigged up in an isolated section, and as the train appeared around a bend, Law rode onto the ties and went lickety-split, with the train in pursuit. When he passed the last camera he turned off the tracks, rocketed up an embankment and was nearly killed.

Such things were hardly news, but they helped the reel, which otherwise was made up of parades, conclaves, and conventions. Franconi trailed the Shriners like a vulture. He made an effort to get news when he could, and when fire broke out in Galveston, Texas, he hired a locomotive and caboose in order to send a cameraman from New Orleans in time to get the conflagration at its height. It cost him $500, but the cameramen got enough negative to supply all the European offices of Pathé, and the expenditure was condoned. One of his cameramen happened to be in a hotel in St. Augustine, Florida, when the fire of 1912 broke out there, and that made a good picture. Franconi sent cameramen to cover the strike in Colorado, at Trinidad, and a complete riot was photographed. That was the first instance of heroism on the part of cameramen. One of them was nearly killed.

Franconi had the field to himself up until 1912, when competition sprang up in the shape of Hearst and Universal. Paramount started its reel in 1916, and Fox came in right after the Armistice. These are the Big Five of this day, which finds Franconi living in White Plains, New York, in semiretirement, quite pleased with what happened to his idea. He heard that Rodeman Law died a natural death a few years ago, which seems to him a remarkable thing.

The newsreel developed slowly during the silent days, getting better as cameras improved and building up a system of coverage which gradually blanketed the world. The legend of the daring cameraman arose, and parades and conventions were gradually eliminated as more spot news was covered. There were still too many battleship parades and Bavarian peasant dances to suit the discriminating, but there was nothing much that could be done about it. To this day battleships make beautiful pictures, and the newsreel depends on beautiful pictures for its success. Thrilling as divorces and murders are, they are hopeless pictorially. To the newsreels it is a matter of no picture, no story.

Sound changed the newsreels as much as it changed feature pictures, and, strangely enough, the newsreels were chosen by destiny to prove the efficacy of the "talkies." The first sound feature film, *The Jazz Singer,* was a success, but after that the feature pictures in sound were pretty bad, and the new device looked like a failure. Then, suddenly, Fox came out with a newsreel that not only had sound, but had it *on the film,* rather than on records. This was a gadget developed by Courtland Smith, now president of Pathé News. Pretty soon the Fox reel was in such demand that four different editions of it—reels A, B, C, and D—were being produced a week. The reel did a hundred-thousand-dollar-a-week business, the first, last, and only time a newsreel ever climbed into such a financial bracket, and Smith found himself making speeches to the skeptical in favor of sound film. In the flush of success he founded the first newsreel theater, the Embassy, in New York.

The Fox-Case system of film recording was going like a house afire, but the Fox Company got into a magnificent mess; William Fox lost out in his fight for control,

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and Smith went to Pathé. The Fox Reel, christened the Fox Movietone News, went on to become the largest in organization and extent. It has a European Movietone News, a British Movietone News, and separate reels for every country, including Australia and New Zealand. Only Russia is excepted. The foreign extension was plotted and founded by Truman Talley, now general manager and producer of the American reel. Talley has stamped his personality on the Fox reel much as Smith has reflected himself in the Pathé reel.

Movietone is distinguished from its competitors by its high degree of departmentalization; every subject has a special commentator and a name for the department. Pathé puts a separate title on sports, but believes with the others that news is haphazard and that a reel must be kept open for spot news, which seldom lends itself to categories. Mike Clofine, the Hearst reel boss, makes a fetish of this freedom, as does Paramount. The latter goes farther, refusing to let a personality get into the makeup of the reel. It uses a board of three editors: A. J. Richard, editor; William P. Montague, assignment editor; William Park, make-up editor. It doesn't identify its commentators, using six or eight and choosing a voice to fit the story.

Universal, dubbed "The Five-Cent Weekly" by the other reels because it has a smaller staff and only four sound outfits, can afford to smirk at such badinage. It decided not to invest in expensive sound equipment in the early days when an outfit weighed 1400 pounds and the amplifier was attached to a truck. Instead, it hired a commentator, Graham McNamee, and used his voice with music and manufactured sound. This was forethought to the point of prophecy, for natural sound wore off as a novelty and the other reels turned to commentators, music, and finally, as now, a mixture of all three. Universal gets the palm for pioneering. It is run efficiently by Charles Ford, who once founded a local reel for the Chicago *Daily News*. With less money Ford often gets better pictures than his competitors, though he cannot cope with such scoops as Pathé's exclusive contract with the Dionne Quintuplets, or the blanket coverage of Movietone.

The March of Time, which is a magazine of the screen, costs an exhibitor more than a newsreel, though it isn't the smash hit that was predicted. It has a little trouble now and then with re-enactments of news. Some local Nazis raised a rumpus about a German sequence, and people often refuse either to act themselves or to sanction a double. The reel is careful not to be libelous, and that often detracts from its sting.

Sound slowed up the reels for a while because the novelty of natural noises and a commentator's voice was played up. Fewer stories were used in a reel, in order that the audience could hear more about each. As the novelty wore off, things were speeded up, and nowadays an average reel of ten minutes' duration contains between nine and thirteen subjects, with music, natural sound, and the comment artistically mixed, each coming out for a somersault at the proper time. The commentators have dwindled in importance. They do not write what they say, anyhow, and a suitable voice is all that is needed. In the newsreel offices they are known as "talk-strippers," which indicates the social flop they have taken. There has been a financial flop along with it; they no longer receive fabulous salaries.

The newsreels operate exactly like newspapers, with a news desk and an editor who assigns stories. Each company has a staff of cameramen, backed up by an international army of free lances—usually local photographers with their own cameras. There are only about five hundred staff men, averaging one hundred for each company —Fox a little more, Universal less. The free lances are paid for footage. The staff cameramen belong to a union, which guarantees them a minimum of $90 a week. They average about $125 a week, and the sound men get a minimum of $75 a week. Expense accounts are generous, and the life is usually an interesting and remunerative one. The cameramen are still largely a group of swashbuckling adventurers, but they are, like the buccaneers of early aviation, doomed to be replaced eventually by the technically skilled youngsters who are coming along. All cameramen are insured when on dangerous assignments, at a cost of $15 a day for $10,000, and in addition they participate in a group insurance, paid by the company, of $4000 apiece. In the regular field of insurance they are considered as occupational rather than physical risks, and you can hear them grumbling about high rates whenever they take out a policy. "We're as safe as children," they mutter.

Equipment has been reduced in size, until now it weighs, camera and sound together, only 150 pounds, with most of the weight in the tripod on which the camera rests. The technicians hope to reduce the whole thing to a pack which one man can carry, but they dare not as yet lighten the tripod, for the success of a picture depends on its rigidity, and a light tripod would probably do more harm than good. Each man has a small automatic camera for close work, and telescopic lenses are in general use, making it possible to get close-ups.

The editors live in daily horror of scratches on the film, the result of either a dirty "gate" on the camera or faulty work in developing. Unlike a newspaper, which can rewrite a story, the newsreel can do nothing with a bad film. They don't get much of it, for the cameramen are highly skilled, but they could do with some more imagination on the part of cameramen, because new angles are constantly necessary. It may be a brand-new fire or flood, but it is apt to look just like the last one, and the eyes remember scenes better than the mind remembers facts. Audiences yawn, and remember last year's conflagration, which looked the same. Editors would like to see young college men with intelligence and imagination get into the newsreel cameramen's field, but somehow, like the church, it doesn't attract them nowadays.

The cameramen send all of their negatives to the

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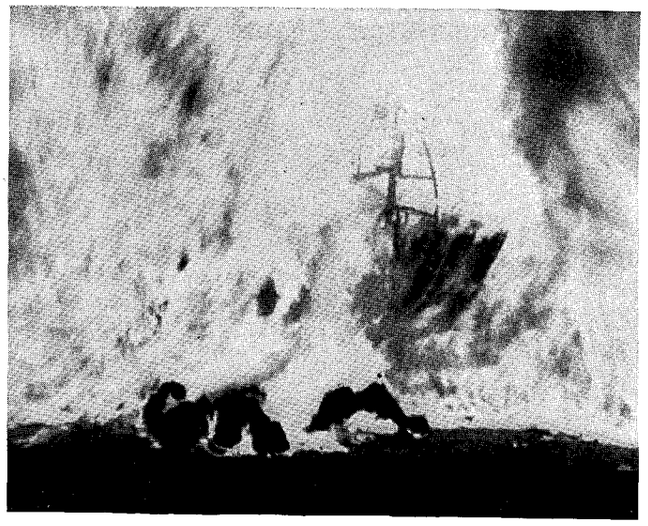
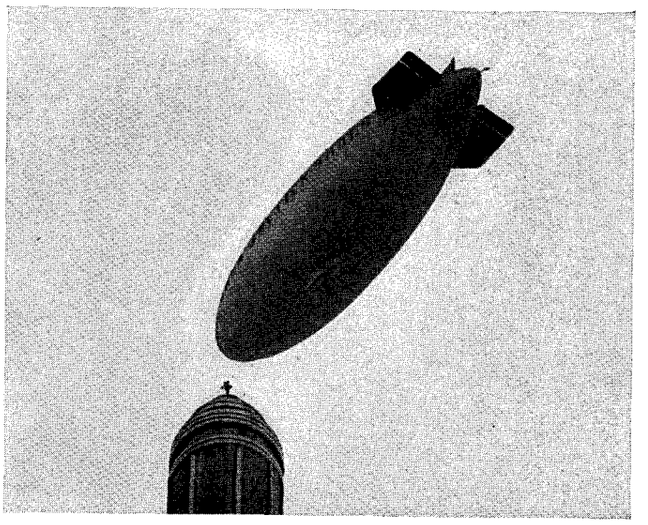
Paramount Picks These

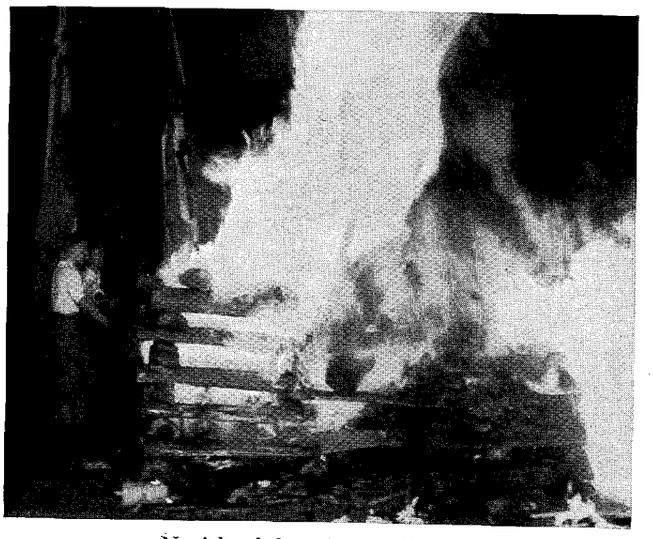


Captain De Pinedo burning to death on Floyd Bennett Field



First photograph of blimp mooring to Empire State mast

Alexander and Barthou riding to death at Marseilles



Nazi book-burning in Germany

Edward VIII and the Simpsons peering from St. James's

Dynamiting of the Alcazar at Toledo

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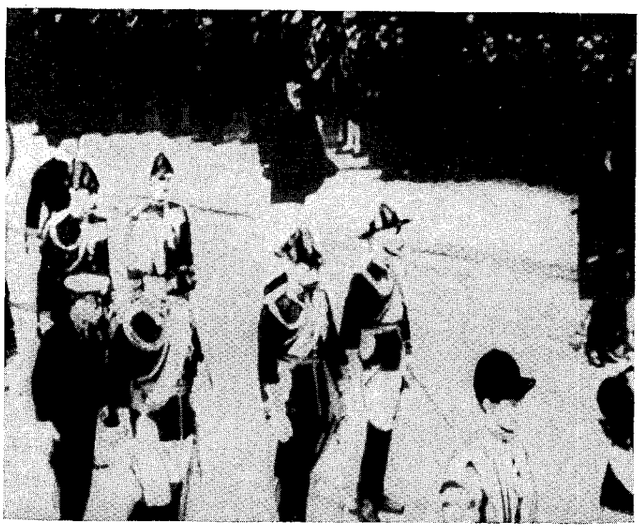
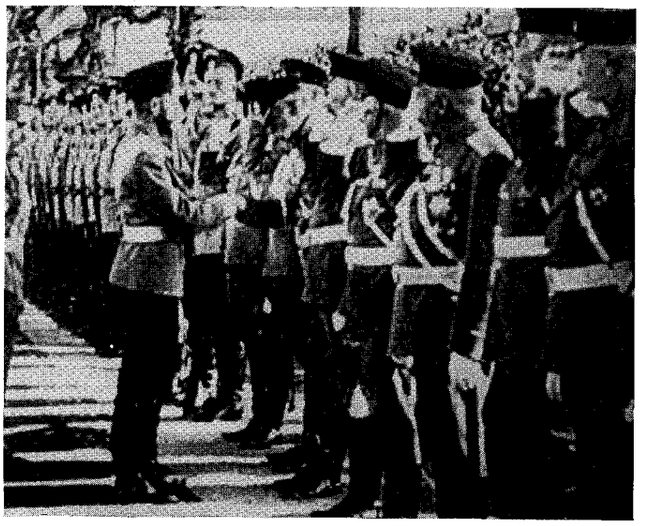
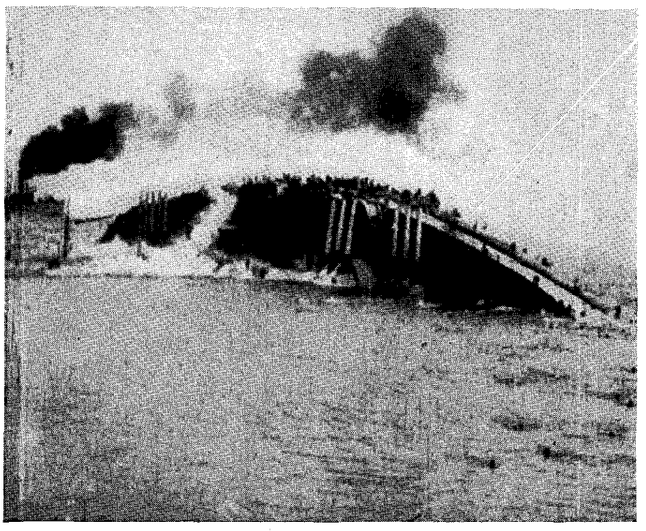
And These Are Pathé's Favorites



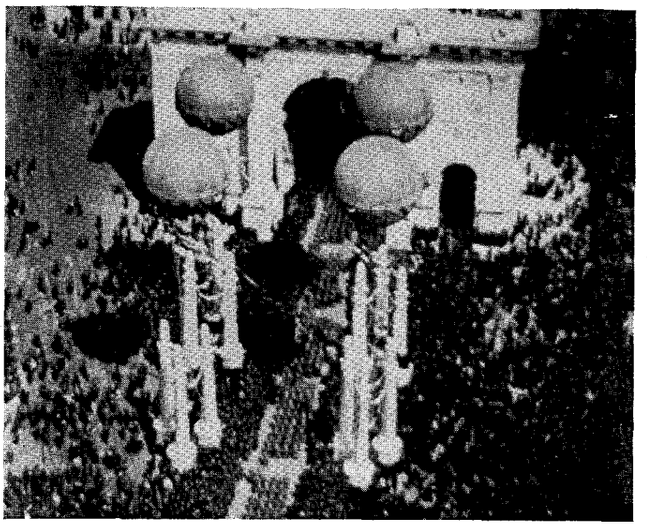
Wilhelm II and George V at funeral of Edward VII, 1910



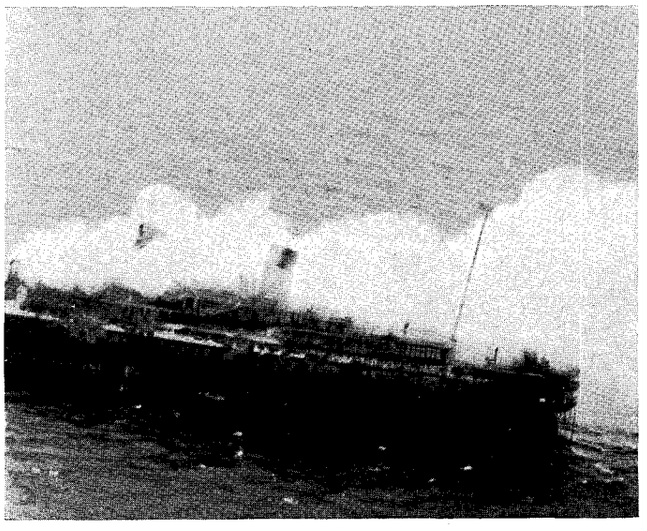
Czar Nicholas II reviewing his troops in 1913



The War's greatest shot: sinking of an Austrian cruiser



Victory Parade on Fifth Avenue



Burning of the *Morro Castle* off Jersey Coast in 1934

Flood in Colorado sweeping two people to their death

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central offices—all of which are in New York—by plane whenever possible. (The newsreels are the best customers of the airways, using planes to send negative, to distribute prints, and to take pictures.) There the film is examined, projected, cut, and pasted together. The natural sound is already on it, and this is mixed with music wherever music is desired. Meanwhile, the editors get to work on the comment, and when this is ready the talk-stripper goes into a projection room and does his work. He sits at a table with a microphone and script, while the film is projected before him. His voice is piped to a mixing machine, where it joins the other sounds, which are toned down when he is speaking. Meanwhile, titles come from the print shop, and such artistic things as dissolves, wipe-outs and double exposure are added—whenever the editor thinks necessary.

All of this is done in a single day, a day often lasting from noon until eight or nine o'clock the next morning. All reels make up on Monday and Wednesday, to catch the changes in program at theaters all over the country, and the prints are shipped by airplane and fast trains. The prints, incidentally, are costly, and were it not necessary to make so many—four or five hundred, one for each of the reels' first-run houses—the reels would make money.

All the reels except Universal are distributed through their parent companies to the theater chains controlled by these companies. RKO distributes Pathé, the Hearst reel goes through M-G-M, the Paramount and Fox companies handle their own reels. Universal, having no hookup with a chain, gets most of the independent houses, though all the reels sell to independents. Large movie houses, like the Radio City Music Hall in New York, buy two or three reels, cut out duplications, and paste the remainders together to be shown as the theater's own newsreel. The newsreel theaters also cut out duplications and re-edit the reels.

The life of a reel is four weeks. After that, even the cheapest houses won't take it, and the prints are sold for scrap film, the silver being salvageable. An exhibitor pays anywhere from two or three hundred dollars for a reel in a big, first-run house, to $2.50 for a reel four weeks old to be run in a side-street barn. Between one and two per cent of your entrance fee at a movie goes to the newsreel—less than a cent if you go to a thirty-five cent show. Radio City Music Hall buys three reels, which represent five per cent of the total outlay for the screen show. At a newsreel theater you see all five reels, first run, plus a travelogue or sports film, for twenty-five cents.

The reels make little or no money, since they operate on a budget handed down by the parent company, and the editors are not inclined to sacrifice their coverage for a few pennies. If they did, the profits would probably be taken away from them and the budget cut for the next year, anyhow. They concentrate on getting good coverage, good pictures, and fast delivery. There is little or no editorializing, since the screens belong to the exhibitors, who are of all creeds, politics, and races. A notable exception to this occurred in California in 1934, when Upton Sinclair ran for governor on his EPIC program. Certain newsreels showed tramps and bums pouring into the state on freight trains, expressing their determination to go to California and live off the government if Sinclair won. The scenes were staged, if not actually faked, and I, seeing them in San Francisco and Los Angeles theaters that summer, thought the freedom of the reels had come to an end. Nothing like it has happened since.

Reels of football games, filmed almost in entirety (when edited and trimmed to a hundred feet they are more lucid and thrilling than the actual encounter) are not released to coaches until the season is over. They are valuable for scouting, and coaches of teams on the participants' schedules used to buy prints of the full footage. Gruesome scenes are usually eliminated now, because audience reaction is bad. One company was forced to defend itself—successfully it turned out—against a suit by a woman who said that the sight of Dillinger on a slab brought on an abortion.

The newsreel morgues are as valuable as newspaper morgues, and are used more and more to give background to a story or a person of importance who has died or has been elevated in position. You never can tell what you have in the morgue. During the crisis over the English crown, Fox discovered it had a reel of King Edward and Mrs. Simpson in bathing. It had been taken some time before as a human-interest story of the King, and the cameraman didn't even know who the lady was when he made the film. Nor did he bother to find out. Pathé naturally has the best morgue historically, but Fox has priceless shots, made when sound was a novelty, of famous people from George Bernard Shaw to Mussolini and Hitler. At this time they were all eager to try the new contrivance, and they unwittingly gave themselves to posterity as ordinary men, saying ordinary things.

Of all the things which a newsreel editor hates, war is first. It is expensive, it is dangerous for the cameramen, and it seldom if ever produces pictures worth looking at. Not since the days of the Mexican fighting in 1916 have there been good war pictures. Then, Pancho Villa is supposed to have sold the motion-picture rights to his private war for $25,000 and fought several of his battles on location. After that, in every fracas, government censorship marred the chance for action pictures. In the World War the newsreel men weren't allowed to shoot at all; army photographers did the work for propaganda purposes, and the only thrilling thing was Pathé's shot of an Austrian cruiser torpedoed and sunk by an Italian submarine.

The Ethiopian War was a dud, except for Paramount's pictures of the sack of Addis Ababa and Movietone's reel of the bombing of Dessaye. The Spanish Revolution has also failed to go off, pictorially, and has been very dangerous for the cameraman. Floods, though expensive,

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are much easier to handle, and this year the editors had their men on the scene weeks before there was anything to shoot—waiting for the water to rise.

Some of the greatest newsreel pictures are accidental. A camera is trained on a racing automobile or a racing airplane, and there is a crack-up. When Francesco De Pinedo took off for a transatlantic flight at Floyd Bennett Field, and failed to get into the air, his plane burst into flames, and the newsreel cameras recorded his involuntary cremation. One of the greatest newsreel films ever made was the burning of the *Morro Castle,* which recorded the panic and death of passengers as they fell into the furnace of the ship or drowned in the water.

For posterity, the newsreel has President McKinley, leaving office after his first term (Universal bought it from Vitagraph, whose photographer, thrilled and frightened, turned his crank too fast and made a slow-motion picture); Czar Nicholas reviewing his troops in 1914; King George and the Kaiser on horseback, reviewing troops together; Taft making his inaugural address in a snowstorm; Teddy Roosevelt hunting in Africa; Wilson inaugurating the use of automobiles at inaugurations; soldiers of all nations going to fight in the World War; Foch, Pétain, Pershing, Hindenburg, Haig, Clemenceau, Poincaré, Lloyd George, and the Peace Conference in general; the Wright brothers at Kittyhawk; Byrd flying over both poles; Lindbergh in Paris; Hauptmann on the witness stand; Dillinger on a slab; Jack Johnson, Jim Jeffries, Tilden, Dempsey, Nurmi, Hitler, Mussolini, Stalin, and countless other figures of earth, and the earth on which they trod—the earth of floods, fires, panics, earthquakes, volcanoes, tidal waves, tornadoes, and parades, parades, parades.

The cameraman has his own saga, a story of heroism, ingenuity, and a sense of humor. With a bitter understanding of the unappreciated place which his work has in the minds of movie addicts, he has enshrined a symbolic figure as the cameraman's place in history, "Spigotty Andy."

Spigotty Andy was a Chilean who burned with desire to be a newsreel cameraman. For years he sent long letters, half Spanish, half English, to the Paramount editors in New York, outlining a wonderful and always unusable story which he was all ready to shoot as soon as an advance of raw film arrived from Paramount. Then a revolution broke out in Chile, and Paramount cabled Andy that he could go ahead. He was on the spot. This was his chance.

He didn't answer the cable, or another one which was sent, and no film came from him. They found out why. He had gone with the government troops to a hill at the outskirts of the city, put a press card in his hat, and waited by his camera. When the attack came the government troops fled, but Andy, blissfully sure that a cameraman is immune, cranked away as the rebels advanced. They found him the next day, his hand still gripping the crank of his shattered machine, dead—quite dead, as the English say. So he was enshrined as a hero, though no foot of his film was ever screened. Newsreel men like that story. It seems to mean something to them, something ironic and satisfying, like the note which accompanied Pierre Luck's first films of the Spanish Revolution, sent to Fox Movietone: "If you find on developing that the negative quality is not up to standard, please forgive me, and take into consideration that a good deal of it was shot under danger of life." A guy is apt to get nervous.

One Who Knows His Sea Gulls

Robert P. Tristram Coffin

Two sea gulls carved of ivory
Stand by the early-morning sea.

One has a head, and one has none,
His clean white breast-feathers run
Up and over and do not stop,
There is no sign of that large drop
Of dark fire, round as sky,
That could be called a sea gull's eye.

One sea gull has a head, and one
Sea gull stands there white with none.

Yet one who knows his sea gulls knows
There is a head hid in the snows
Of the feathers on the back
Of the headless one, and black
Beads of life are sheathed there sound,
Ready to build a world around
The circle of a sea gull's head
At the lightest alien tread.

A sea gull's beak is made to slide
Between his wings in back and hide,
His head is made exactly right
To go between his wings for night.

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And Pa says: "Gibbie, meet Willie Showwalter"

Whip-Poor-Willie

JESSE STUART

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DAVID HENDRICKSON

You'd know how hard it was to get married if you wasn't a very good-looking fellar with only one eye. That is the way it is with me. There's not but two eyes among the three men in our family. Not enough eyes, I'd say. Pa's just got one eye. Got hit in the eye with a rock and lost it. Was born with two good eyes. And I was born with two good eyes, too, but I got one shot out at church one night. Brother Edd was born with two good eyes till his wife shot 'em out with a double-barreled shotgun. We need more eyes in our family. It's been hard for me to get a wife. God knows I've worked hard and skimped and saved to get a little ahead so I can get a wife. I got a farm to take a wife to. I've raised enough good barley and sold it, and calves, hogs, corn, milk, eggs, cream and

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butter and young calves. W'y, I've saved my money so some woman would pick me up for a man that would make her a living, instead of starving to death. But it's my looks. Women just won't come close to me. I know I need a glass eye but I just ain't put out the money for one yet.

I had been out cutting brush on the hill. Was burning a terbacker bed. Had worked hard, and when I went to the house that night I never was so surprised in my life. I walked in, and there stood one of the biggest birds I ever laid my peepers on. And Pa—poor old Pa—he turns his good eye up to me and I turns my good eye up to him. It's his right eye that's good and my right eye that's good and when we look toward one another—w'y our heads are kindly squared around. And Pa says: "Gibbie, meet Willie Showwalter."

And I says: "Sure glad to meet you, Willie."

"Champion boxer in the Navy for two years," says Willie. "And I come back here and got tangled up with a skirt. You know old Locum Hunt's girl Daisy—well, I jumped the broom with her and since old Locum lives in one of your houses, I'd like to rent that log house down there by them two graves."

"W'y I got that old house rented to Widder Ollie Sperry," I says. God, I didn't want him in my house. I saw that right now.

"No you ain't," says Pa. "Widder Sperry was out here and she said she was going to rent a house closer to town where she could get family washings to do and not have to carry 'em plum across that hill."

I never said a word. I was afraid to say anything. You ought just to see Willie Showwalter. No wonder he whipped everything in the Navy. W'y his arms are big as our gate-posts and woolly as a strawberry patch. And durned if he doesn't have them mean, slate-colored snake-eyes—narrow, bean-slit eyes. His hair has two crowns in it. That is a sign of a man that will kill you. So I didn't take no chances on a fellar like him. I just broke out and said it too soon: "The house is yours on conditions that we draw up a article in the words of writing and that you give me half and I furnish everything. I furnish you the house, the garden, and cow pasture free for two cows. I furnish you seed corn and the mules and plows and hoes, and you do the work. This will be the nature of the word in the writings."

I spoke before I thought. I only thought there on the floor: "What if he hits me in the other eye? What if he ups and pops me with that other fist. W'y I would be as blind as my brother. I'd go crazy, for I'd never learn to pick the guitar and saw the fiddle like my brother Edd has to pass the time away. It would kill me to keep away from my work—couldn't get out with a hoe and cut weeds. I just couldn't stand it to be blind. I'll let him have the log house to live in. I want to keep my other eye." That's why I let him have the place. Poor old Ma setting in front of the fire smoking her pipe. She never said a word, for she likes Locum's wife Effie—that's Daisy's mother. Ma just set there and pulled long draws of smoke from the tiny pipe-stem and blowed the smoke in the fireplace. Ma and Effie kindly had it fixed up for me to marry Daisy once, and she went back on me. Just because of my looks.

Oh, but if you could just see Daisy, you'd want her on your place to live, just to look at her if nothing else. W'y it done me a lot of good just to think about that girl. I used to just think if I had her for a wife—pretty as she was—hair the color of ripe wheat-straws and eyes as blue as clear summer skies, hands that are too pretty to put in dish-water— Oh, but she's one of the prettiest girls I ever laid my eye on. Just to watch her walk and see her pretty figure. I always wanted that girl for my wife. I can't help it if I am ten years older than she is. Ten years don't stand in any man's way between him and the woman he loves. And the only thing now that stood in the way was her marriage certificate to that big brute of a Willie Showwalter. W'y I'd heard a lot about the Showwalters. Never heard any good about them either. They's always fighting somebody or fighting among themselves, making moonshine whiskey on other people's farms, for the Showwalters never owned a place. And just to think that big ugly brute could come right on one of my farms and steal the prettiest girl my renters had. I ought to a done had me a glass eye made and I would a had her. I'm as good-looking as that brute—champion boxer of the Navy my right eye! What good's that going to do him and her when he starts plowing these old hills to make a living! Never will forget when that big devil left our house. He was barely low enough to miss the top of our door. He just filled the door of our house. And he married a little woman and a pretty woman—fair as a white hollyhock.

I always wanted that girl for my wife

It was March. I'll never forget it. Time was here when a body got the smell of the wood-smoke in his craw and the call back to the plow. I know I got the smell of the cornfields in my craw. I wanted to start the plow and smell the dead leaves, the greenbriars, the corn-stalks and the oak sprouts

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I hid in the brush and watched them

and sassafras sprouts burn before me. I wanted to see the brush-pile flames and see the furrows roll. I just wanted to get Daisy off'n my mind. I remember how Willie and Locum went off our hill that night. Had the lantern lit. Of course Willie didn't need it with them snake-eyes of his'n. But Locum's like Pa. He's getting old and can't see none too well nohow. I remember how the wind hit against the poplar twigs by the pigpen. I remember there's the first green we see from our house every spring. It's the poplar twigs by the pigpen.

Pa comes upstairs where I started pulling my britches off to get in bed, and he says, "Son, I thought that was the best thing to do. Give that fellar a trial on the farm just because of poor old Locum, Effie, and little Daisy. Been your farm for the last ten years. As well as I could see his eye, I didn't like the looks of it. Looks to me like a bad egg. I thought we could handle him. Got some pretty good law in the county now, and if he just starts anything, w'y we'll have the law on him."

"That's not what I'm worrying about, Pa. I don't believe we ought to have let him have had that place. It's going to cause trouble." I didn't tell Pa that I was in love with Daisy. You know, Pa just thinks I never love a woman because I live with him and Ma and I'm past thirty years old. Pa thinks my days for dreaming of a woman are over. But believe me they are just beginning. I never wanted a woman any more in my life than I want one now. I just lay here in the bed and look out over my fields in March—covered with starlight—and pine to have a woman to sleep right here on my arm and enjoy life with me.

But we got Willie on the place now. We got the articles fixed up. Uncle Mel was witness and Locum was a witness. They signed them. All set for the big year and a big crop. Redbirds back to the poplar twigs. Spring just around the corner. The sweet smell of the green leaves coming back to the elm-trees and the poplar-trees. The woods filled with wild flowers and ferns. Oh, it makes me want a wife more than ever. Even the birds have wives, the rabbits, the black snakes. All of them have wives. And here I am among people—but women just don't take to me.

Spring here, and Pa says: "If that Willie Showwalter is any account to work, it will be the first fellar that's ever come back to the hills from the Navy that's worth a damn to work."

Willie said, before he moved in the log house below us, he'd put a roof on the kitchen if I'd rive the boards. He said he'd clean off the bank above the house so if the fire got out it couldn't get down to the house when they were away and burn the house down. There's Freed Pennix's crazy boy been setting fire out in the woods to watch 'em burn. I didn't want to take no chances. So I put this in the article.

"Just been down to the house," says Ma, "to see how Daisy is fixed. I'll tell you it is a plum sight to see how little that girl is making out on. A old stove that wouldn't burn good dry locust stove-wood. Got a old bed that her Ma give her. A old broom that she made herself by tying broom-sage onto a nice, straight stick. That's all they got that I saw in the house, besides some old boxes and a few old plates, knives, spoons, and saucers and a water-bucket and a gourd dipper. Looks to me like she driv her ducks to a bad market by taking that thing."

Ma was a little out'n breath and wheezing a little after climbing the hill in front of our house and sucking on that old pipe of hern. I never said a thing to Ma, but I thought a whole lot I didn't say. I know Effie wanted me to marry Daisy, and Ma wanted me to have her, and if that fellar just fools and fiddles around and moonshines, Pa'll help me put his big brute frame off'n this place, because Pa is a saved man.

I was down on the hill and I wished you could a seen that big devil plowing. Lazy as a elephant going around the bluffs in the April sunlight. Poor little Daisy, right out there with him. Her right up there in front of the mules a-cutting stocks and sprouts. Her pretty little self right out in the hot sun, working for that man. That's the way of a woman, they say, when she loves a man. She'll die and go to hell for him. He never has a fault to her. And if he ever does anything, w'y somebody else is the cause of it. W'y, I'd give everything that I own if I had a dough-beater pretty as Daisy who thought that much of me. A woman pretty as Daisy to just love me to death. I hid in

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the brush and watched them. I looked with my good right eye through the brush at them. He plowed awhile and then he went up to her—she threw down the hoe. He kissed her and kissed her, and she kissed him. And when she kissed him, I prayed to God in the heaven above that he would die and fall right in his tracks and I could just run down out'n the bushes and grab her and she'd love me just like she was loving him. But God wouldn't answer no such prayer as that. Praying for a man to die so I could get his wife.

Just to think, I can do about anything else that I want to do, get about anything else that I want to get—yet, I can't get the woman I want. I fooled around until she fiddled away from me—the woman I loved—one right here on my farm. She just happened to be at Plum Grove church one night and this bird was there and full of licker as a dog-tick—saw Daisy and broke his neck to come home with her. Met her right about where I lost my eye. Right at church. Oh, I'll never get over losing that eye. Never put another quarter in the collection plate since. I figure that they owe me. I figure that somebody owes me for that eye. Old Willie didn't go with her but a few times till he was bringing her around the road with his right arm plum around her and she had her left arm part of the way around him. They'd listen to the whippoorwills sing. Come right under them tall sycamores below Locum's house and they'd stand there in that dark puddle of night where the moon couldn't shine and they'd spoon and spoon. She just fell in love with him. That's all there is to it—him a good-for-nothing lazy devil with a woman in every port, and me come to her with clean hands and a loving heart and couldn't get her. That's a woman for you, but it didn't keep me from loving her. I just loved her to death, in my own mind, and dreamed that she was in my arms every night.

Pa passed their house a lot. I was afraid if I went past there too much I'd be tempted to say something about love to her—it in the spring and me dying for love. So I just thought the best thing for me to do was to stay away. Of course I slipped around and peeped through the bushes once in a while to watch them work. W'y half the time he'd be stretched out on a quilt under the shade-tree, and she'd be working hard as she could work. She'd be hoeing corn. She'd always take the lead row of corn on that big thing. She could do more with a hoe than he could. And he never did clean off the bank back of the house. That was in the article in the written word. But he just didn't do it. I believed what Pa told me about these boys coming back from the Navy.

"Pa," I says, "we got a white elephant on our hands. That Willie Showwalter won't work. W'y he ain't even cleaned off that bank back of the house. He's not any good."

"Got to take it easy, Gibbie. If we don't, we're liable to have a lot of trouble with that fellar. He's been looking around for somebody to fight him at the County Fair. We got to watch that fellar. He's liable to take foul-holts on us because we got a little bit a land. When you get your hand in the lion's mouth, get it out easy as you can.

"I believe," says Pa, "that fellar's making moonshine on this place. He's making it on my farm or your farm, one. I'm going to find out, and if he is, there's going to be a time. I'll clean this hollow out. I can't help it if he has been in the Navy. When a McDuggan gets his dander up, w'y it don't make no difference if the whole American Navy is before him."

Pa ran in the house and got the gun. He went around through the pasture like a man going to kill a squirrel. W'y he went around the hills that were in timber and took the gun barrel and parted the sprouts under the tall trees looking for the still. Says Pa: " 'Pears like I've been smelling moonshine right early of a morning when I feed the hogs. 'Pears like it comes on the first morning wind." And Pa hunt all over the hills for a still. Used to Pa wouldn't a done a thing like this. Pa's saved and is trying to live a better life. His church don't believe in music, guitars, paint, powder, or whiskey. It don't believe in having your finger-nails all dolled up. It's the Church of God. A lot of people call 'em Holy Rollers, but they're a different brand altogether.

Pa came home and he says: "W'y I've looked everyplace. I can't see a sign of a still. W'y, you can't fool me

He took the gun barrel and parted the sprouts

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"And I just went over and kicked him in the seat of the pants"

about a still. I used to make moonshine myself. I just thought he was making moonshine the way he slept around of a day out under the shade-trees while his pretty little wife had to hoe the corn. And one day I come along and found her plowing. He was under a apple-tree at the end of the field fast asleep. And I just went over and kicked him in the seat of the pants, and I says: 'What do you mean letting a woman plow and you asleep with a nice little Christian woman as you've got. Can't be a word said about her but what is a good word.' And he waked up and rubbed his eyes and says: 'Just sleepy, Mr. McDuggan.' And I says: 'Sleepy, hell. First time a woman has ever plowed them mules since the day they were born. Now you get your onery tail up off this ground and get a hold of them plow-lines or I'll have you arrested for vagrancy.' I don't care how big he was. Don't care where he had been. He took me at my word. He got right up and took a hold of that plow, and his wife was ashamed to let people know just what a damned onery thing she got."

"You sure he ain't moonshining?" I says again to Pa.

"Quite sure," says Pa. "He just ain't worth powder and lead to blow out his lights, when it comes to work. I told Locum that this morning. Locum said if his crop got too far in the weeds that him and the boys would go in for a day or so and dig him out. Said he could see now that Daisy had driv her ducks to a bad market. Too late now to cry about it. Said he didn't believe in second marriages, and since she got her tail end blistered, she'd have to set on the blister. He said he didn't believe that Willie was making moonshine. Said he was getting a lot to drink from some place. Come in and raised a fuss with Daisy. Poor little thing. Her only sixteen and married to that thing."

I just come in one saying: "Yes, I wanted to wait till she was seventeen or eighteen. It just didn't pay me to wait. If it was to do over again, I'd marry her at fifteen. Before she had time to know just how ugly I was. Let her marry me before she ever got out and saw a lot of men."

Ma don't believe in second marriages for anybody. It don't make no difference to Ma how big the blister was the first time—she always told my sisters they had to set on it. If the blister was big as a frying-pan, they had to set on it. I had it made up in my mind if Pa got him for making moonshine and they sent him to the pen, w'y then if Daisy wanted a divorce she could get it. That was lawful ground. It looked like the quill was going to split sooner or later and I wanted it to so I could get Daisy.

"Just married her," says Lottie Starbuck to Ma, "to

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get what he wanted. Just the way of a man. He wants what he wants and when he gets it he is through. The way of that big onery devil. That's the way they say when a man stays in the Navy four years. W'y I wouldn't marry a man that come out'n the Navy for nothing on earth. No matter if his head was strung with gold. Just to think of him fooling with women in Chinee, Ja-pan, and all them low-down strollops in Africa and South America—not our kind of women—w'y the cross-eyed, cotton-headed hellions, and then a coming back here to a decent woman. No wonder they're never satisfied. Poor girl of Effie's married to that low-down hellion. W'y I live around the pint close to his mother's. She says he's no account to work. And you know when a mother confesses that her son ain't no good to work—then, he really ain't no good to work. She says he's been onery in the Navy. Said it was the Navy, though, that ruint him."

Ma just draws in a puff of smoke and blows it out again. I like to see old women smoke their pipes, but I don't like to hear them gossip about another man, even if I don't like the man. Even if I do want his wife. It's a sight to hear Lottie go on about poor old Willie. Much as I'd like to hate him, I feel sorry for him now. She just tells Ma everything right in front of me. W'y Lottie lost her man about two years ago. Her comb has been red ever since.

I could tell she was mad as a hornet

"I was talking to Locum," says Pa, "and Locum said that Willie said he just wouldn't plow corn any more in this drouth. His little wife out there plowing again. That big strollop laying up there in the shade. Said he'd quit work until it rained. I'd like to know just when that fellar ever begin work. W'y he's too lazy to ever start it. He married that woman just to let her make him a living. And she's from a working family and will very devilish near do it."

Oh, but it nearly broke my heart to think about her marrying Willie Showwalter, the great champion of the American Navy. It just killed me to think about a woman an pretty as she was getting hitched up with a rascal that had a woman in every port. You know how that burns a man up. If Daisy ever gets free from that prize-fighter of hern, I'm going to have me a glass eye made, shore as God made little green persimmons.

I thought all the time that love-quill would split wide open. I didn't think that Daisy could stand it on and on forever. She couldn't stand to set on that blister big as a frying-pan. I looked out the front door by the pigpen and here come Effie and little Daisy right behind her. They were walking fast.

"Something must be wrong," I says to Ma, Ma a-setting by the fireplace a-wheezing on her pipe—no fire this time of summer, but it's a habit Ma's got, setting by the fireplace in winter or summer and hovering over it like a chicken with dropped wings.

"Guess somebody's sick," says Ma.

Well, they come right up in the front yard. Effie was barefooted, with a big chew of terbacker in her mouth, a-spitting bright ambear through the cracks in her teeth. I could tell she was mad as a hornet.

"I says," says Effie to Ma, "Daisy, if you can't live with that thing any longer we'll get the Law. We'll see that you can get a divorce from that thing. W'y just pick up and leave her when he wants to. Just up and goes and never says 'yea' nor 'nea.' The biggest feeling thing I ever saw. All time wanting something to fight. I says to him this morning when he passed the garden—says I—'Big boy, if you want something to fight, come in the garden. I'll use the hoe and you use your fist.' Believe me he made hisself scarce down the road. Oh, I was in the mad enough to a bit ten-penny nails in two. I just shook. Just to think how hard it is to raise a decent girl these days and then let her marry a thing like that. W'y it's the talk all over the neighborhood, so Lottie told me, that all the women were saying—he just married her to live with while she's young and pretty. Now he's tired of her and he's off to another woman. I'll kill him with a garden hoe if the Law can't do nothing about it. I'll kill him, I'll kill him." Effie's hands quivered, and tears streamed from her eyes. I never saw her so mad. Well, Ma stopped smoking long enough to wipe the tears out of her eyes.

"Ah, ah," says Ma, "men have a good time when you come to think about it. The woman has all the trouble—the biggest part of it. I've often wished I was a man so I could get in the Navy and go to all parts of the world. I don't blame a man for being in the Navy. I would go, too, if I was a young man. Look at us, Effie. Never hardly in our lives without a nursing baby or carrying a baby to give it birth. I don't doubt it's the best thing she's not married. Ain't going to have a baby are you, Honey?" says Ma, turning to Daisy who is behind Effie, crying.

"No," says Daisy, sniffing the tears from her cheeks.

"W'y that big capon can't get a girl with baby. He's been ruined in that Navy, Lottie tells me. Had a lot of bad diseases. She'll never have any babies unless she gets 'em by some other man. Oh, but she's got a blister big as a half-bushel basket to set on."

"After you raise your children you don't know what you've raised," says Ma. "Look out there setting under the pine-tree. Look at my Edd with his eyes shot out. Blind as a bat. Out there listening to the wind blow through the pine-tops and listening to the birds sing.

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Look at this boy Gibbie. My best boy. Got his eye shot out at a Methodist Church. You'd think a boy was safe around there, wouldn't you? Look at my man. Got one of his eyes knocked out in a rock fight. Just sometimes wonder if people wouldn't be better off if they'd never be born. Look at my girls. Raised under a decent roof. Look what happened to Clara. Look what happened to Arabella and Flora. My worst girl got the best man. You just can't tell about these things. Clara and Arabella were lucky to get a man at all. Now they got big houses of little brats to raise up and give 'em pecks of trouble. It's just that way with a woman. She don't have any sense long as she's a-bearing children. The Lord made her like that. And if she don't have no children, she'll never love her man. God made woman to want to bear children for the man she loved. And after she gets old as I am, she just wants to set around and smoke her pipe and think back about the children. Don't matter what they've done —murdered, stole, shot, thieved, hung on the gallows— they are all good children because they are her children. That's the way with a woman's life."

Ma just talked and smoked her pipe. I tell you—not because Ma's my mother—but Ma knows a lot. She can tell young girls a lot. She's not a fool. Ma's been around among the women a lot, too.

I tell you while Ma was talking I just stood and looked at Daisy. I wanted her right now. Just because I only had one eye was no sign I couldn't get babies. I tell you my heart just melted. If I could help Daisy get her divorce, I would do it. I would spend one of my farms to get her free from that big brute. It would be heaven here on my farm if I just had Daisy. Summer about over, but love in the fall with her would be just as great as it would have been in the spring, when the birds were choosing mates, and the snakes and the terrapins. After this drouth we had a little corn and milk-cows. We had hay to cut and put in the barn-loft and a few blackberries canned and some apple-butter made and three big hogs to kill for our meat and lard. Oh, but we could live. Thoughts ran through my mind like wild ducks fly through fall skies.

"Well," says Effie, "I wonder if you know a good truthful lawyer we can get that Willie can't offer ten dollars more to and bribe. He might act fair. And he might not, if he thinks Daisy wants another man. You just can't tell about a family like them Showwalters. Don't think God would hold it against her if she got out and got her a decent man to live with—one that hadn't fooled with every old strollop in the country—one that could get her a child. I'm hunting a lawyer this very morning. Going to town to get one to get Daisy free."

"I'll help you get a lawyer," I says, "a lawyer that understands young life. He's not been married very long. Has a young wife. He'll understand. It's Jake Landon. You can just tell him all your troubles. Don't have to be ashamed about it. Walk up and tell him. We went to school together, and that boy's a poor boy. Worked hard for his education. He'll be as reasonable a lawyer as you can find in Greenbriar."

"Thought we might get the divorce a little under fifty dollars. Maybe we might jew the young man down. We're going to get it, though, if we have to hull walnuts at fifty cents a bushel and pay forty dollars for it. That'll be only eighty bushels of walnuts. My, but our hands will be so stained with walnut stain that coal oil and lye soap won't never take it off."

"Oh, but," I thought, "Honey, it's never going to make you hull eighty bushels of walnuts. I'll see to that. Sweet little Daisy with the prettiest hands in the world. I'd see it'd never cause her all that trouble. The trouble would be in the church when Daisy got ready to marry me—her second man, and her first one living. Old women going around and talking about when the first one of us dies, that one goes to hell for living in adultry. Good Lord, I'd soon die and go to hell and live in heaven awhile on earth. I'll take my heaven on earth before I'll take my hell. That's the way I feel about it. Old women going around and putting that out."

"Come on," says Effie, "let's get to town—come on, Gibbie, and go with us. We want you to take us to the lawyer Jake and tell him we are good to pay."

"I don't want to go, Ma," says Daisy in a low, soft voice. "Willie ain't bad. I don't want to go see a lawyer. No sense paying a lawyer."

"I'll take you there," I says, "and I'll stand good for your cost of the suit if you want the divorce."

"Come on then," says Effie. "You don't want to be married to that big brute." And we started around the ridge. Daisy held back a little, and Effie led the way—barefooted, with a new cud of terbacker in her mouth, just a-spitting and mashing the briars flat with her big bare feet. I kindly hated to go to town that way and have people staring I used to be in high school with. But then I looked at Daisy with my good eye, and I thought: "You're worth having anybody to stare at me. You're worth my farm and Pa's farm and all the timber on them."

"Now," says Lawyer Jake, "to rush this case up—charge him with cruelty. Get your divorce on that ground. We can rush it right through for you. No children on the road are there?"

"Don't know if there is or not," says Daisy.

"He means, Honey, you are not going to have a baby, are you?"

"Not to my knowings," says Daisy.

"Not by that capon she's married to. Been in the Navy and galavanted around with a bunch of fureign strollops——"

"Well," says Lawyer Jake, "we'll get the ball rolling and get your divorce by the time summer is over."

Well, we's soon back home. Had all the business fixed up it took to get a divorce. Back out home and soon as she got the divorce, I planned to ask her to be my darling bride.

"Got every little thing fixed up, Ma," I says.

" 'Pears like," says Ma, "you're a taking a lot o' intrust in that gal—a gal that's right now living in adultry.

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And Daisy made a dive right in the tall bushes

I'd rather not see you marry at all as to live with her and die first and go to hell. I'd rather see you live alone the rest of your days as to marry her. What does the church say about it? What does Brother Issiac Flint say about it? W'y it would ruin all of us if you's to marry that gal and bring her in here. W'y you can't tell what that Willie Showwalter will do. No more pride in that family than to live off the Goverment and drink unstrained cow-milk warm from the cow's sack—then you play the second fiddle to a man like that—you'd have to law all your farm away before the thing is over. If you marry her and get blistered, you'll have to set on the blister if it's as big as a nail-keg."

Lord, the whole thing was right up to me. I've been a good Methodist, but the Methodist Church and all the winged Brethern can stay out'n my love affairs. It's none of their business if my wife's been married five times before she married me. When a man loves a woman he loves her. That's the way I feel about it. You durn tooten.

"W'y we just let that boy have the house down there because he married your girl, Effie," says Pa. "That's the only reason. Didn't think about him turning out like this. W'y they tell me he's been about every place in the world."

"That's right," says Effie. "He's been too many places and has galavanted around with too many loose women. He come up the other day—the sneaking thing—and told Locum to tell me that I could have all their garden stuff but five bushels of Irish taters and a bushel of sweet taters. Said he wanted to sell that many and get him a few dollars to get on the road again. Said he wasn't through seeing all this old world. Said he wanted to see the Pacific Ocean again—said he wanted to fight in the ring again before he got too old to take it. Said he didn't want to sweat around on all these old hills and hoe corn and bring up a family—I told Locum—no use for him to talk about a family—and him like a bar-hog. And I'd take all the house plunder, for I'd put it in the house for them—I'd take the chickens, for I hatched the eggs for them under setting hens and give 'em to 'em just for the raising. I give 'em two of our old spotted sow's last litter. I'd take them back, for they belonged to me. But he could dig the taters—we'd give him that much to get rid of him."

I just up and went down to the house where they lived. I thought I'd see Daisy there working around the house—moving her furniture or the chickens—or cutting weeds in the late garden corn. I went through the woods. And when I got on that hill right above the garden—w'y, sure enough, I saw her in the garden just a-digging away. She's a good girl to work. That's all she knows—is work. I thought now would be the time to pop the question to her. So I slips down through the bushes—down to the end of the garden—around past the willows by the end of the creek. And I run right up to her—put my hands over her eyes and I says: "Who is it?" And she didn't guess. And I says: "Guess." And she says: "G-G-Gibbie." And I says: "Right you are, Sugar Babe." And

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she just acted like a little girl that's never been kissed. God, I just grabbed her right in my arms and it was heaven to hold her in my arms and to love her on my own big farm—on my garden premises. I squeezed her hard enough to crack her tender little ribs. I was afraid of breaking one. "It's the first time a girl's been in my arms in five years, Honey," I says to her. "God, I love you."

About that time, just like a thunderbolt out of the quiet heavens, a whippoorwill says: "Whip-poor-willie. Whippoor-willie. Whippoorwillie. Quit. Quit. Quit." Just right in broad daylight. And I let my loving holts go on her and I says: "W'y that's funny, a whippoorwill a-hollering this time o' year, in the middle o' the afternoon." And she looked up at me with that pretty little mouth and a queer little smile and says: "I think it's funny, too." And I went back to love her and it hollered again. Every time I started to kiss her, w'y it started hollering—a funny thing. I remembered the place here was hanted. A woman lived here once, so the story goes, and she had a mean husband—so she fixed her little children (three of them) and her lazy man a good dinner and went upstairs, tied a sheet around her neck and to the bedpost and jumped out the winder. She hung herself. Now a headless woman can be seen here at this house—and something that goes like all the dishes falling out'n the safe—something like a wolf on the roof has been seen with a big mouth and white teeth tearing off the shingles. I just thought it was that hant. I run down toward Daisy's Pappie's house at the lower end of the farm. We just left the hoe there in the garden.

Summer leaves turned into brown—autumn kept coming on. Sweet-tater vines turned black. Corn was shocked. Cane was getting ripe to make in lassies. And don't you know that man of hern didn't leave.

Effie says to Ma: "W'y he comes down at the end of the lane and sings so Daisy can hear him. Gets a little closer every night."

I just couldn't believe it. I was going to see Daisy on Sunday, Wednesday, and Friday nights. Them was my courting nights. A day between for sleep. When I'd see Daisy, I could tell she had been crying a lot of times, and I'd say: "W'y Honey, what's you been crying about, lovey?" And she'd say: "It's because I love you so." And I'd just grab her with loving holts and squeeze her fit to die. I'd love her and she'd just cry and I'd call her my Honey. And she'd cry that much the harder. It was just hard to tell about her.

It was on Tuesday night, and I ups and goes down to her Pappie Locum Hunt's place. I just couldn't stay away. It wasn't the right night, but I went anyway. The trees were so pretty on my farm and the corn in the shock. I do say I have a pretty farm to take a woman to. All I need, as I have just said, is the glass eye. When I passed the house, I saw Effie standing in the yard, barefooted and squirting terbacker—arms folding. She's a-watching Daisy a-going down the road just as you'll watch a turkey hen to her nest. And I was watching her, too—only Effie didn't see me, but I saw Effie, and Daisy didn't see neither one of us. Daisy was going right toward that whippoorwill. Leaves falling now, and when the leaves fall in Kentucky, it is late for a whippoorwill. Daisy just kept going, and I just kept follering her. "Whippoorwillie, whip-poor-willie." And Daisy made a dive right in the tall bushes. She threw her arms around that big brute's neck, and she says: "Oh, my poor Willie. Oh, I have not whipped poor Willie—I've not whipped poor Willie—all last night when you sung it on t'other hill it run through my head like blazes of fire."

And he says: "My ittle Oochie-Boochie." And she says: "My ittle Oochie-Boochie-Poochie." I thought I could love. But the way they loved was a lesson for me. God, it was sickening. I just couldn't stand it. I says: "Hell with a glass eye for any woman. I'll just do without the damned eye. Poor old Ma—poor old Ma—she's all right." And I just left them there, loving in the bushes, and Effie right below them, squirting terbacker juice between cracks in her teeth—with a great big half-moon smile on her lips and her hands folded with that "come and get me, Honey" look in her moonstruck face. God, I took through the bushes home. I says: "I'll sleep in my own bed. See the moonlight on my fields myself. I'll not get that damned glass eye. No skirt can make me do it. You can't tell no more about a woman than you can the wind or a mule. The wind blows no certain way—the mule has no set time to kick."

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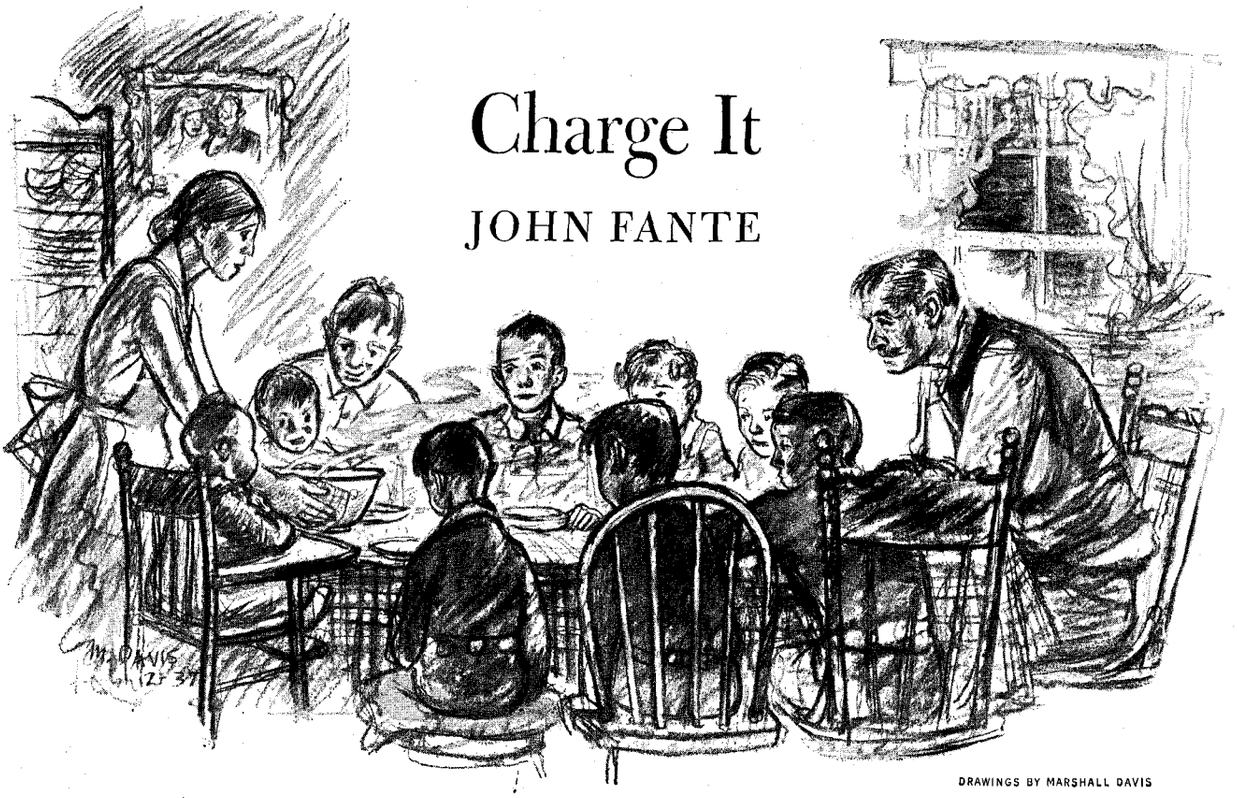
Charge It

JOHN FANTE



DRAWINGS BY MARSHALL DAVIS

THE grocery bill—I can never forget it. Like a tireless ghost it haunts me, though boyhood is gone and those days are no more. We lived in a small town in northern Colorado. Our red brick house was my mother's wedding gift from my father. Brick for brick he had built it himself, working evenings and on Sundays.

It took a year to build that house, and on the first anniversary of their marriage my mother and father took possession. I was the first son and the only child not born in the red brick house. In the first year in the new house my brother was born. The following year another brother was born. And then another. And another. And another. My mother gave birth to sons with such rapidity that my bricklaying father was sent spinning into a daze from which he never entirely recovered. There were nine of us.

Next door to the red brick house was Mr. Craik's grocery store. Shortly after moving into the new house my father opened a credit business with Mr. Craik. In the first years he managed to keep the bills paid. But the children grew older and hungrier, more children arrived, and still more, and the grocery bill whizzed into crazy figures. Worse, every time we had a birth in our house, it seemed to bring my father bad luck. His worries and his brood moved up a notch, and his income moved down. He was sure that God had a powerful grudge against him for earlier excesses. Money! When I was twelve my father had so many bills that even I knew he had no intention or opportunity to pay them.

But the grocery bill harassed him. Owing Mr. Craik a hundred dollars, he paid fifty. Owing two hundred, he paid seventy-five. Owing three hundred, he somehow managed to pay a hundred. And so it was with all his debts. There was no mystery about them. There were no hidden motives in their non-payment. No budget could solve them. No planned economy could alter them. It was very simple—his family ate more than he earned. He knew his only escape lay in a streak of good luck. His tireless presumption that such good luck was coming forestalled his desertion and kept him from blowing out his brains. He constantly threatened both, but did neither.

Mr. Craik complained unceasingly. He never quite trusted my father. If our family had not lived next door to his store, where he could keep an eye on us, and if he had not felt that ultimately he would receive at least most of the money owed him, he would not have allowed further credit. He sympathized with my mother and pitied her with that quasi-sympathy and cold pity small businessmen show the poor as a class, and with that frigid apathy toward individual members of it. Now that the bill was so high, he abused my mother and even insulted her. He knew that she herself was honest to the point of childish innocence, but that did not seem relevant when she came to his store to make additional increases on the account. He was a man who dealt in merchandise and not feelings. Money was owed him. He was allowing her additional credit. His demands for money were in vain. Under the circumstances, his attitude was the best he could possibly muster.

It took courage to go in and face him day after day. She had to coax herself to a pitch of inspired audacity.

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My father didn't pay much attention to her mortifications at the hands of Mr. Craik. Beyond expressing her dismay at again confronting the grocer she did not tell my father of Mr. Craik's cruelty in detail. It was too humiliating. And so my father was not fully aware of it. He suspected it, but that was the sort of suspicion one hated verifying. He naturally expected some trouble in obtaining additional credit. As his wife, her obligation was to face the music with him. To his way of thinking, it wasn't *his* fault that there were so many children. He looked upon that part of it as a deliberate conspiracy between her and God. He was merely a man who worked for a living. He loved his children of course—but after all! And so she had to do her part, which he thought was awfully easy, since it had nothing to do with the sweat and toil of his trade.

All afternoon and until an hour before dinner, my mother would wait for the valiant and desperate inspiration so necessary for a trip to the store. She sat with hands in her apron pockets—waiting. But her courage slept from overuse and would not rise.

This winter afternoon was typical. I remember: it was late. From the window she could see me across the street with a gang of neighborhood kids. We were having a snowball fight. She opened the door.

"Arturo!"

I saw her standing at the edge of the porch. She called me because I was the oldest. It was almost darkness. Deep shadows crept fast across the milky snow. The streetlamps burned coldly, a cold glow in a colder haze. An automobile passed, its tire chains clanging dismally.

"Arturo!"

I knew what she wanted. In disgust I snapped my fingers. I just *knew* she wanted me to go to the store. Her voice had that peculiar, desperate tremor that came with grocery-store time. I tried to get out of it by pretending I hadn't heard, but she kept calling until I was ready to scream and the rest of the kids stopped throwing snowballs.

I tossed one more snowball, watched it splatter, and then trudged through the snow and across the icy pavement. Now I could see her plainly. Her jaws quivered from the twilight cold. She stood with folded arms, tapping her toes to keep them warm.

"Whaddya want?" I said.

"It's cold," she said. "Come inside and I'll tell you."

"What *is* it, Ma? I'm in a hurry."

"I want you to go to the store."

"The store? No. I'm not going. I know why you want me to go—because you're afraid on account of the bill. Well, I ain't going."

"Please go," she said. "You're big enough to understand. You know how Mr. Craik is."

I did know. I hated him. He was always asking me if my father was drunk or sober, and what the hell did my father do with his money, and how do you Wops live without a cent, and how does it happen your old man never stays home at night? I knew Mr. Craik, and hated him.

"Why can't August go?" I said. "Heck sakes, I do all the work around here."

"But August is too young. He wouldn't know what to buy."

"Well," I said, "I'm not going."

I turned and tramped back to the boys. The snowball fight resumed. She called. I didn't answer. She called again. I shouted that her voice might be drowned out. Now it was darkness, and Mr. Craik's windows bloomed in the night. My mother stood looking at the store door.

The grocer was whacking a bone with a cleaver on the chopping-block when she entered. As the door squealed he looked up and saw her—a small, insignificant figure in an old black coat with a high fur collar, most of the fur having been shed so that white hide-spots appeared in the dark mass. One of her stockings, always the left, hung loosely and wrinkled at the ankle. You knew a safety-pin supported a garter of worn elastic. The faded gloss from her rayon hose made them a yellowish tan, accentuating the small bones and white skin under them and making her old shoes seem even more damp and ancient. She walked like a woman in a cathedral, fearfully on tiptoe, to that familiar place from which she invariably made her purchases, where the counter met the wall. She smiled, as though at herself for being what she was: a mother, a prolific mother, and not a society lady.

In earlier years she used to greet him with a "hoddydo." But now she felt that perhaps he wouldn't like such familiarity, and she stood quietly in her corner, waiting until he was ready to wait on her.

Seeing who it was, he paid no attention, and she tried to be an interested and smiling spectator while he swung his cleaver. He was of middle-height, partly bald, wearing celluloid glasses—a man of forty-five. A thick pencil rested behind one ear and a cigarette behind the other. His white apron hung to his shoe tops, a blue string wound many times around his waist. He was hacking a bone inside a red and juicy rump.

"My!" she said. "It looks good, doesn't it?"

He flipped the steak up and over, swished a square of paper from the roll, spread

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it over the scales, and tossed the steak upon it. His quick, soft fingers wrapped it expertly. She estimated that it was close to ninety cents, and she wondered who had purchased it.

Mr. Craik heaved the rest of the rump upon his shoulder and disappeared inside the ice-box, closing the door behind him. She wondered why butchers always closed ice-box doors behind them; and she guessed that, assuming you locked yourself in and couldn't get out, you wouldn't starve to death at least—you could always eat the wieners. It seemed he stayed a long time in the ice-box. Then he emerged, clearing his throat, clicked the ice-box door shut, padlocked it for the night, and disappeared into the back room.

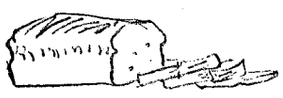
She supposed he was going to the washroom to wash his hands, and that made her wonder if she was out of Gold Dust Cleanser; and then, all at once, she realized she was out of *everything*.

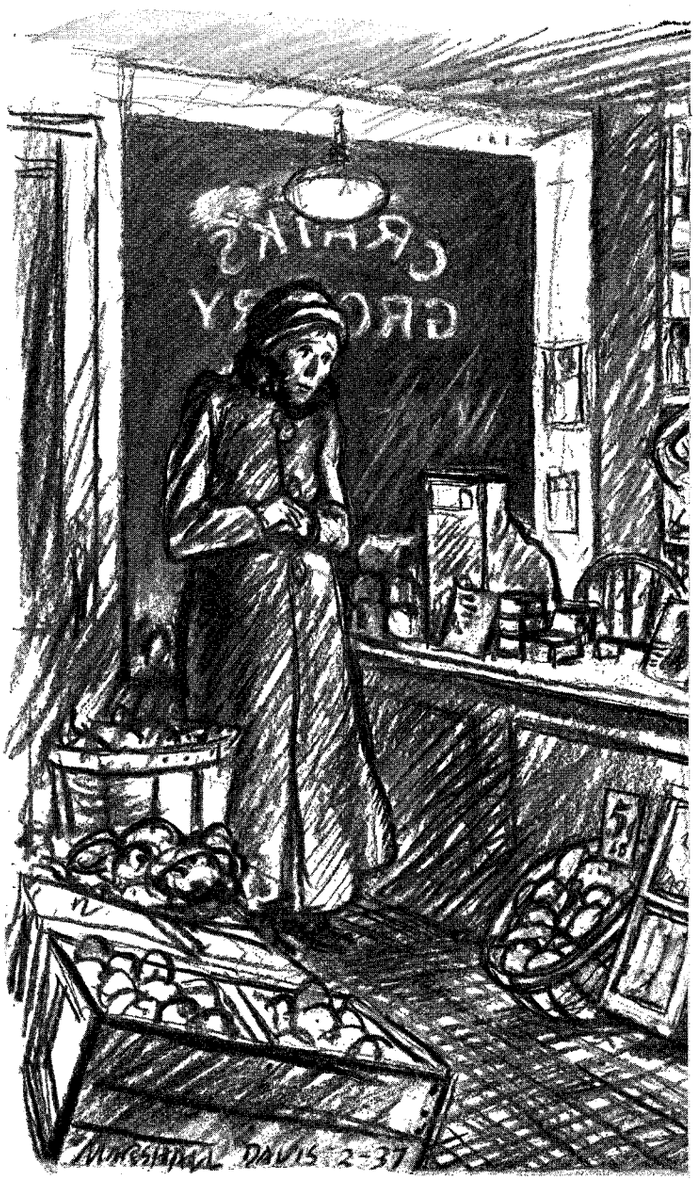
He appeared with a broom and began to sweep the sawdust around the chopping-block. She lifted her eyes to the clock. Ten minutes to six. Poor Mr. Craik! He looked so tired. He was like all men, probably starved for a hot meal, and she thought how nice to be the wife of a grocer; but even if she *were* a grocer's wife she wouldn't allow anything but home-made bread on her table. That made her think again of how much money you could make if you had a little store downtown and sold good home-made bread, the big loaves like the ones she herself baked. She was sure she could handle such a business, and she couldn't help thinking how mad her husband would be if she went out and earned her living like so many of these women were doing nowadays. She could see herself in that little bakery store, with cakes and cookies and loaves of bread in the window, herself behind the counter in a white apron, society ladies from University Hill coming in and saying, "Oh, Mrs. Bandini! You bake such wonderful things!" And of course she would have a delivery route, too, and Frederick and August and Arturo would be the delivery boys, and later their brothers would follow; she wondered how much she would pay them as a start; and since Arturo was the oldest and needed most coaxing she would pay him six dollars a week, and August three, and little Frederick one. They would put their money in a savings-bank and after that first store was a success she would. . .

Mr. Craik finished his sweeping and paused to light a cigarette.

She said, "Cold weather we're having, isn't it?"

But he coughed, and she supposed he hadn't heard, for he disappeared into the back room and returned with a dust-pan and a paper box. Bending down, he swept the sawdust into the pan and threw it into the box.





She stood quietly in her corner, waiting

"I don't like cold weather at all," she said.

He coughed again, and before she knew it he was carrying the box back to the rear. She heard the splash of running water. He returned, drying his hands on his apron, that nice white apron. She smiled sympathetically, but he wasn't looking in her direction. At the cash-register, very loudly he rang up NO SALE. She changed her position, moving her weight from one foot to the other. The big clock ticked away. Now it was exactly six o'clock.

Mr. Craik scooped the coins from the cash-box and laid them on the counter. He tore a slip of paper from the roll and reached for his pencil. Then he leaned over and counted the day's receipts. She coughed. Was it possible he didn't know she was in the store? He wet the pencil on the end of his pink tongue and began to add figures. Patting her hair, she raised her eyebrows and

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Seeing who it was, he paid no attention

strolled to the front window to look at the fruits and vegetables.

"Strawberries!" she said. "And in winter too! Are they California strawberries, Mr. Craik?"

He swept the coins into a bank sack and went to the safe, where he squatted and fingered the combination lock. The big clock ticked like the beat of a small hammer. It was ten minutes after six when he closed the safe.

She was no longer facing him. Her feet had tired, and with hands clasped in her lap she sat on a box and stared at the frosted front windows. Mr. Craik took off his apron and threw it over the chopping-block. He threw his cigarette on the floor, stepped on it, and went after his coat in the back room. As he straightened his collar, he spoke to her for the first time.

"Come on, Mrs. Bandini. Make up your mind. I can't hang around here all night long."

At the sound of his voice she lost her balance and nearly fell off the box. She smiled to conceal her embarrassment, but her face was very red and her eyes lowered. Her hands fluttered at her throat like disturbed leaves.

"Oh!" she said. "And here I was, waiting for you! I'm awfully sorry. I never thought. . . ."

"What'll it be, Mrs. Bandini—shoulder steak?"

She stood at the counter, her lips pursed.

"How much *is* shoulder steak today?"

"Same price. Same price."

"That's nice. I'll take fifty cents' worth."

He tossed his head grimly.

"Why didn't you tell me before?" he said. "Here I went and put all that meat in the ice-box."

"Oh. I'm awfully sorry. Let it go then."

"No," he said. "I'll get it this time. But after this, come early. I got to get home some time tonight."

He brought out a cut of shoulder and stood sharpening his knife.

"Say," he said. "What's Svevo doing these days?"

In twelve years my father and Mr. Craik rarely spoke to one another, but the grocer always referred to him by his first name. My mother always felt that Mr. Craik was afraid of my father. It was a belief that secretly made her very proud. Now they talked of my father, and she told again the monotonous tale of a bricklayer's misfortunes in the winter-time. She was anxious to get away; it was so painful to give Mr. Craik the same report day after day, year after year.

"Oh, yes!" she said, gathering her packages. "I almost forgot! I want some fruit, too—a dozen apples."

It was a bombshell.

Mr. Craik swore under his breath as he whipped a sack open and dropped apples into it. He disliked my mother charging fruit; he could not see any reason in poor people's indulging in such a luxury. Meat and flour —yes. But why should they eat fruit when they owed him so much money.

"Good God!" he said. "This charging business has got to stop, Mrs. Bandini. I tell you it can't go on like this."

"I'll tell him," she said hurriedly. "I'll tell him, Mr. Craik."

"Ach. A lot of good that does. I'm not running a charity."

She gathered her packages and fled for the door.

"I'll tell him, Mr. Craik. I'll tell him. Good night, Mr. Craik. Good night, sir!"

Such a relief to step into the street! How tired she was! Every cell in her body ached. But she smiled as she breathed the cold night air, and she hugged her packages lovingly, as though they were life itself. Once more, and for another day, the problem of food was solved.

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Scribner's American Painters Series

No. 2—"LOWER MANHATTAN," BY MILLARD SHEETS

If it appears unusual for SCRIBNER'S to present the work and "career" of a man who is still under thirty, let us point out that Millard Sheets had a book written about him in 1935. Although relatively young in years, Millard Sheets has already shown an amazing versatility of accomplishment in the arts: in oils, water colors, murals, home interiors, furniture and architectural design, and the teaching of art.

Born in Pomona, California, in 1907, Mr. Sheets was graduated from the local high school in 1925 and spent the next four years studying and teaching at the Chouinard School of Design in Los Angeles. After finishing art school, he held his first one-man show in Los Angeles, and on the opening day was informed that he had won the $1750 prize in a national competition at the White Museum of San Antonio, Texas.

At the age of twenty-four he was put in charge of the fine arts exhibit at the annual Los Angeles county fair, but with an energy and vision that soon outran the requisites of his job, he convinced the directors that prize money should be given for paintings and that a permanent collection should be founded. Since 1931 Mr. Sheets has taught at Scripps College, and has lectured at various universities and art centers.

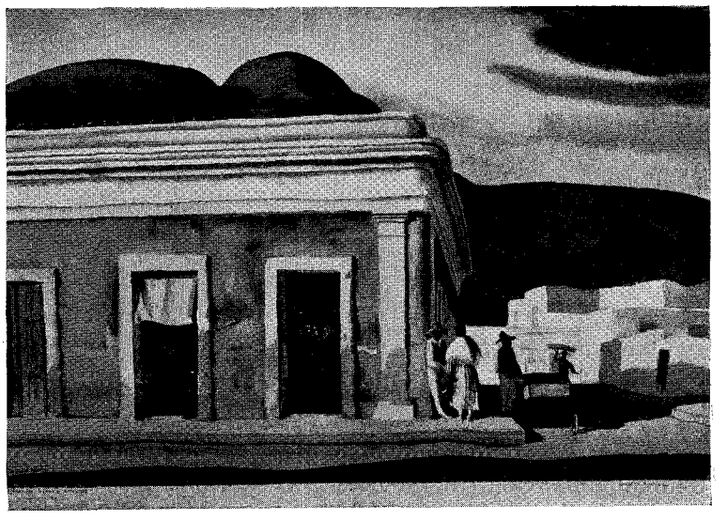
It is perhaps significant to observe that Sheets came upon the stage at a time when the younger men of America had become particularly aware of the fact that there was something worth while painting in their own country, that the American scene was attractive and interesting. The example of his success turned a host of other young California painters this way, to form a new "school."

Probably no other American painter since Winslow Homer has covered as much territory as Millard Sheets, for it is almost literally true that he has painted his way through "Lower Manhattan" harbor, through the deserts of the Southwest and Mexico, the oil fields of Texas, and the exotic countryside of Hawaii. The breadth of his artistic interests prevents him from falling into any trick of style by which the work of many successful painters is easily recognized. Each new problem is approached freshly and treated in an individual manner. In the two pictures here reproduced it is possible to appreciate the great variety of his style.

For a man of his age Mr. Sheets is well represented in the art museums and private collections in America. He has won many prizes and has been invited to exhibit his works all over the country. Although such a list of impressive accomplishments might, by ordinary standards, be considered ample reward for the average painter's life work, with Mr. Sheets it can be truthfully said that this is "only the beginning."

"Lower Manhattan" is the second of a series of twelve reproductions in color of the work of ranking American artists to be reproduced in SCRIBNER'S. These prints, which can be easily detached from the magazine and framed, are printed by a Viennese process new to this country. It is expected that this series, edited and supervised by Doctor Bernard Myers, will be carried to the point where it can be issued in portfolio form as a significant document on American art.

The Variety Store, Guayamas, Mexico—Water Color



Pictures, courtesy The Hatfield Galleries, New York City

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Oh, England! Full of Sin

ROBERT J. CASEY

The Sceptered Isle, as Discovered by a Chronic Reader of English Detective and Mystery Stories

The English are a strange people who murder their grandmothers (named Lady Pamela) in hermetically sealed rooms. They pursue a cozy communal existence in one-roomed houses called The Library. They have no calendar; everything happens on a single date—a fortnight come Michaelmas. They live in a constant fog, surrounded by blighters, toffs, and outlanders who say "Waal" and "I reckon." They play a bit of golf so that corpses can be found on the thirteenth green. Occasionally they vary this and go hunting on the downs or the moors—two benighted localities where life is short and generally sinful.

One is told that in other times the English were divided into three classes: upper, middle, and lower. But readers of English detective stories know all that has been done away with. Through the leveling influence of crime, everybody in England is now like everybody else, with mystery in his soul, a past on his conscience, and rubber heels on his feet—rubber heels that leave a peculiar imprint in peculiar mud especially designed to receive peculiar heelprints in Devonshire or Sussex or Shropshire.

Lady Pamela is never what she seems. Even when she plays her favorite rôle as a corpse, there is something suspicious about her until the climax of all that is good in English life is reached—Chapter XXXI (copyright, Hodder & Stoughton). The butler is a missing heir or jewel thief, or perhaps only a wandering minstrel from Australia who cherishes a secret sorrow. The second maid is the child of Sir Roger Branksome by a former marriage or by no marriage at all. She is gray-haired and silent and inscrutable, or young and wistful and frightened by the memory of other murders that she saw done when she was in the service of the Duke of Wuffenbaugh—the night the candles about Lady Whosit's coffin set fire to the great hall. (That was twenty years ago a fortnight come Michaelmas.)

Marriage exists as a legal institution in England—the old family lawyer mentions that when all the relatives assemble, after the current murder, for the reading of the will. But in the tired eyes of the detectives, who warn everybody that anything they say may be used in evidence against them, such conventions count for little. The visitors at English country houses are uniformly folks who can't or won't tell where they were last night between the third rubber of bridge and the time the shot was fired—say five A.M. For that matter, they are very shy about talking of themselves at all. Most of the young women have been at Brighton out of season, and the young men who don't care who knows when they were at Brighton or with whom are against cross-examination on principle. They are afraid that somebody might find out about that business in The City when Tancred's Ltd. failed and old Sir Oswald shot himself without respect for the familiar tradition of the locked room.

It is perhaps fortunate for this interesting commonwealth that the population is about evenly divided between murderers, victims, and detectives—this gives everybody an even break. One might think that so definite a classification would reduce life on the Island to a strict routine through which the average citizen would wander

The title of this article was suggested by a line from *The Church Porch*, by George Herbert: "O England, full of sinne, but most of sloth!"

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benighted, from birth to the coroner's inquest, without variety of occupation or hope for advancement. But that is not true, because nobody can tell by looking at these three classes of English gentlefolk just which one is which. Life can never be staid or humdrum in a community where a detective may turn out to be a murderer or a corpse, or, stranger still, a detective. Each time the chauffeur loses his way in the rain (the windscreen wipers working like fury against the thickening veil of beaded gray); each time the pale-faced man in evening dress with a patch over his right eye admits one to the silent company of men and women clustered about the dying fire in the library; each time these things happen there is a new thrill. They are always happening, of course, but their charm is unending.

The reason novelty springs eternal in such commonplace occurrences (which every Englishman has experienced thousands of times, exclusive of reprints) is that the scene and characters remain the same, but the lines and motivation are always different. One never knows, as he stands by the fireplace and checks up on the oddly assorted company into which circumstance has thrust him, whether he is scheduled to be the long-lost heir or, much to his own surprise, an inspector from Scotland Yard, or merely another victim for the old four-poster bed—the old four-poster bed in the north wing which has claimed so many wet visitors since old Malcolm got his throat cut there in the early hunting season of 1894. One doesn't ask, of course. If one is truly English, one doesn't forget himself even to notice that the host with the patch on his eye has a Spanish poinard sticking out of his back some four and a half inches.

Trained on the playing fields of Eton, one doesn't so much as lift an eyebrow when the tall, icy blonde at the end of the divan adjusts her pearls and discloses three bullet holes (Lee-Enfield service rifle, caliber .30). It wouldn't be cricket to observe that the ormolu clock has just struck thirteen or that somewhere beyond the shadowy bend in the black oak staircase a mad woman is screaming. In England, one doesn't call the cops until there is real need for them. One just doesn't, that's all.

When one comes in out of the wet and claims the hospitality of a host with a knife sticking out of his back, one knows what to expect and how to act. That is part of one's heritage as an Englishman. One explains that he can go no farther because the windscreen wiper isn't working properly and that he is sorry to cause inconvenience. Then he offers cigarettes to such of the assemblage as happen to be alive and thoughtfully watches the steam rising from his sodden boots. It is permitted him under the rules of etiquette to observe out of the corner of his eye some of the people who glare at him balefully through the dizzy reflections of the fire—the hard-faced young man in the aviator's costume, the suave graybeard beside the icy blonde (one knows him instantly for a retired colonel recently arrived from India), the beautiful ingénue who tries to smile as she tears her lace handkerchief to shreds with pale, nervous hands, the apoplectic draper from Manchester, the Malay servant with the mark of the kris across his villainous jaw—one notes them all and files them away in his retentive memory, aware that he will see them all again—in the dock. Then one carries on.

These jolly evenings in England, almost as much of a national institution as cricket, have, it is true, been criticized. Since the War no conventions of conduct, amusement, or social relationship have survived in quite their original form. Some of the younger generation prefer to have their murders done in night clubs or among the sprightly Chinese of Whitechapel. But one who knows the stability of English thought, the inflexibility of English ideals, the deep-rooted love of England for the things that time has proved worthwhile, must realize that the finding of mysterious houses on rainy nights will never lose its popularity.

One may feel that he has met all of the patch-eyed host's friends before, as indeed he has, on other bad nights when the windscreen wiper failed to work and the spark plugs got wet. But he is always cheered by the thought that he never can tell in advance what the current purpose of the conclave may be. Perhaps Old Patch-eye (Doctor Zingara Pachi, as he is sometimes called) may be plotting the overthrow of Downing Street or the spread of anthrax through shaving brushes; perhaps he has called the clan to write confessions of murder, arson, or misdemeanor on the backs of £50,000 notes; perhaps he is merely breeding monsters in his basement. The uncertainty of it all is what gives English country life its zest.

When one is tempted to be bored on discovering the same old faces in the same old library, he is permitted to cast a second glance about the company and try to settle in his own mind which one will turn out to be Superintendent Muggs of Scotland Yard. One stares moodily into the fireplace and remembers that Superintendent Muggs is one of the Big Five, perhaps all of the Big Five. Normally he can be found raising prize fowl somewhere around Wembley or pottering about among his roses at Ealing Broadway. On any one of his numerous vacations he can be found salmon fishing in some locality where the murders occur most unexpectedly and in the greatest numbers. On such a night as this, however, he is certain to be the five fellows whose spark plugs got wet just ahead of yours.

Unless you die before you wake, you'll find out all about it in the morning. You'll look through your window on a dew-pearled countryside where the greenery steps down through the lace of the yew trees toward the sunny opalescence of the distant sea. And you'll observe Superintendent Muggs gratefully accepting his prisoner from the hands of Horace, the second groom, who was wise enough to know who was guilty before the murder was committed.

Of course, in the meantime, the criminal may have confessed. Confession is a habit of English murderers—a habit that makes them *sui generis* and wins for them the love of countries where lawbreakers are less thoughtful.

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In England, murder is more popular than cricket

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There can be no perfect crime in England so long as English killers remain true to the traditions of their craft and tell all any time the detectives find themselves all muddled up with footprints, fingerprints, suicide notes, and drippings from umbrellas.

It must not be supposed that all of the big detectives in England are Superintendent Muggs of the Big Five. Scotland Yard, for the most part, is composed of bright young men trained to listen to explanations of how the crime was committed. They are skilled in advancing theories. Since the days of the late Sherlock Holmes they have been able to distinguish the difference between heat and cold and the quick and the dead. With the years, they have cultivated an abiding calm that makes their decisions on such subjects important. But they never relinquish their English citizenship or their English prerogative of committing an occasional murder themselves or letting themselves be found cold and stiff in the customary locked room.

Your real detective is quite likely to be a doctor—an ancient specialist in tonsillectomy—who is interested in finding out why some people kill other people. Or he may be a barrister, or a playwright, or Sir Henry himself, or perhaps the vicar. One great English detective was, in fact, a retired French detective, so you see how difficult it is to judge, how useless to guess. In a country where your physician may turn out to be a secret agent for the Polynesian Poi League and your chemist may one day stand revealed as the King of Sweden, such things cease to matter.

In point of fact it is no great task to be a detective in England. For, to be explicit, no true British murderer ever ended his work with the provision of a cadaver. Always he leaves those little marks of his individuality which make the crime worth eight shillings between hard covers. If he is an amateur, he may leave only a set of fingerprints—his own and quite a lot of those of his friends and relatives. If he is skillful but in a hurry, he may leave only meager exhibits of Devonshire mud and stubs of rare old Gold Flyke cigarettes.

In well-contrived murders, he leaves his hat, ladder marks under the window, buttons on the floor of the sealed room, railroad-ticket stubs, samples of his hair, army discharge papers, fingernail clippings, footprints, handprints, Bertillon measurements, and letters from his mother. In the United States, criminals don't do that, and the percentage of escapes is correspondingly higher. In England, it is customary to ask some innocent bystander to assume sponsorship for the exhibits, but when he fails to cooperate, the guilty man or woman is duly notified, and there's an end to it.

Apparently there are no law courts in England, because the murderers all commit suicide in picturesque fashion as soon as the evidence is completed. This simplification of the legal procedure alone saved Great Britain countless pounds during the recent depression, although it had the effect of putting numerous magistrates and barristers out of work.

The patch-eyed host

English railway-station employees are the greatest memory experts in the world. They are given close competition for this distinction by the taxicab drivers, inasmuch as either of them can remember the age, weight, complexion, dress, and distinguishing marks of anybody who checked his aunt's body on the up goods train from Kings Cross a fortnight come Michaelmas. However, the birthday-honors list favors the engine drivers, guards, and station attendants who can remember not only the shipper of the clinical material, but the punch marks in his ticket from Twiddergglellyn (pronounced Chumley), Wales. This gift has been invaluable to the police who, after interviewing them, have only to consult the roster of people with missing aunts in Twiddergglellyn and thus arrive at a rough idea of what is going on.

Off duty, the taxi drivers live in places called pubs which are opposite other places called the mews. These pubs have historic significance, particularly in London. There they were once the haunt of five Hindus freshly arrived in search of the idol's eye. In those colorful days people were sometimes killed in pubs and tossed into the river, later to be identified by laundry marks and restored to families who had friends or business acquaintances in Baker Street. Now, aside from their function as resting places for taxi-driving experts in mnemonics, they serve no useful purpose, save as an occasional rendezvous for the Big Ben Listeners' Club, whose members always hear Big Ben strike just as the innocent suspect comes out of the fog with blood on his shoes.

London life, of necessity, differs in setting if not in tempo from that of the country. The city itself is a gray and mysterious place whose streets have not been mapped since Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. Its dank lanes, around the corner from the pub and mews, have never been plumbed, its thick fogs are filled with lost pedestrians, lorries, trams, hansom cabs, and screams.

Living in London has been amazingly simplified since the concentration of populace which began some time before the War. In the days when avenging angels from Utah were wandering about, painting cabalistic signs on doors, they had a lot of trouble. There were so many people who lived in houses, and consequently so many doors. London must have had quite an area in those days. The patient Hindus who came looking for moonstones trotted for hundreds of miles over rough cobbles without getting a glimpse of it, and presumably had to be relieved by fresh batches of Hindus working in relays. Even at the turn of the century, a policeman's lot was not a happy one because so many families occupied individual houses or flats, or bed sitting rooms—a habit due

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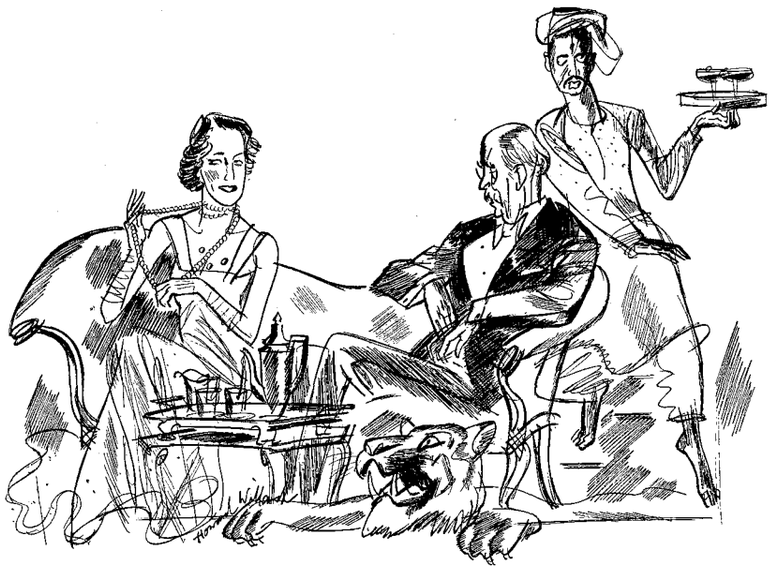
no doubt to British reserve, which is cultivated on the playing fields of Eton.

Now, however, things are different. If a murder is committed on the embankment or in the hermetically sealed room, or in the pantry or vestry of the Dean of St. Paul's, Scotland Yard has an easy task. The whole population is immediately questioned—after first being warned that anything the populace says may be used in evidence against it. And this is simple because everybody lives in the Adelphi apartments in Maida Vale. Of course, there are a few exceptions. All doctors live in Harley Street. All barristers live in Lincoln's Inn. All Italians live in Soho.



The tall, icy blonde adjusts her pearls and discloses three bullet holes

Aside from the several million citizens whose names are over the doorbells, several unidentified but interesting people inhabit the Adelphi. There is the old man who plays the *Moonlight Sonata* on the violin every morning at two o'clock. His name has not yet been learned because nobody wishes to intrude on his privacy. It seems more than likely that he is a murderer and a very good one. He couldn't very well be the corpse.

Then there is the woman in black who comes in through the windows of the bed sitting room at midnight when the gale is howling outside and the fire is crackling cozily in the grate. You are sitting in front of the fire with a good book and a mug of mulled sack—you a handsome bachelor who cannot imagine why somebody took three shots at you with arrows dipped in henbane tonight as you were leaving your office in the Admiralty. You feel a draft on the back of your neck and you turn around just in time to see this voluptuous blonde (cloaked in black velvet with a collar of astrakhan) float into the room from behind the curtains. Sometimes she is clutching a gun, sometimes her heart. There is a wild look in her eyes. She is biting her lips. She is trembling—exhausted—desperate. And there is a little something about her that reminds you of wind in the heather. (That is a little more difficult to explain than the lady's presence in your apartment, but wind in the heather is what she reminds you of.) So, even if she hasn't a gun, you arise with a full supply of that reserve which you acquired on the playing fields of Eton, and you say: "Stupid of me not to have heard you ring. Please sit down and let me chase Jasper [or Ali or Ganeshi Lal] for another cup of sack. . . . Or perhaps you would prefer a noggin of gin?"

After you have met the woman in black, night after night—always under the most decorous circumstances, however unconventional they may seem to the lift operator—you perform these rites almost automatically. But you never tire of the situation. You never think of turning the hounds loose on the authors who have been chasing this girl through the stormy night for the last three decades. After all, one must do something with one's evenings. You take the whole business as a matter of course, and the young woman dries herself on her own specially embroidered guest towel and lolls about kittenlike in your great big overstuffed pyjamas. She comes, in time, to trust you—as who wouldn't?

Tomorrow morning you will find out that she is somebody—Little Lotus Flower from the East India Docks, or Queen Marie, or the Lady That's Known as Lou. But whatever happens, you know that she isn't going to be a murderess—at any rate she never has been up to now. She has taken the better part. She is the lovely voice that one will hear forever in the sighing of the wind, the beautiful face that one will see eternally in the fire. She is the reason Adelphi tenants learned to sleep with their windows open—especially windows leading to fire escapes.

Considering the tremendous number of crimes occurring in London, the longevity of its citizens is remarkable. It is impossible from this distance (say 3000 miles) to conduct an adequate research into the causes, but a study of reports may give us a clue. People have to stay alive because of the unsettled conditions of the graveyards and the overproduction of cadavers. Such corpses as do find their way into graves are always dug up in a day or two. The London Underground could have been sunk five times over through the exhumation processes of the detective-story writers. Other products of violent crime are not buried at all, but are checked at Waterloo or Victoria stations until called for—making for congestion at these points that is truly deplorable.

It is difficult to die in England, no matter who breaks into your apartment with pistols, deadly gases, poisoned darts, Mills bombs, or copies of *The London Times*. In fact, the published records contain no mention of a death from natural causes since the demise of Wilkie Collins, and there seems to be some doubt about him. Apparently if you don't get murdered, you live forever.

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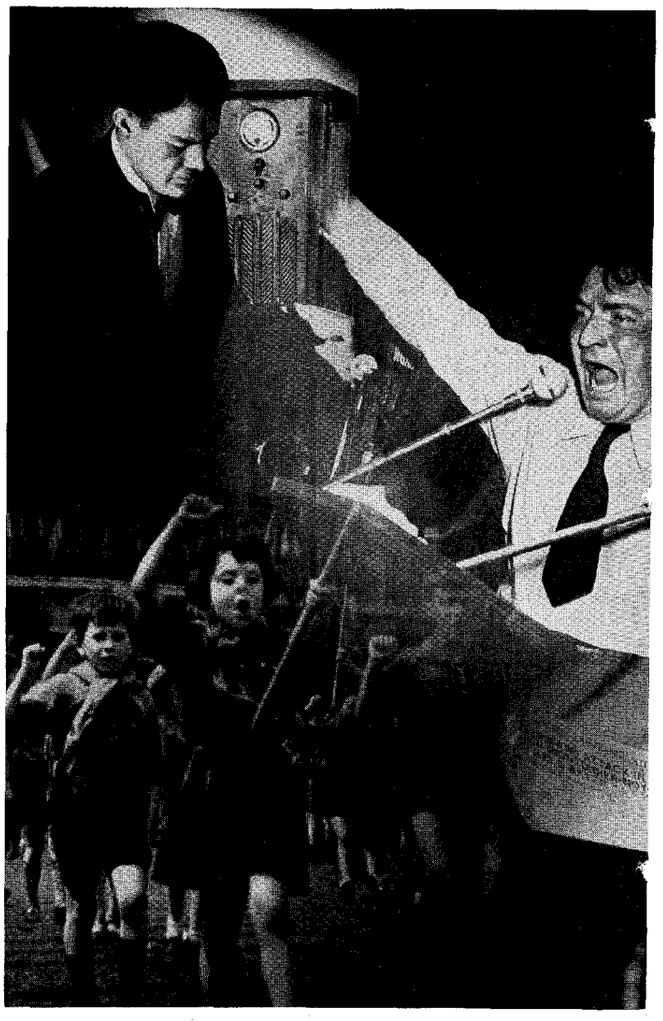
Our Hypnotized World

V. F. CALVERTON

Science offers the modern spellbinder new methods for controlling the masses



THE average American thinks of hypnotism as a form of black magic, confined to clandestine chambers, where some long-haired Svengali or turbaned Hindu whirls his circumambient eyes and twines his snakelike fingers about the head of some helpless youth, rendering him subservient to his will. Even highly intelligent people, who are more sophisticated about the matter, view hypnotism merely as a clinical technique valuable in controlling the behavior of dysgenic personalities.

Few people understand that hypnotism today is far more important as a social force than as an individual one. Contemporary society, with its radios, newspapers, films, schools, and churches, all attuned to the minute to what is happening in their respective realms, is more subject to hypnotic compulsion than any society which has ever existed in the past.

Hypnotism is the force which has made possible the reshaping and remaking of the modern world. Without the use of hypnotism, for example, fascism would have been impossible, as well as most of the developments in the modern nationalistic state. Nationalism, in its postwar forms, has become what it is, and what it could never have been otherwise, because of the hypnotic controls effected by the various instruments of mass hypnosis which have been developed by contemporary science. Hypnotism has made it possible to harness the modern nationalist state into a solid, unified entity that was never attainable before. By means of the accelerated contacts of minds rendered possible by the radio, the cinema, the telephone, the telegraph, and the amplifier, people today, within their nationalist orbits, can be made, to an increasing degree, to think as one. In the past, it was religion with its hypnotic appeal which was used to accomplish that end; today the radio, the newspaper, and the cinema can achieve the same hypnotic effects with much more success. In a word, hypnotism, through the invention of modern scientific devices, has been put to work in new fields, where it has become a social force of magnitudinous dimensions.

Hypnotism is described in scientific verbiage as a manifestation of the power of suggestion. Beyond that there is little that science has said or, at the present time, can say on the subject. How suggestion works or what makes it work, still remains a mystery. What is known, however, is that it works, and it is with its workings that this article is concerned.

It is apropos to illustrate just what hypnotism, or *suggestion,* is in practice. An individual is hypnotized by a physician and, while in a hypnotic state, is told that he is going to be given an orange that is sweet and which he will relish to the last bite. Instead of giving him an orange, however, the physician places a tight-skinned lemon in his hands and bids him eat it. What happens is that when the individual bites into it, he smacks his lips, and expresses all those reactions of pleasure which are the concomitants of sweet-tasting stimuli. He devours the whole lemon, manifesting increasing enjoyment with each bite. A minute later, the physician gives the individual a round, succulent orange, telling the latter, however, that it is a lemon. At the first bite, he makes that inevitably wry grimace which everyone does at the taste of a lemon. His mouth continues to screw itself up into a more and more pinched form until he has finally devoured the orange, after which he shakes his head as one does after imbibing a bitter medicine.

But more than changing the behavior and reaction of

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taste buds and salivary glands, it is possible by hypnosis to control pain reactions, and in recent months this has been demonstrated in most conspicuous fashion in the United States by the several childbirths which have been conducted under posthypnotic suggestion. Only in the United States, where the American Medical Association is, so far as can be discovered, opposed to the practice, would childbirths undertaken in such a manner create such a sensation. In Germany, at the Heidelberg Clinic, for example, thousands of such childbirths have been conducted in the last ten years. In Soviet Russia within the last five years thousands of similar births have occurred. In many other European countries, where hypnosis does not suffer from the stigma which hangs over it in the United States, childbirth by hypnotic procedure has been for some time a familiar procedure.

In the case of the childbirths the physician, in order to achieve his effects, employs the same device used in the case of the orange and lemon experiment. He *suggests* to the prospective mother that she will have no pain at the time of the birth. Because of her trust and faith in him, which really means that she is susceptible to his *suggestion,* she experiences no pain, or at least relatively little. Whereas women under ordinary circumstances suffer excruciatingly during the birth ordeal, women who undergo such posthypnotic suggestion very often suffer little if any pain at all. Of ninety cases of birth delivery undertaken by hypnotic technique within the six months from November, 1935, to April, 1936, Doctor Vassily Zdravosmislov of the First Moscow University reports that "fifty-five per cent were entirely without pain, thirty-three per cent were partly successful, and eleven per cent showed very little result."

Reduced to the lowest common denominator, what such experiments reveal is that there is something about the human being, or about the human mind, which is immediately receptive to influences from the outside, especially to those of a concentrated and incremental variety. If there is anything about the human mind which can be described as an absolute characteristic, it is its universal susceptibility to suggestion. Under the impact of suggestive influences, something happens to the organism which renders it susceptible to alterations in reaction of a profound character. The ordinary patterns of response can be modified, retarded, stopped.

Cures, especially the so-called miraculous ones, are an-

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other illustration of hypnotism in individual form. In all these cases, what we are confronted with is not suggestion but autosuggestion; that is, suggestion which is induced by the individual himself as a result of the influence of an outside force powerful enough to awaken the inner potencies of his personality.

A simple experiment, familiar to all those acquainted with such phenomena, will illustrate just how cures of that type are achieved. A physician takes an individual, reduces him to a state of hypnoidal slumber, and suggests to him that he is paralyzed on his right side, and can neither walk nor move any part of that section of his body. The physician thereupon releases the individual from his hypnotic state, and tells him to get up and walk. But he is helpless. He cannot move the hypnotized side of his body at all. He is, to all intents and purposes, paralyzed.

He is allowed to remain in that state for several minutes—in some cases the experiment has been so conducted that he remains in that condition for hours—and then the physician sits him down again, hypnotizes him once more, and tells him that he can move the right side of his body now, that when he gets up he will be able to walk about as ably and agilely as a normal person. At that point, the physician commands him to get up and walk, which he does with the characteristic nimbleness of a healthy human being. Now what this experiment illustrates is that the man in the case was semiparalyzed by suggestion given him while in a hypnotic state by his physician, and that the moment the suggestion was removed his paralysis disappeared.

In the case of cures what occurs is remarkably similar to the experiment described. The individual is a victim of suggestion, not from a hypnotist or a physician, but *from himself*. He hypnotizes himself, without knowing it, into believing he is paralyzed. Organically, he is no more paralyzed than any normal person; functionally, however, owing to autosuggestion, he is as paralyzed as an authentic paralytic victim. Such cases are so abundant in medical history that they no longer excite comment.

Now the question which immediately arises is: why do people develop such functional paralyses induced by nothing more than a psychological kink or crotchet of personality? In most cases the answer is obvious. The individual, for one reason or another, cannot face the reality which confronts him, or is mentally so dissatisfied

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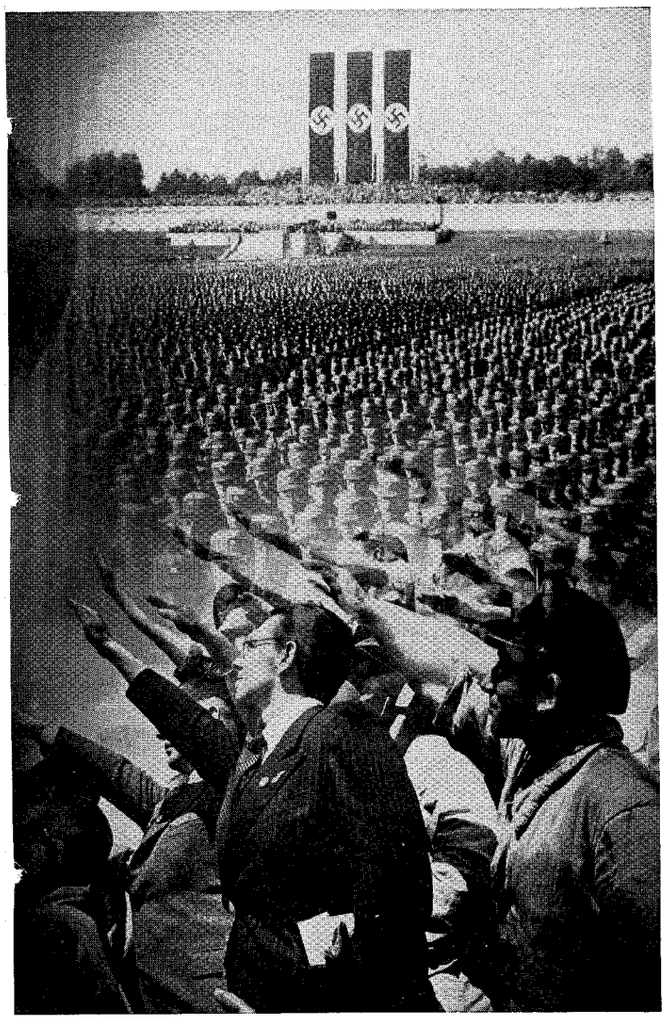

with himself that he cannot endure the realization of failure which his life represents.

Examinations of the miraculous cures effected at various shrines, or by various cultists, are almost invariably of cases of individuals whose bodies are functionally but not organically—which means psychologically but not physically—crippled or paralyzed. Any sudden shock, if its impact is sufficient, might release the psychological brake controlling the physical behavior of the individual, and make it possible for him to resume his normal posture. Shrines and cultists of divers stripes, by virtue of the melodramatic challenge they represent, function very often as such releases. Just as certain psychologically paralyzed men have been known to get up and run when the house they are in catches on fire, so such cripples, faced by the overawing presence of something weird and strange, which, like a fire, awakens latent energies within their frames, fling away their crutches and braces and become normal people again.

However, our greatest concern is with the relationship between hypnotism and society, which is a problem in social hypnosis rather than individual hypnosis. When all is said, hypnotism is more important as a social than as an individual fact. It is as a social force that it exercises its greatest influence, achieves its most lasting effects.

The main difference between social and individual hypnosis is that in the case of the former the individuals are unaware of the presence of the hypnotic factor, whereas in the latter they are ineluctably conscious of it. Advertising, for example, is an excellent illustration of social hypnosis in action. As various experiments have shown, people do not buy a special brand of cigarettes because of their special taste, but because of certain mind-sets which they have built up about them. Those mind-sets are created mainly through advertising, which is effective to the degree that it is arresting and repetitive.

All propaganda works by the same principle. The best illustration, and one which has the most disastrous effects, is war, wherein the rulers of a country succeed in whipping up the emotions of a people to a point where the individuals, challenged by the same slogans, the same phrases, the same appeals, think as one. The hypnotic factor involved is central and national; it is a form of mass hypnosis, induced by a combination of all the forms of mass suggestion—newspapers, churches, schools, radio.

It was because of the absence of such forms of mass suggestion, up to several centuries ago, that wars were never fought by any large percentage of the population. Soldiers, in the main, were mercenaries or adventurers. Even as late as the American Revolution, which was a war involving a continent, we find only a small part of the population engaged in it. As Doctor Morison has shown, among a population of 2,500,000 people at the time, it is doubtful if more than 800,000 were concerned with it at all.

The whole psychology of nationalism, which is the most dominant force in modern civilization, could never have developed into the mad juggernaut of impulse which it is, if it were not for the evolution of such forms of mass suggestion as the press, the public school, the telegraph, the telephone, and the radio.

It is only when we analyze religion, however, that we get to the real root of the problem. Religion antedates the press, the public school, the telegraph, the telephone, and the radio. It represents the most ancient and the most persuasive form of social hypnosis. The whole appeal of religion is dependent upon the exploitation of hypnotic technique. The atmosphere of the temple, the church, the synagogue, the mosque, with their dim, awe-inspiring interiors, their strange icons, their swinging censers, could not provide a more ideal setting for the hypnotic approach. The ritual, too, with its simple emotive appeal, combined with its incremental repetitions, pronounced amid music and song, gives to that setting the persuasion and power of magical things.

Because of that background, religion has experienced less difficulty in compelling and inspiring the allegiance of men than any other social force. No absurdity has been too absurd for people to believe under such hypnotic auspices. Hierophants were the first to discover that short cut to the personality which hypnotism affords. Through-

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out the ages, from ancient times to modern, they have bound their followers to them by means of the hypnotic compulsion.

What all this leads us to is a realization that people are seldom convinced by truth but almost always by suggestion. The mind is far more a suggestible than a logical organ. The full truth of that fact can be seen in politics as well as in religion.

The explanation of the success of Hitler and Mussolini and dozens of other figures in history can be accounted for only on that basis. To begin with, such dictators adopt the assumption, described above, that the mind of the masses is fundamentally open to only one thing—suggestion! Like ecclesiastics, they utilize, in secular instead of religious forms, the same melodramatic hypnoidal technique in their struggle to dominate the populace. Instead of using churches for their medium, they employ open spaces, vast squares, wide circumferential amphitheaters, wherein they succeed in holding their audiences spellbound by virtue of the identical technique which has been employed by religion through the ages. They make their appeals, not to the minds, but to the emotions of their audiences, and like a hypnotist waving a wand over the head of a subject, they manage, by reiterative phrases which grow more compulsive with every repetition, to enslave the minds of the populace.

The repetitive emphasis upon the same ideas, encrusted in the same phrases, the same slogans, the same sentiments, theatricalized by parades, demonstrations, and all the pageantry of national display, has always been enough to convert and conscript the masses. The rise of fascism in Europe illustrates how effective such hypnotic technique is in action. In 1921, before Mussolini seized power in Italy, the Italian working class, socialist in its psychology, had succeeded in occupying and controlling approximately 37 per cent of the factories in the country. In 1922 Mussolini marched on Rome, drove the workers out of the factories, suppressed all socialist propaganda, and by coordinating and harnessing all the agencies of hypnotic control—the newspapers, the schools, the churches, the radio—succeeded in making over the Italian populace in his own image. Socialist propaganda was forgotten, and fascist propaganda took its place. Within a few years the majority of the workers who had been socialist became fascist. Something of the same thing happened in Germany. Before Hitler took power the majority of the working class was overwhelmingly socialist or communist; after Hitler became dictator, the working class became acquiescently if not belligerently fascist.

The irony of both situations, which is the final proof of the hypnotic fact, is that in both countries, as objective observers and students have shown, the wages of the working class as well as the peasantry have decreased instead of increased under the fascist hegemony. All of which means that the Italian and German masses are willing to support governments whose policies are opposed to their best economic interests because the governments, by their bread and circus hullabaloo, have hypnotized the masses into believing in *the leader* instead of in themselves. There is, of course, nothing new in such technique. By concentrating upon a god instead of upon a leader, religion has thrived for centuries by the same technique.

Such swift shifts in mass psychology are possible only in totalitarian, fascist countries, where control over the agencies of social suggestion is absolute. In democratic countries such as the United States, England, or France, such absolute control does not exist—any more than it did in Italy and Germany before the rise of the fascists to power. In democratic countries the populace is confronted with discordant challenges from the various suggestive instruments of society. The newspapers represent divided attitudes; the schools house teachers of divers opinions, and groups of different philosophies open schools of their own; the churches maintain pastors of different convictions upon social issues; and even the radio, dominated though it is by high finance, proffers opportunity to conflicting groups to voice their programs and platforms. In the face of such divisions and discordances of opinion and sentiment, it is well-nigh impossible to hypnotize the populace into any consolidated support of a single person or policy.

It is only when democratic countries are confronted with an issue of national disaster, such as war, that such consolidation of interests, attitudes, and convictions results. Then the same thing happens that has happened in fascist countries today; the newspapers all take the same stand, the schools all defend the same issues, the churches all support the same program, the radios all proclaim the same ideas and doctrines. Under such conditions, as in the United States during the World War, the whole community is subjected to the same technique of social hypnosis as is practiced in fascist countries today.

If it were possible for those groups opposed to war to stand by their convictions, such a catastrophe might not follow. At the outbreak of hostilities in the United States in 1917 such elements constituted a considerable part of the populace. War, however, because it involves life and death, and galvanizes the life-preservative instinct, individually as well as nationally, tends to destroy such opposition by its very threat. What happens, and what makes the situation so hopeless, is that when a government decides on war, it has only to appeal, in national form, to the self-preservative instinct of the people in order to win their support. With all the agencies of hypnotic control at its disposal, from the radio to the schoolhouse, the government has little difficulty in "selling" war to the masses.

It is that fact which makes the activities of peace societies seem so futile. If the human mind were not so subject to suggestion, peace organizations would not, as they did with but one lone exception in the last war, surrender their convictions without a struggle. The very fact that they do is but an added testimony to the power of mass hypnosis when exercised on a national scale.

The only value that peace organizations can serve is in propagandizing so effectively (*continued on page* 89)

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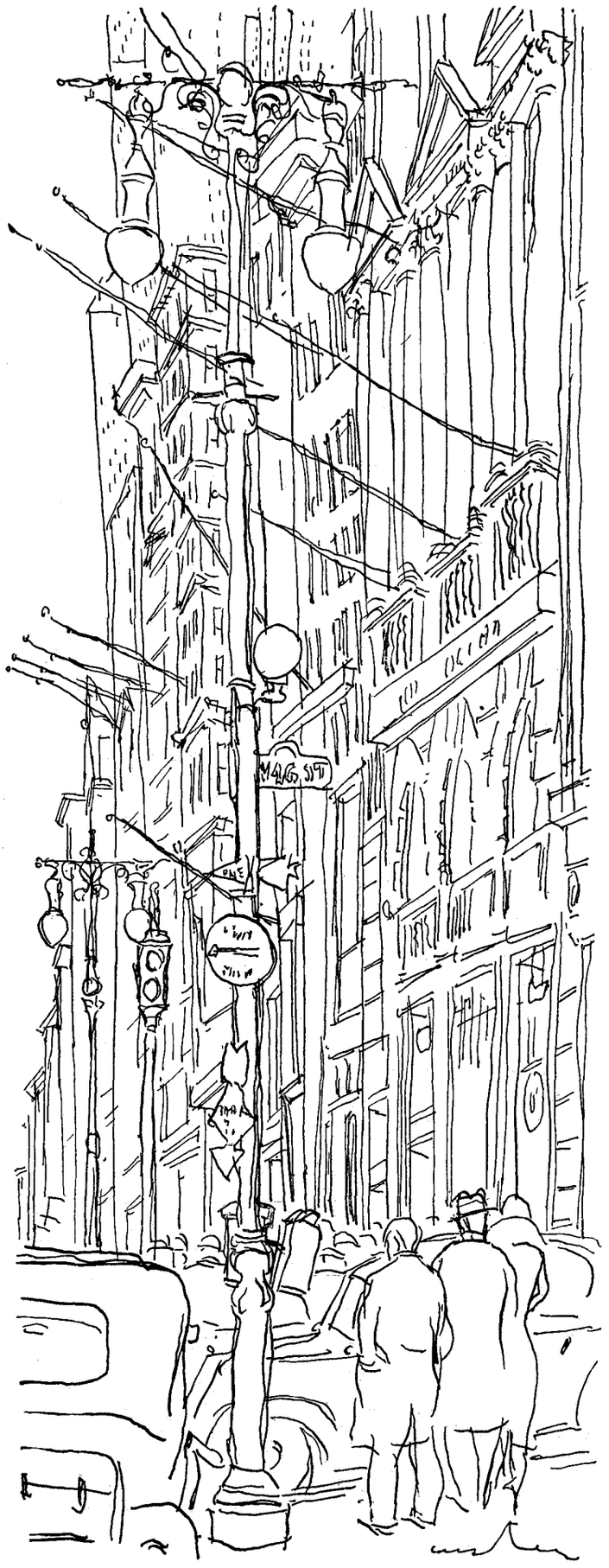
To Those Who Wait

ELICK MOLL

From darkness, from the darkness, coming. . . . From despair without meaning and death that was without burial. From too much pity and too much dread. From hunger that was not alone our hunger, and brotherhood that was a two-edged sword between us, against our rest, against all hope of rest. . . .

In land that will be again our land. In days that will again be light for seeing—not for too much seeing; for knowing—not for too much knowledge. In darkness that will be rest and ending—not for hiding, oh my brother. In days that will be sun and warmth again. . . .

From the darkness, brother, from the darkness coming. But not forgetting, not forgetting.



I'VE got my job back, Jeff Miller said to himself for the hundredth time. All morning he had been saying it, over and over, as if trying in that way to give form to the emotion that struggled for release within him. *I've got my job back.* It was a great, exultant shout bottled up inside him, yet he couldn't quite get hold of it, to let it wing free. . . . It held apart, strangely muffled behind the fuzzy accumulations of the past four years—thoughts, remembrances that kept shuffling across his mind as if he still belonged to them, as if notice had not yet gone out, echoing, along the thousand tiny trails, that it was over, that this morning had put an emphatic period on all that time of trial and emptiness. All he could really get hold of, all he could really *feel* about the business, was that it was March, and having his job back in March meant oyster stew again in the Grand Central Oyster Bar.

Lord, it was funny, he thought. It must be that the human mind—at least his human mind—was not designed for the proper comprehension of either disaster or miracles. He remembered vividly that day in '33, just after the bank moratorium, when the ax had finally fallen at Gormely and Co. Like everybody else he'd been expecting it for weeks—months. He'd lain awake nights, thinking about it, cold with fear that went beyond just the idea of losing his job and what that entailed for himself and Martha. It was something in the air, that seemed to bespeak not merely the loss of a job but of all jobs, all sanity, hope, everything that mattered in the world. . . . And when the day had come at last, and Mr. Gormely had assembled the staff to tell them the news, listening to the man shaping the unnecessary footnote to the disaster plainly written on his face, all that Jeff had been able to think about—of all the things that had

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kept him awake during the long nights waiting—was that now he wouldn't have to have the radiator in his car fixed, after all.

Nuts, that's what it was. Like going balmy without the relief of being able to jump and bang around and make the appropriate howling noises. And now he had his job back—and it was the same thing. Mr. Gormely had said, that day back in '33, "If ever a bond means something you can push across a counter again in this country, if ever Gormely and Co. gets back in the running, there'll be a place for every one of you boys who still wants it." He'd meant it, too. He'd been as good as his word. And now, of all the things Jeff had imagined, during the intervening years, he might feel and think and want to do if ever the miracle did happen—the only thing he could think of, that kept swinging back into his mind again and again like a slightly mad refrain, was eating oyster stew at the Grand Central Bar until he was blue in the face!

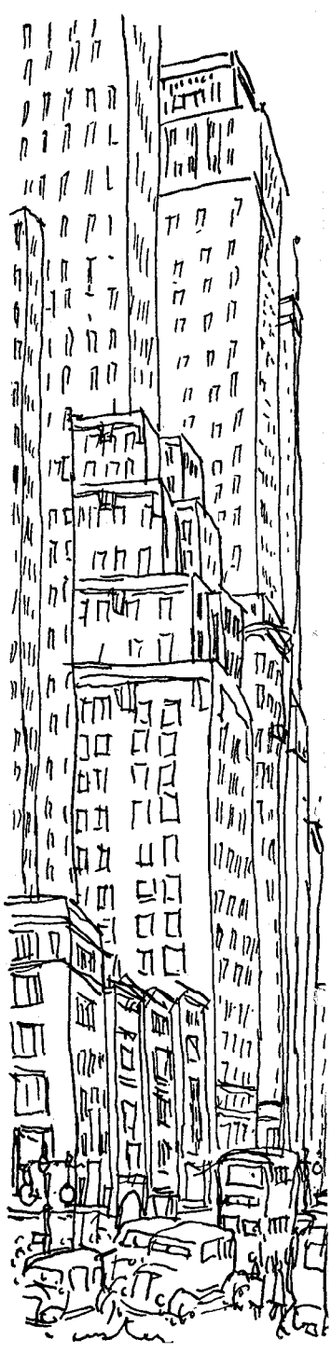
Benner and Harris and the rest of the old-timers who'd come back seemed to be having something of the same trouble too. All they could talk about all morning was going over to Maressi's for lunch, to celebrate. Jeff had half made up his mind to go along with them; it would be fun eating with the gang at Maressi's again—if it was still open. He could hardly believe it would be, after all these years. But then he was always finding, with surprise, that lots of things had been going on just as if nothing had happened, the way they had back in '33. . . . When lunch-time came, however, he decided suddenly that he would rather be alone. He wanted to be with the fellows, talk to them, find out how they'd made out during the four years, but he felt a little strained with them, for some reason—maybe because he was afraid they might ask *him* what he'd been doing all this time. The idea that they might even *suspect* that he'd been on relief for over a year turned him cold. Besides, he wanted to call Martha and tell her the news, and he wanted to eat oyster stew, and he wanted to get some things straightened out in his mind and try and get hold of this wonderful thing that had happened to him, that had been eluding him all morning behind the clutter and muddledness of the past four years.

He made a pretext of errands to do and went out by himself, and in the lobby of the building, downstairs, he caught up with it at last. Leaving the elevator, he was drawn into a little current of people hurrying toward the entrance, and something about the quality of that movement—less a press of bodies pushing him forward than some compulsion of mass movement that seemed to magnetize his own steps—reached down into a remembrance that had lain buried under the worry and dread and emptiness of these last years.

He stood at the entrance for a moment, controlling his impulse to run, to sing out, to grab some one and whirl him around and shout, "Hey, brother, what do you know, I've got my job back." . . . Then suddenly, looking out at the noonday crowds along Fifth Avenue, gray-black formations moving like sluggish shadows against the glare of stone and pavement, the mood subsided, and a gust of panic went through him. It was strange how ominous they could look, moving along that way, *en masse*—those myriad harmless, destructible worlds, just like himself. . . .

As he turned down Fifth Avenue, he was conscious of the bills in his pocket. What a prince Mr. Gormely was. No gestures, no largesse, just "good to see you again, Jeff . . . seems like old times again, with you and Benner and Harris. . . ." And then, digging into his pocket, casually: "Here, you'll probably need a few things."

And that was a capitalist—an enemy of the working classes—to listen to those guys in Union Square tell it. . . . Jeff shook his head. Yes, there were some things it was going to take a while to get straightened out in his mind. But meanwhile, he remembered—with an adumbration of eagerness that again didn't quite belong to him now—meanwhile, he was going after that oyster stew in the Grand Central Bar. That, at least, was something it wouldn't take very long to get straightened out—no longer than it would take to get that first clump of hot, soft, rubbery, tasteless deliciousness into his mouth.



He stopped at the corner of Forty-sixth Street to wait for the light, and absorbed in his thoughts, he was a little startled by the sound of a low, intimate voice muttering something, close beside him. He looked up and saw, with a curious dart of recognition, a man of about forty-five standing on the curb alongside; he was wearing a blue camel's-hair coat, obviously of an expensive variety but quite frazzled now about the collar and cuffs; his head was hatless and covered with snarled graying hair, and his face was expressionless.

There was something strangely familiar about the man's aspect, and as he stared at him, trying to fathom that little pang of recognition, it seemed to Jeff, suddenly, unrealistically, and yet with a curious panicky conviction, that he had seen this man before, many times before, on many corners, just like this, waiting for lights—the untidy, graying head, the expressionless face, the toneless, muttering voice. . . .

It was a curious, sick sensation

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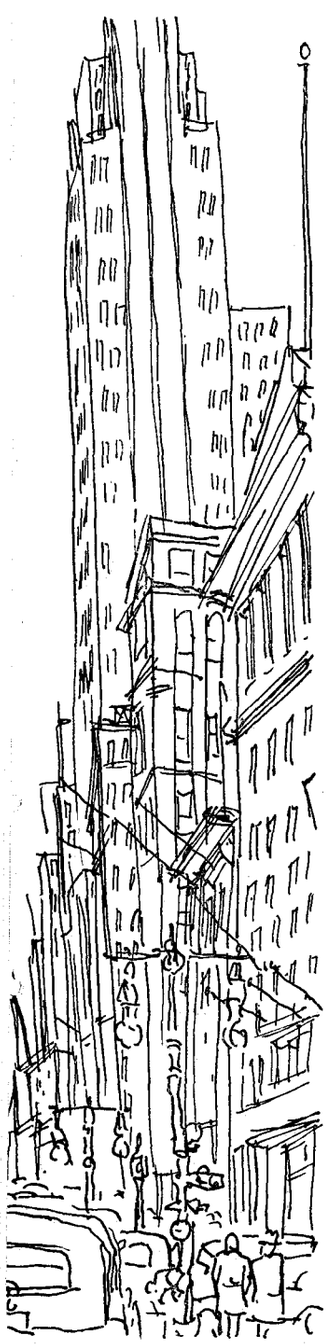
—and it passed, like a beam of darkness drawing aside from his mind. He saw that this was just a man in a frayed blue coat whom he'd probably seen before, somewhere on the Avenue. The light changed, and as he started to cross the street, he saw the man's lips begin to move, heard him murmur in that low, gently chiding voice—as if he were remonstrating quietly with some one: "But dear, you don't seem to understand, we can't manage it any more, we just can't manage——"

Jeff hurried by, with his heart in his mouth, remembering oddly a phrase that he'd often heard used in the old days, had used himself, "Hey, will you cut it out? You'll have me talking to myself in a minute. . . ."

He shook his head, as if defiantly. Well, what of it. This was just another poor lug who'd cracked up and was talking to himself. So what? He'd seen plenty such, and plenty worse. And it wasn't *his* depression any more. Lord, if only he could get hold of that idea once and for all and hang onto it. Sure, it was a bad dream while it lasted—lines of guys with arms and legs and faces, just like him, standing in rain and cold . . . and Martha's face when he first talked about going on relief, and her face when the first relief money came in . . . and waking in the morning with sweat on his face as if he'd been running all night instead of sleeping . . . and lots of things. . . . Yes, it was a plenty bad dream. But it was over now. It was *over*. He was going back to where he left off in '33 and start catching up with all the things he'd been missing out on all these years—baseball games and shows and new clothes and no debts and good rye whiskey and apple pie *à la mode*. . . . And the first thing he would catch up on would be about a gallon and a half of oyster stew, right now.



DRAWINGS BY BERNADINE CUSTER

He crossed over at Forty-third Street and walked toward Vanderbilt Avenue, springily, trying to recapture in the quality of his movement the physical elation, the surge of almost animal joy that had risen in him so wonderfully a while back in the lobby. But as he approached the Grand Central his steps began to lag, and he knew finally that it was no use. It was spoiled. He didn't really want oyster stew any more. His stomach was still queasy with that sickish amalgam of pity and panic. He wouldn't be able to eat for hours now.

Angry at himself, and a little resentful of the world in general, he turned back on Vanderbilt Avenue. All this time, years now, he'd been telling himself that, if ever he got a job again, the first thing he'd do would be to go down to the Grand Central Oyster Bar and eat oyster stew until he was ready to bust. And now a guy in a frayed blue coat talking to himself had robbed him of that—just as if he'd reached over and snatched it out from under his nose. He'd always been a sucker for that kind of stuff. But—well, it wasn't so much that the guy was down at the heels and talking to himself—there were plenty of worse things he'd seen during the past few years, that kept coming back to haunt him, wake him up at night with the fear and shame sticking in his throat. But somehow, all at once, the poor lug had seemed to epitomize everything that had happened to people and to the world in the last few years. Sure, lots of people went around talking to themselves. He could remember his own Grandma Pearson sitting in a rocker, mumbling to herself. But this wasn't an old guy—or somebody who was nervous or preoccupied and had just forgotten himself for a minute. This was a young man, maybe forty-five—just a few years older than himself—and he was going around talking to himself because—well, because he was through, washed up, the depression had finished him. What did it matter to him that people were saying the depression was practically over? It wasn't over for him. It would never be over; the armistice wouldn't mean a damn thing to him, one way or the other. Something inside him had folded up.

It had been a time of trouble and loss for everybody—money and jobs and homes, and then self-respect and courage, and worst of all your grip on things, the ability to recognize any more what really counted, to feel badly about the things that should make you feel badly and happy about the things you were sure once would make you feel happy. . . . But, at least, to keep enough of yourself, that last shred, the ability to walk around with your fright and insecurity and loss *hidden,* deep inside yourself, behind your own inviolable wall of privacy. And to lose that! To walk around naked in the world, the whole story of what had happened to you exposed to public view. Talking to yourself out loud, that way: *"But dear, you don't seem to understand, we can't manage it any more, we just can't——"*

Jeff Miller shivered a little. Yes, whatever had happened, that much at least had been spared him, that shred of privacy. No one had ever looked at him pityingly, gone off shaking his head, thinking, "Poor Jeff. The depression's got him." Yes, that, and standing in the lines—the men standing in the lines, rummaging in the garbage pails, stooping for cigarette butts—that much to be thankful for.

He hunched his shoulders and remembered suddenly that he hadn't yet called Martha. He'd been planning to do it after eating, with his throat still hot and steamy

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with the good peppery taste, from one of those booths upstairs in the Grand Central, where the operator got the number for you and you could sit with your legs crossed—or nearly—and say, "Well, Martha, I've got a little news for you. I've got my job back."

At the corner of Forty-sixth and Madison, he stopped, thinking he might still call her from the drugstore. *"I've been wanting to call you all morning, Martha, but I was too busy. Imagine, Martha, too busy. . . ."* He vetoed the idea abruptly, crossed over and kept up Madison toward Fiftieth Street.

Lord, it was funny. Up there at Gormely's this morning, the same thing had happened to him. He'd been in the midst of his talk with Mr. Gormely, trying to find the right words to tell him how glad he was and grateful and everything, what he was going to do, all the ideas he'd had. . . . And all at once, in the middle of everything, there'd flashed into his mind, for no reason at all, out of nowhere, the remembrance of that guy in the doorway on Lafayette Street that freezing day two years ago—or was it three?—the blue face and lumps in his jaws that showed how hard his teeth were clenched and the hands stiff in that awful gesture, like prayer. . . . Out of nowhere it had come down between him and Mr. Gormely and what he was trying to say, and it seemed to muddle everything all at once, take all the kick out of it, and the sense and the reality—so that he could only stand there, not saying anything at all, not knowing what to say or think any more.

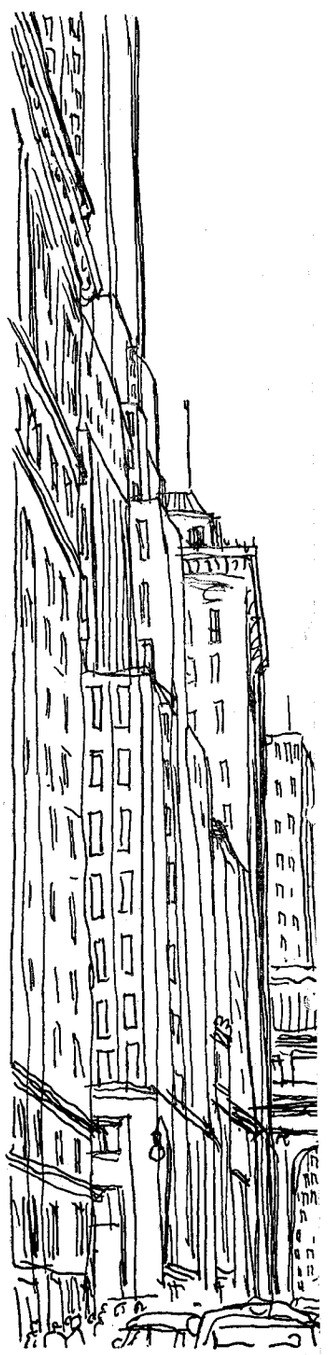
Yes, it was that, he realized—not the fact that he'd really been too busy, that had kept him all morning from calling Martha. He'd been afraid. *Afraid.* How often, during the past four years, in imagination, he'd heard himself saying, "Martha, I've got my job back." And now it was true, and he was afraid. How often he'd heard himself saying it to her, feeling it open up between them like a great shining heaven, blotting out the years, the name on the relief rolls, the shame, the dread, all of it, having her think, all at once, as he said it, of coming back from Dotty's, to their own place again, picking up the old furniture maybe, or some new stuff, paying up old bills, having people in to dinner again, maybe cocktails. . . .

And now he was afraid, afraid that she would hear it in his voice—the man in the blue coat and the man with the blue face in the doorway, and all the rest of it—and she would know, too, that somehow it was too late, that it didn't matter any more that the depression was over, that somewhere, some place they'd got to in the past four years, the depression would never, never be over.

Jeff Miller gave himself a shake as he turned into the Rockefeller Plaza. Lord, what a way to be going on, at a time like this. It was stupid, it was asinine. . . . "Come on, you lug, snap out of it," he said angrily to himself. "What the hell's the matter with you anyway?"

He got into the elevator. "Forty-eight," he said, after a momentary tiny struggle within. He realized, with a rueful, sore smile at himself, that he'd said it much louder than necessary. Funny, he thought, some day soon he would be saying it quite naturally, preoccupiedly, in fact—maybe not even saying it at all, because the operators would know him by then, would know he belonged on the forty-eighth floor.

The doors slid closed, the car began its ascent, in a soundless, tearing gale of emptiness. There was only one other passenger. Jeff observed him from the tail of his eye, a young chap, hatless, needing a hair-cut, wearing the collar of his topcoat turned up around his neck. He was carrying a bag in one hand while in the other he held a dead cigarette from which he'd pinched the lighted end a moment before, as he'd entered the car. Abstractedly Jeff watched him fiddling with the butt, rolling it between his fingers, the charred end flaking off infinitesimally to the floor. . . . Yes, he thought, lecturing himself with semi-comic severity, there'd been enough of this nonsense. He'd call Martha, right away, from the extension in Phillips' office, no one would be using it now—poor Phillips, he remembered with a little jolt what Harris had told him this morning. He hadn't known about him committing—



The indicator began to flash. 28 . . . 29 . . . Jeff watched the chap with the bag move toward the door. . . . Yes, that's what he would do. Right away. From the phone in . . . one of the offices. He could hear Martha's voice on the other end of the wire, instantly anxious, as if she couldn't imagine any more that he might be calling to tell her something she'd be glad to hear. *"Jeff, what's the matter, is anything—?"*

32 . . . 33 . . . "Thirty-six," said the fellow with the bag. Jeff saw him bring his other hand, the one holding the piece of cigarette, toward his pocket, evidently intending to drop the butt there, but somehow the gesture miscarried; the butt skidded off the flap of the pocket and fell to the floor. Involuntarily, the chap made a grab to retrieve it, then straightened up as the doors split open. He stepped off and was abruptly foreshortened, swallowed. The car began to rocket up again, motionlessly.

"No, nothing's the matter, Martha," he would say. *"But something has happened. . . ."*

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He would allow himself that little luxury of suspense, Jeff thought, his eyes on the cigarette, which was rolling lazily toward the side of the car. Just a moment of suspense. He was entitled to that. Then, *"I've got my job back, Martha,"* he would say.

The tightness in his chest began to relax again, and he felt a little warmth of hope, anticipation, go through him. Sure, it was going to take a little while to get these dizzy ideas out of his system. After all, four years was a long time. He mustn't forget that. He couldn't expect to wash it all out in a day—a morning. It would take a little time. In a week, two, it would all be gone from his mind—like a bad dream. As, he remembered with a quizzical smile, the women said about having a baby.

38 . . . 39 . . . 40 . . . *"Jeff,"* she would cry, *"it isn't true. You're——"* His eyes were starey, with a little fixed smile of anticipation, as he watched the butt roll into a corner, teeter a moment uncertainly, then lie still. *"Yes, honey, it's true. . . ."* Barely a quarter of it had been smoked, he noted absently, no more than half a dozen puffs maybe. . . . *"Yes, it's true, honey . . . you can come home now."*

43 . . . 44 . . . Jeff moved to the side of the car. He wondered what Dotty would say. She'd been so swell about everything. There weren't many sisters-in-law who would take the kind of attitude she had all along. 46 . . . Jeff bent down. Just as soon as he was able to, he was going to show his appreciation to Dotty, in some tangible——

He felt the car heaving motionlessly to a stop under him and with a start, as if waking from a dream, he looked down at his hand, then in sudden panic jerked his head around to look at the operator. The other was regarding him curiously, with a kind of smile on his face. Jeff felt suddenly as if the bottom of his stomach had fallen out.

"Forty-eight," the operator said. Jeff raised himself slowly, feeling his face so clammy where a moment before it had been hot and prickly. He moved toward the door, in an agony of humiliation, his fist clenched so tightly over the butt that he could feel it turning to mush in his grasp. . . . How could he convey to the man that he didn't *do* this sort of thing, that he didn't *need* it—that he had a job. . . .

The humor of the situation struck him suddenly, and he saw himself, off to one side, doubled up with uncontrollable laughter. But when he himself tried to follow suit, the laughter stuck in his throat, turned him curiously ill, as if he'd failed in an obligation toward his own sanity. The doors opened. Desperately he pushed his mind across the abyss of emptiness that gaped before it, toward the realization that this was the forty-eighth floor, *his* floor, *his* office, where he worked, *where he had his job back.* . . .

For the moment it was dead in his mind, without meaning, without association. For the moment, as he stood at the door of the elevator, the same sickish, sinking sensation assailed him as he had got a while back on the Avenue; the unrealistic conviction again flashed in his mind that he was through, washed up, that this was some Germelshausen of the spirit into which he had stepped, across time, where having a job meant nothing any more, because it was a land of dead men, ghosts in frayed blue coats mumbling to themselves, of the forever lost and hungry and hopeless. That somewhere he had got to in the last four years, where he had learned so many things, to do without oyster stew, without joy, without pride, to accept charity from the government, to wear second-hand clothes, and even to pick up cigarette butts —from that place there was no returning.

He could feel the operator's gaze still on him, with curiosity—with amusement no doubt. He looked up now to face him, almost defiantly. But looking at the man, he was startled by the quality of expression on his face. He *wasn't* amused. He wasn't, at all. He was. . . . Curiously, the image of the man in the blue coat moved, almost like a refrain, across Jeff's mind. And with a sudden, strange impulse he held out his hand, palm up.

"Funny, isn't it, the things you do?" He looked at the bit of mashed paper and tobacco crumbs, laughing a little, strangely. "And I just got my job back. Today. Just today—after four years."

"Guess you must be feeling pretty good, eh?"

"Pretty good," Jeff echoed. "Yes, pretty good." He kept looking at his open hand, laughing a little, softly. It wasn't ignominy, it wasn't shame and defeat. It wasn't that at all. . . .

The operator held the door with his foot. "Who with? The new firm? Gormely . . . ?"

Jeff nodded. No, it wasn't that at all. It was . . . He looked up now into the other's face, again with that strange new sense of recognition to which all this time he had been so curiously blind. This place, where the last four years had brought him—it wasn't a dead land; it was a place where he could never again be quite alone, never walk alone, or work alone——

He made a fist, punched lightly on the operator's shoulder. "Be seeing you," he said.

In the hall outside the office of Gormely and Co. he stood for a moment staring at the fresh lettering on the frosted glass. "I've got my job back," he said, wonderingly. It was still not joy. It was beyond joy.

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Zuñi and Navajo

WALTER HERDEG

WALTER HERDEG, a young German-speaking photographer of Zurich who wants to settle in America, came over last year on a visitor's permit. He traveled all about the country, but was particularly interested in the Southwest. Like the Kaiser in his talk with Theodore Roosevelt, Mr. Herdeg wanted to know about the Indians. He took the "Chief" out of Chicago, got off at Gallup, New Mexico, and with his camera fell upon two tribes who fought one another for centuries.

The battle of those centuries was between city and country people. On the one hand there were the Zuñi, a tribe of the Pueblos, whom the Spanish discovered in 1539. They were living in masonry houses in their seven cities, of which Zuñi alone remains. To their north were the Navajo, brothers of the Apaches, who lived in earth-covered houses and spent a great deal of time raiding the Zuñi towns. The coming of the Spanish merely provided the Navajo with another foe to pillage. Through several centuries they swooped down upon Zuñi and colonist alike, driving off their stock and thereby building up great herds of horses, cattle, goats, and sheep.

The photograph above is of a Zuñi who was seen with his tribesmen here at Zuñi. The Navajo photographs were taken by Mr. Herdeg at Fort Wingate, a few miles away.

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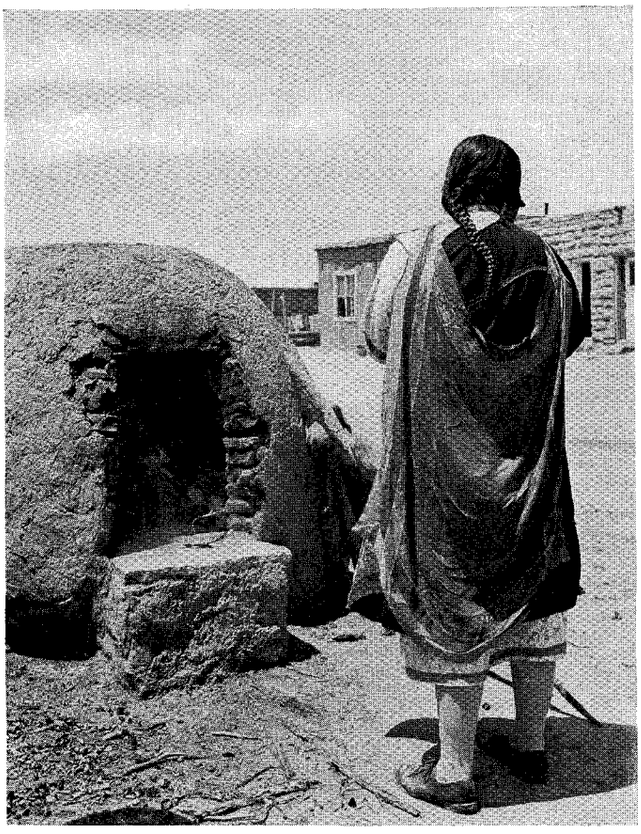
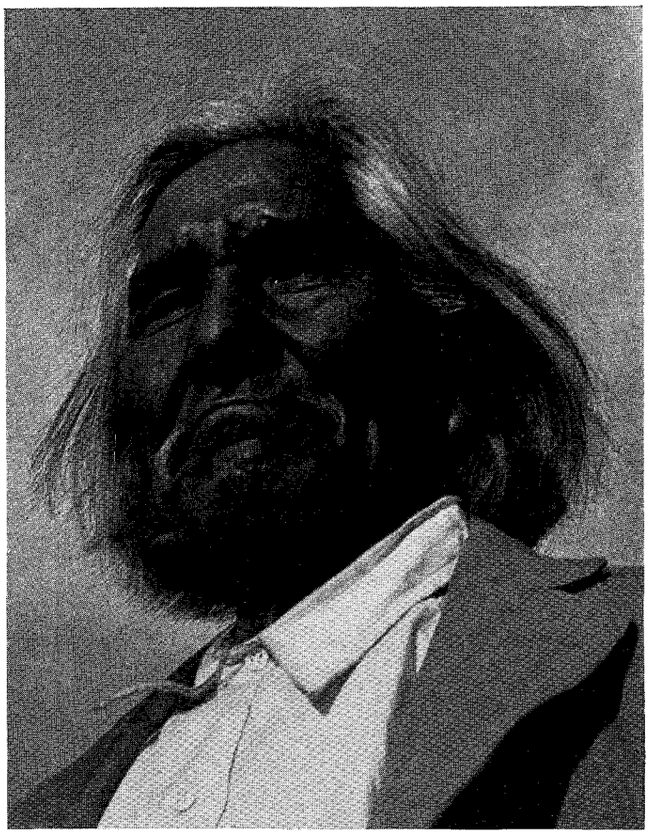


Zuñi squaw baking bread



One of New Mexico's 8000 Zuñis

Navajos with blankets and silverwork

Looking for customers

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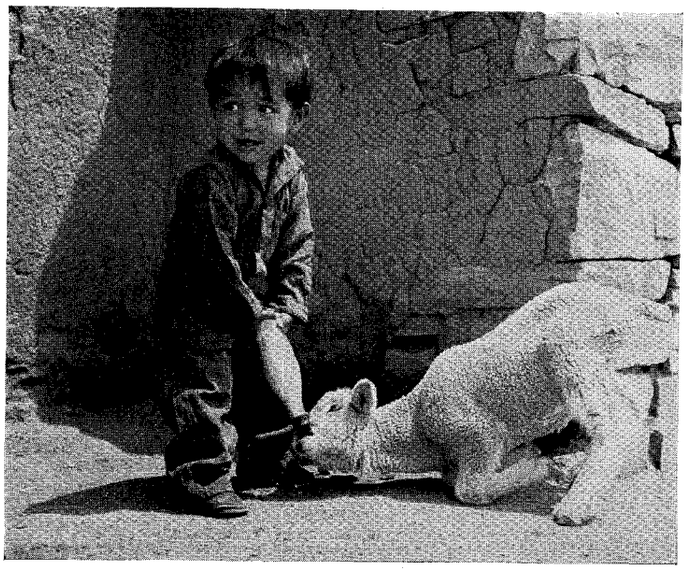
Zuñi women cultivating their land in an ancient way



Zuñi and friend

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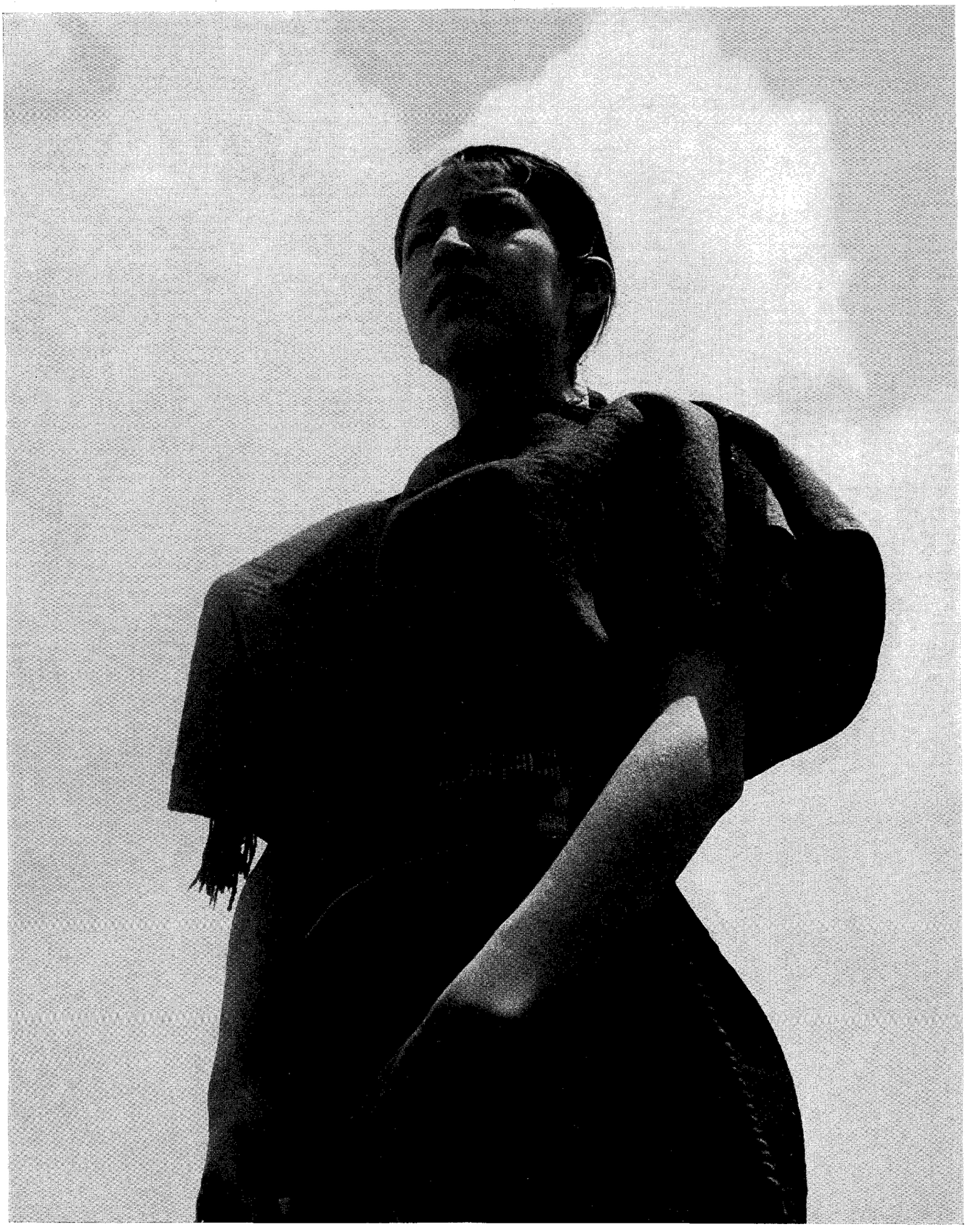

Sixteen-year-old Navajo in a 150-year-old costume

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THE FAMILY ALBUM

Reverend Henry Johnson, distant relative of ours. He got the divine call one day when he was working in the field, and he used to practice preaching on his team before he ever studied for the ministry. He could preach a mighty convincing sermon. I can still hear Poky Williams saying (Poky used to go to church with us), "That sermon'll keep a lot of folks from doing what they were going to do on Monday—for a little while, anyway."

—Lyman Clark

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LIFE IN THE UNITED STATES *is a regular feature of Scribner's Magazine containing short articles on distinctively American subjects and scenes*

Hail, Hell, and Farewell

TOM S. ELROD

"Of course," said a speaker who had been introduced over the radio as a minister of the gospel, "nobody believes any longer in a literal hell."

"If that's the case," observed a neighbor who had dropped in for a call, and was listening to the broadcast, "I suppose we'll have to take his word for it. When a preacher says there ain't no hell, I reckon there ain't none."

All of which is worth some consideration and comment. Before it goes entirely, before it becomes no more than a forgotten tradition, it might be well to pay it a tribute, to regard hell as having served a most useful purpose in its day.

William Allen White, writing about former customs some time ago, suggested that in the eighties hell was cooling off and various citizens were beginning to venture along the edges of the crust. If that was true of the eighties, hell must be entirely frozen over now, and the unthinking citizen skates over its entire surface without any fear of evil or serious consequences. Hell may have been cooling off in the territory where Mr. White lived in the eighties, but in the small town where I lived hell was in very active operation and erupted as frequently as Old Faithful. In our town were three churches—the Methodist Episcopal, the Christian, and the United Brethren. It was in the days when clergymen stood in the pulpit and fought other beliefs with scorn and ridicule. They were uncertain about the sort of a heaven to which members of other churches would go, if they went at all. But they were in perfect accord about hell. There might be one heaven for Methodists and another for the United Brethren, but one hell was enough for all who deserved eternal punishment.

As children we heard hell preached at least once each Sunday and throughout the entire winter season. Each of the three churches devoted a month to evangelistic services, locally known as protracted meetings or revivals. Benches for mourners were to be found in both the Methodist and United Brethren Churches, and it was the practice, at the conclusion of the sermon, to invite penitents to go forward and kneel at the mourner's bench. The process of being converted took time, and depended to a considerable extent upon the mental and emotional condition of the person who awaited the experience. There is no feeling of levity in recalling those scenes, because they were extremely real, perfectly sincere and, in their final summing up, of the greatest importance to the individuals and the community. Those who got religion, as they expressed it, lived better lives and contributed materially to the spiritual welfare of the community. It is true that some of them backslid, as the expression had it, and that their religion was of the cold-weather variety, but even so it helped while they had it, and a goodly portion of them were converted all over, or at least revived, when the next winter's revival was in progress.

The point I have been trying to reach is that the emotional experience which led so many persons away from what they knew as sin, and into a different conception of their relationship to each other and to the hereafter, was based on fear. The preacher offered two alternatives as he sought to sway his congregation. One was heavenly bliss, golden streets, a free harp, and a pair of wings that fitted exactly. The other was everlasting damnation, and never have I heard greater eloquence than that with which some of those old-time clergymen painted their pictures of hell.

Hell to us was a very real place, so real in fact and so horrible that we never used the word. In that era hell was as robust a bit of profanity as the most seasoned cursers cared to use. It had not even approached the realm it occupies now, where it is used to lard polite fiction, where it passes the censor in the talkies, and where the fair co-ed seems to let it drop from her red lips without conscious effort. In those days it was "the bad place," and we were told, as children, that if we did thus and so we would go to the bad place without fail. We knew that hell was practically without limit and that for ages and ages to come its population could be increased without any complaint on the part of the devil that he was experiencing difficulties with the housing problem. The preachers had told us that hell not only was a bottomless pit but that it was the place where brimstone, sulphur,

EDITOR'S NOTE: Once upon a time the way along the straight and narrow was clearly marked. If temptation beckoned us from the path, we once found, on the left, a large sign, GOSSIP: WHAT WOULD THE NEIGHBORS SAY? and on the right another sign, EVERLASTING DAMNATION, and at the crossroads, SUITABLE MAXIM, to ward us off from sin and guide us back into the way we should go.

Now it is not so easy. The markers have become obscured and false sign-posts appear along the way to confuse us.

The old controls that used to be an ever-present help in making our moral decisions have been slowly disappearing. Why is this? Are we putting anything in their place? Or are the old landmarks still there if we have eyes to see them? Mr. Elrod tells us what has happened to hell. Are there any other moral controls—the old precepts by which our grandmothers and grandfathers could be guided on every doubtful occasion, for instance, which you feel are on the way out and can write convincingly about? Your article can be long or short. We should like to hear from you.

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and other similar chemical compositions maintained an eternal and withering fire. Despite the knowledge we had that fire consumes, there was the doctrine that the damned continue to burn throughout eternity. So we were afraid of hell.

We also had a great deal of respect for the devil. I don't know how he appeared to others, but to me he was a person of medium height with rather thick shoulders and no regard for his waistline. He never took any care of his nails, never took a bath, or even washed his face. His eyes and his teeth were black, there was a look of the most intense evil on his countenance, and he was altogether revolting. Naturally he took a great delight in welcoming new arrivals, prodding them with the pitchfork he always carried and laughing in a deep bass rumble when they protested as the fire first touched them.

It is easy to see that hell held out for us no invitation, no lure that would lead even the most venturesome so to conduct himself that he might go in that direction rather than the other way. Hell served as a sort of perpetual restraint, not only upon the conduct of the very young, but upon the lives of the adults as well. In all of our town of five hundred I don't suppose there were more than one or two who failed to believe in hell, and even those doubters maintained a discreet and respectful silence. Nobody made fun of hell. Nobody indulged in levity about a place that was so widely known and accepted.

I remember attending a cheap theatrical performance where some vile character was supposed to be consigned to the nether world. In the center of the stage was a trap-door, and at the proper time it was to be opened so he could make his exit.

One of the characters sentenced this luckless individual to a hereafter in hell, pointed to the yawning pit, and made an eloquent gesture with his arm. The victim did his best to go to hell. He started to drop through the open door, but it was smaller than the entrance to which he had been accustomed on other stages, and there he stuck.

In the gallery a spectator who had been moved by the drama began to applaud.

"Goody, goody," he shouted, "hell's full!"

That sort of make-believe hell may have been full, even in the eighties, but the real hell we had been taught to believe existed had the latch-string out and the welcome sign prominently displayed. It never turned away a guest and never permitted him to leave after he had once registered. So we grew up thinking in terms of a literal hell and we never got entirely away from the restraint that such a belief imposed. Children were good, not because they were inherently better than the young people of the present day, but because they were afraid of going to hell. They had been threatened with it so often they looked upon it as not entirely a far country. It was only around the corner. If they said "hell" in conversation, they would have their mouths washed out with soap, and not the perfumed toilet soap of our era, at that. So they continued to grow up with a wholesome and real fear in their hearts that misconduct on their part would lead to everlasting punishment. It is the fear of swift and certain punishment, so our criminologists tell us, rather than the severity of the sentence, that tends to halt crime.

I have seen a group of small boys—in fact I was one of them—bent upon adventure. Somebody suggested that we steal apples, and there was an argument. The more venturesome spirits were willing to raid the orchard, but one little boy held out for law and order.

"If you steal," he said, "you will go to hell."

So we let the orchard alone.

There is nobody these days to tell the little boys or the little girls that, if they fall into the clutches of the law, they will go to hell. The worst they can fear is the reform school or, if they are older, the reformatory.

They have lost the relationship to the difference between right and wrong, and its consequences, that their fathers and mothers had as a heritage from the days when religion was a living, vital thing. As they have broken away from these old restraints and have conquered the old fears, the only thing that bothers them now is getting caught. And that, experience teaches them, does not always mean punishment. Thus they take a chance today where those of us who are older would never have dreamed of doing such things. We would have been afraid of going to hell, even if we did not have any respect for the town marshal or the township constable.

Our most expert students of crime serve on commissions, delve into prison conditions, examine the subject fore and aft, and then formulate reports. They talk about the growing disregard for law and the alarming disrespect for constituted authority. They would lead all of us back into the paths of peace and rectitude, but very few of them point out the way. They admit that family restraints are no longer strong enough to make discipline more than an empty word. They view with alarm and they do mighty little pointing with pride, but not one of these reports that I have seen has had anything to say about the abolition of hell.

At a time when the liberal element of the nation makes wisecracks at orthodox beliefs, when clergymen become more and more modern in their ways so they may hold their parishioners, let us not complete the job of abolishing hell and forget about it entirely without a little realization of the purpose it served. We cannot doubt that hell did more good than it did harm. We cannot deny that, if the fear of hell restrained persons who otherwise would have gone into sin or crime for a living, it would be a good thing for the country if we had a little more hell right now.

However, the hell adherents are in a minority that apparently grows smaller day by day. The old-fashioned hell is still preached in some of the country districts. There are places where children at this moment are in actual fear of hell-fire and brimstone, but in the urban centers hell seems to be no more. We are told now that it never was more than a polite fiction and that the expression of a belief in it is but the admission that we are hicks.

So be it.

This is a country where the majority rules. If hell has to go, there will be no way for the minority to bring it back, no way to impose the restraining influence of the past or to make it the basis of any wholesome fear. Good-bye, hell, take care of yourself.

But we are becoming more and more conscious of the necessity for preserving old-time traditions. Almost every community has its historical society, and many of them have historical museums. The spinning-wheel has been brought down from the attic and placed on display. We hunt around for old pewter candle-holders and pay good prices for them. We dig up antique furniture that our ancestors threw away, and point to it with considerable pride, asserting that it has been in the family for generations. Might we not begin to look upon hell as an antique?

I am persuaded that the day will come

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when even the majority will delve into a history of our civilization, study our customs, learn what led us into paths of righteousness and away from evil. They will conclude then that hell had a good deal to do with what kept men from doing wrong. Some of them may even wonder if a revival of hell might not be a good thing. Of course we will not live to see it, but if the old things of the past have come back with such a tremendous bid for popularity, if their possession indicates a degree of culture, social standing, and wealth, then the bare possibility exists that in the days to come somebody delving in the musty chronicles of the past will resurrect hell and make it popular again.

Of course such speculation gets us nowhere. We must deal with the facts as they parade before us. We must admit that hell is a drug on the spiritual market now, and that viewed as a commercial commodity, there is little demand for it, little active trading. And yet, we owe a debt to hell, a debt that somebody ought to pay. It is not enough to stand uncovered, bow in a solemn manner, and say: "Hail, hell, and farewell." Hell deserves better at our hands than that. I am led to believe that one of these days somebody with a sense of the eternal fitness of things and with enough money to carry out his ideas will select a site and cause a monument to be erected thereon. He will say nothing about his plan or his purposes. The curious will inquire, but to their inquiries no answer will he make. Under cover his artisans will cut the inscription. When they are through, they will dust off their hands, remove their aprons, and announce that the task is complete. Then the public-spirited citizen, without fuss or ceremony, will unveil the monument. Atop the marble base the devil will stand, and his finger will point down, in the direction of the region over which he once reigned without dispute. Under him the inscription will be for all who run to read:

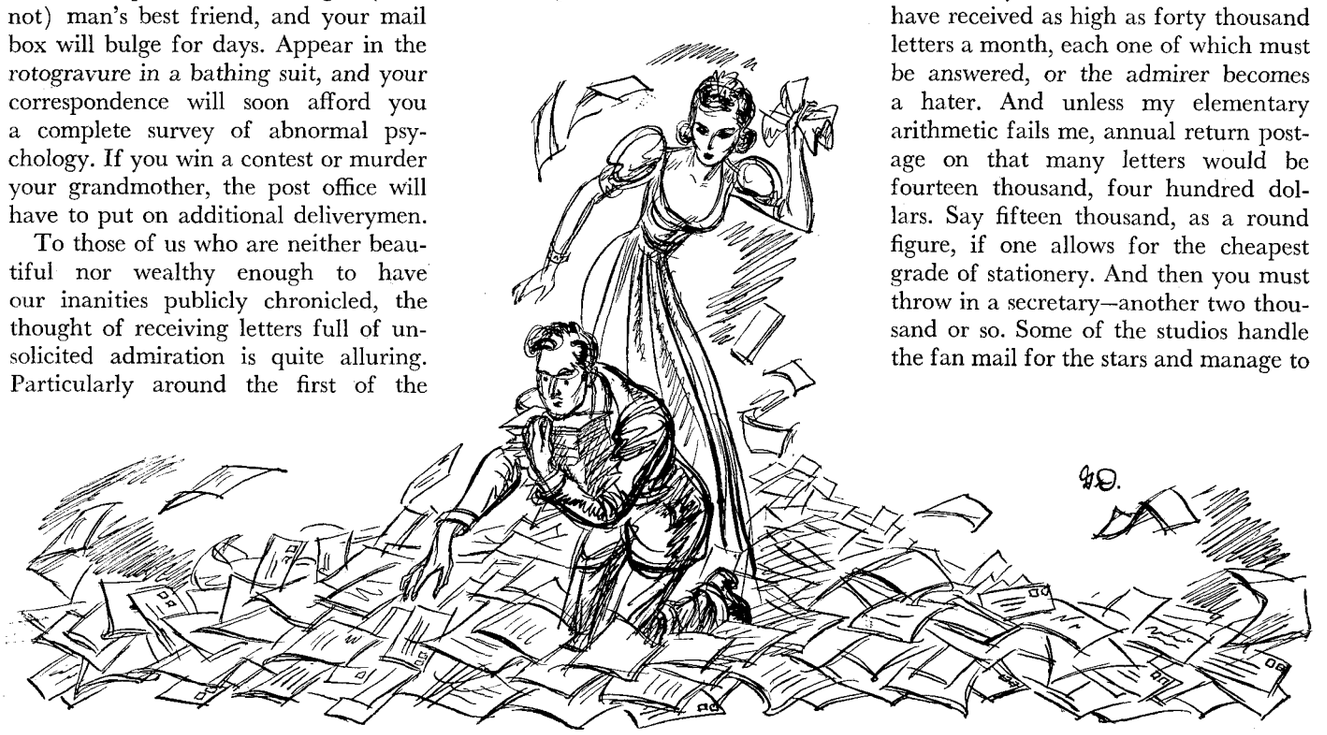
ERECTED IN MEMORY OF HELL
IT DID A LOT OF GOOD BY REASON OF
WHAT IT PREVENTED
HUMANITY FROM DOING

Fantasia

BERGEN EVANS

I HAVE seen no reliable statistics upon the subject, but the writing of abusive or adulatory letters to people whose voices are heard over the radio or whose pictures appear in the papers or on the screen must occupy a considerable percentage of our national leisure. Imply in a radio speech that the dog is (or is not) man's best friend, and your mail box will bulge for days. Appear in the rotogravure in a bathing suit, and your correspondence will soon afford you a complete survey of abnormal psychology. If you win a contest or murder your grandmother, the post office will have to put on additional deliverymen.

To those of us who are neither beautiful nor wealthy enough to have our inanities publicly chronicled, the thought of receiving letters full of unsolicited admiration is quite alluring. Particularly around the first of the month. If in place of that somewhat nasty item from the Collection Agency, for instance, one had a few words of worship from some lovely unknown, the day would get off to a decidedly better start. A stack of laudatory epistles laid beside the coffee and bacon—that were the true epicurean breakfast!



So, at least, I had often thought until an opportunity to read several thousand fan letters in Hollywood and to talk with men who made a business of handling them taught me the sweet advantages of obscurity.

In the first place, it is expensive to receive very much fan mail. Some stars have received as high as forty thousand letters a month, each one of which must be answered, or the admirer becomes a hater. And unless my elementary arithmetic fails me, annual return postage on that many letters would be fourteen thousand, four hundred dollars. Say fifteen thousand, as a round figure, if one allows for the cheapest grade of stationery. And then you must throw in a secretary—another two thousand or so. Some of the studios handle the fan mail for the stars and manage to

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save them money by having it all cared for at one central office. But not all studios do this.

Of course forty thousand is the top figure, but the star who received that many letters would probably be in a better position to pay sixteen thousand dollars or so than lesser (though quite well-known) lights would be to pay a tenth that much.

Radio fan mail, I am told, is likely to be ten times greater than movie fan mail, but it is not fair to compare them. Fan mail is radio's only way of testing its audiences and, as every one knows who has ever tried to find a little uninterrupted music, it is earnestly solicited. All expenses are borne by the sponsor. Hypnotic voices plead for post cards, while premiums and gadgets are dangled as inducements. If the movies were to adopt the same technique, if after one of her dances, say, Ginger Rogers were to step forward and in wistful sweetness beg for a Christmas card, the number of mail trains and planes that would be wrecked in the resulting confusion is dreadful to contemplate. And it is only the unsolicited letters that really count as fan mail. The desire to get something for nothing belongs to a wholly different department of psychology from the desire to write to some one you don't know.

No star of any magnitude sees one per cent of his or her fan mail. It is utterly out of the question to try to read it. If the man who received the forty thousand letters a month were to devote ninety seconds to each letter, eating in haste and cutting short his sleep, he would get through exactly half of them. And since that would allow him no time in which to earn enough money to pay the return postage, it probably wouldn't be worth it.

I have met only one or two who even tried to cope with it. Where the star does not feel he can afford a secretary, and where the studio does not handle the fan mail, there is often a heroic attempt to ignore it. Heroic but futile. Bureau drawers overflow; the stuff gets underfoot in the bathroom; and still the postman brings more. I knew one star who in a rage made a bonfire of unopened letters, only to be conscience-stricken when among the ashes he found dozens of dimes and quarters sent by admirers for photographs. The thought that he had given so many of his tormentors just grounds for regarding him as a petty thief drove him to a fresh frenzy. All any one has to do to get a quarter out of him now is to write and say they once sent him one and have not heard from him.

Eventually, he gave up with a groan and hired a secretary to do his autographing for him. The signature did not have to be very much like his real one, anyway, for every celebrity has a special signature for autographs. Otherwise, they would never know what fortunes they were signing away on the papers thrust into their hands at theater doors and railway stations.

A secretary serves also as a vicarious hard heart. A large percentage of all fan mail consists of begging letters, to which a secretary must turn a deaf ear. Some of them it would be a pleasure to reject; they are couched in terms of incredible arrogance. "Send me two of your dresses, with ten dollars to have them refitted." Simply that, and nothing more. Every star receives hundreds of such demands, is lucky, in fact, if they are not accompanied by threats or insults. Not only clothing but locks of hair are eagerly sought. An Ainu would be depilated by any one day's demands. If no locks are left, they will accept combings.

That is, the more modest. The bolder will not be so easily satisfied. A Canadian girl wrote to a young actor to suggest that he marry her (which would involve divorcing his own wife) and bring her to Hollywood. After thus solving the immigration problems for her, he was to support her until she made good in the movies. Then they would be divorced. The marriage was not to be consummated; his sole reward would be—the publicity!

A distinguished dancer received a letter from an inmate of a Texas penitentiary who had charge of the prison show. "Though only a convict," as he phrased it, he took his work seriously and had encouraged his cast by assuring them that in the outer world he had been a friend of hers. Wouldn't she forgive him this one white lie and support him by writing him a warm note, with a nostalgic allusion or two to the good times they had enjoyed together in the old days? The prison stationery, by the way, was cheerfully captioned "Centennial Year."

To another star came a request for a silk top hat. To the writer of the letter a silk hat had long represented all that was desirable in life, but he was growing old and was compelled to face the possibility of dying top-hatless. Until something in her face at a movie had made him think that *she* would understand and help him. Amused, the actress sent him the best silk hat that could be had in Hollywood. There came a letter almost inarticulate in its gratitude and then, soon after, a wail of woe. The gift without the giver had been bare. No one would believe him. He had become a laughingstock. Wouldn't she add to her kindness by sending him a brief note saying that she *had* sent him the hat, and so enable him to assume his rightful place as the most distinguished man in the county? She did.

But most of the begging letters are more commonplace — pathetic, stark pleas for help from the radiant demigods of the screen to whom some clothing or a few dollars must be nothing. Illiterate scrawls in pencil on cheap paper, passionate and incoherent: ". . . and its like Norma Shearer said about a young girl going for work in a movie magazine that if a girl has a nice coat suit on with a neat set of colar and cuff on it they are nothing in the world could make her look any nicer."

It is painful to have to ignore such pleas, yet ignored they must be. Most stars give lavishly to charity—public and private—and their secretaries are usually instructed to call their attention to any request particularly moving or pathetic. But the fullest purse in the world could not meet all demands. One of the largest studios, which has all fan mail handled at a central office, once computed that to satisfy all the requests that came to that one studio *in one month* would require

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expenditure of fifteen million dollars!

In addition to a cold heart, it takes a cynical mind to deal with fan mail, for there are wolves in this sheepish clothing. Hollywood is the Mecca of the blackmailers. It would be an unusual week for any prominent star if in its course he was not informed that some unknown correspondent had written the song or devised the routine of the dance that had made his latest triumph. A few openly demand money as the price of silence. But the greater part are afraid to, and merely wheedle and whine and smear the mailed fist with a particularly malodorous brand of soft soap.

A more dangerous approach is the hearty. It bears such a cunning resemblance to the plain stupid, the best possible protective coloration, that in so large a herd it is very likely to get by unnoticed until too late. A rising star, for instance, who was still trying to deal with his own mail, received a letter from a clergyman in Chicago telling him that he exemplified all the finer qualities of young American manhood and asking him if he would mind if they called the parish boys' club after him. The writer was sure that it would eventually make the little fellows finer citizens. The actor, knowing his *Studs Lonigan,* was dubious, and knowing himself, was embarrassed, but replied that of course his name might be used; he was touched and proud, etc. Three weeks later he received a bill from Chicago's largest sporting-goods house for $385 for complete gymnasium outfits for the club which he had so generously sponsored, despite misgivings.

It is astonishing how many fan letters are written on sheets torn from notebooks and the flyleaves of textbooks. I saw one written on the back of a sheet torn from College Boards.

Many of the writers are children in fact, but almost all are children in mind. The majority of them seem to feel that the stars are exactly what they represent on the screen and their actions and words are spontaneous and real. "Heaven knows what would have happened if you hadn't got there!" "Boy, how *dc* you think of all those things to say, right off the bat like that?" Such comments are common. More astonishing still is the number who write—to the actor himself!—a résumé of the play in which he appeared, simply retelling him the story in halting prose.

In nothing is this adolescence made more plain than in the matter of sex. When one considers how relentlessly it is exploited on the screen, one would expect every third letter, at least, to be an explosion of desire. But there is nothing of the sort. Now and then a wistful and timid, "I wish you weren't married," or a little message of self-sacrificing resignation, but that's about all. Whenever there is a straight declaration, it is in a tone of utter hopelessness: "I love you. You probably don't like coloured girls, but I love you all the same."

Most of them want "pen pals" and "dream lovers." They anxiously warn the dear one to beware of black widow spiders and other perils. Or seek to save him from his own worse nature. If the star has smoked or taken a drink in a picture, he is sure to be tenderly upbraided. The Recording Angel must be a little irritated at the vast number of maidenly intercessions that arise for purely celluloid sins. One of the most amusing of such reform letters that I saw was to an actor who had appeared in the rôle of an engineer—one of those open-throated, dam-building, horizon-gazing engineers: "I wish you weren't a movie star," his adorer sighed; "it's such a *sissy* job. I wish you *were* an engineer or something manly like that."

Aside from the amusement it supplies, fan mail has practically no value to an actor. To seek in it, for instance, the equivalent of those numerous and subtle audience responses which so vitally affect the actor on the stage would be a waste of time. They are not there. The writers are largely illiterate ("I am one of your *musterdant* fans," "If you can't send it, it don't *madder,*" etc.) and almost inarticulate. "Swell" is the customary adjective of praise, "pal" the invariable indication of friendship, and "going places" the unchanging prediction of success. When any more serious criticism is attempted, it is usually cribbed from the movie magazines. Now and then there is a bit of unconscious humor, as in the almost perfect comment on Herr Reinhardt's masterpiece, addressed to one of the comedians in it: "I didn't think you were at your best in *Midsummer Night's Dream;* comedy suits you better."

Scattered here and there, of course, are a few good letters. There are touching letters from the deaf, thanking those whose lips they can read for enabling them to share to some extent in normal pleasures. Then there are letters from old acquaintances, almost faded from memory, who have suddenly realized that *the* Joe Doakes is none other than *their Joseph* and have written in wild excitement to ask "remember me?" And once in a while there comes praise or encouragement from some one whose letters make it obvious that *his* praise or encouragement is a real reward. No actor is above the thrill of such letters.

Opinion in regard to fan mail is divided in Hollywood. Some dismiss it as the voice of the lunatic fringe, but the majority of those who deal with it attach considerable importance to it as a cross section of the mind of the movie audience. Which may help to account for the shallow cynicism which is responsible for so much of the bad work in the movies.

To the student of contemporary society the letters are highly interesting. Certainly fan mail reveals the immense loneliness of modern life, the millions to whom a shadow on a screen is more familiar than any real person. The mass effect of reading thousands of these letters is one of despondency and pity, the same effect that is produced whenever one surveys large masses of people from some point that permits one to see them intimately and yet to remain objective about them. Their naïveté, their uncritical attitude, and the depth and simplicity of their emotional responses suggest what a powerful instrument of propaganda the movies might be. Those who are continually demanding that the screen deal more realistically with social "problems" are playing with dynamite; it is probably fortunate for the country that the industry is controlled by men who aim to amuse.

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What's Your S. Q.?

If you can answer the following questions and come away with a score of 70 or more, you needn't worry too much about your *Scribner's Quotient*. Like its predecessors in the past three issues of SCRIBNER'S, this quiz was not designed to trick anyone. Nor was it arranged so that readers might gallop off to impressive scores. It's simply a test of your knowledge of the day's news, of history, art, literature, and life—in short, it is a test of your S. Q.

As in the preceding quizzes, 100 is a perfect score. From 100 deduct four points for each question answered incorrectly and two points for each question omitted. We have tried this quiz out on eleven members of our staff, and their scores have ranged from 50 to 72. What's your S. Q.?

(*The correct answers will be found on page* 92)

1. If you are adult, sane, and possessed of an elementary education, you know that Colorado is our greatest producer of sugar beets.
(*Check one*) *True*☐ *False*☐

2. The long drawn-out Chaco boundary dispute in South America has been between Bolivia and Paraguay.
True☐ *False*☐

3. There is only one Episcopalian Archbishop in England and that one is the Archbishop of Canterbury. *True*☐ *False*☐

4. Margaret Mitchell's *Gone With the Wind* has sold more copies than there are people in St. Louis.
True☐ *False*☐

5. We often use the expression "rich as Crœsus" not knowing that Crœsus was a king of Lydia of the sixth century B.C., renowned for his wealth. *True*☐ *False*☐

6. There is a statue atop the dome of the national capitol in Washington.
True☐ *False*☐

7. Northup Gamma is the name of a well-known constellation visible with the naked eye at this time of the year. *True*☐ *False*☐

8. Most American art lovers realize that contemporary painter Thomas Benton has done nothing of size and importance since he executed the murals for New York's Irving Trust Building in 1928.
True☐ *False*☐

9. The recently released income-tax reports for 1935 showed William Randolph Hearst to be the highest-salaried man in the U. S.
True☐ *False*☐

10. We sent fewer than 1,500,000 soldiers across the Atlantic to participate in the World War.
True☐ *False*☐

11. All of these words happen to be mis-spelled: Mississippian, municipalization, incandescence.
True☐ *False*☐

12. A caryatid is an embryo grasshopper. *True*☐ *False*☐

13. Carl Hubbell played with the New York Yankees last season.
True☐ *False*☐

14. When drawn taut, a tennis net at the center is the same height as a yardstick. *True*☐ *False*☐

15. The President of the United States uses a government-owned private car on all overland railroad trips.
True☐ *False*☐

16. It costs more to drive a car at 60 miles an hour than at 40.
True☐ *False*☐

17. More than 80 per cent of cow's milk is water. *True*☐ *False*☐

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18. Vermont, Georgia, Tennessee, and New Jersey are all part of the original thirteen states.
True☐ *False*☐

19. Helen Hayes has been doing her series of dramatic broadcasts this season under the sponsorship of Chrysler Corporation.
True☐ *False*☐

20. The report of the President's Committee on Administrative Management recommended that the office of U. S. Comptroller General be abolished. *True*☐ *False*☐

21. You may not admire him, but if you are a spinster then General Goering is one of Germany's most eligible bachelors. *True*☐ *False*☐

22. When a left-handed golfer hooks, his ball curves to the right.
True☐ *False*☐

23. The much-advertised Turret Top auto body is obtainable only in General Motors automobiles.
True☐ *False*☐

24. A pony of whiskey is approximately half way between a fifth and a liter.
True☐ *False*☐

25. Normally you will find more soporific persons at an opera than at a prize fight. *True*☐ *False*☐

26. The "yellow peril" is a popular term for malaria. *True*☐ *False*☐

27. The reindeer is found only in North America in its native state.
True☐ *False*☐

28. One of the sorest issues between the striking automobile workers and their employers was the use of "Fink Books" as required by the Patman Act. *True*☐ *False*☐

29. If you are a man, and are riding with a lady in your own chauffeur-driven limousine, you should sit on her left. *True*☐ *False*☐

30. The United States flag is older than the Union Jack. *True*☐ *False*☐

31. None of these plays is new to Broadway this season: *Boy Meets Girl, Victoria Regina, Dead End, The Eternal Road, Tobacco Road.*
True☐ *False*☐

32. President Roosevelt sees more movies in a year than 90 per cent of all Americans. *True*☐ *False*☐

33. If you were a hundred years old this year, the world events of your lifetime could be found in pretty concise form in a recent work by Philip Guedalla. *True*☐ *False*☐

34. Do you make poor first impressions on people; would you like to know how to become a good conversationalist; do you make enemies instead of friends? Then read *How To Win Friends and Influence People,* by Doctor Victor G. Heiser.
True☐ *False*☐

35. The gymkhana is a Hindu form of jujitsu. *True*☐ *False*☐

36. If you were the skipper of an incoming European liner with several cases of scarlet fever aboard, you would have to stop your boat at Quarantine before you could dock in New York Harbor; if you had no cases of contagious illness aboard, you wouldn't have to stop.
True☐ *False*☐

37. When Howard Hughes, the aviator, meets Rupert Hughes, the novelist, he has a perfect right to say, "Hello, Uncle—how are you?"
True☐ *False*☐

38. U. S. oil men are excited over a recent discovery of oil-bearing sands just north of the Illinois boundary in southern Wisconsin.
True☐ *False*☐

39. Concrete is a natural rock containing the correct proportions of limestone and clay necessary to form a mortar and produce a hard, smooth, waterproof surface.
True☐ *False*☐

40. Unless its life is extended by a special bill in Congress, the RFC will come to an end in June, 1937.
True☐ *False*☐

41. The smallest recognized class in U. S. prize fighting is the flyweight.
True☐ *False*☐

42. The disastrous Ohio River flood of this winter struck southern Indiana and southern Ohio far harder than it did the northern parts of those states. *True*☐ *False*☐

43. None of the following persons is now alive: Louis Blériot, Charles Curtis, Finley Peter Dunne, A. E. Housman, Luigi Pirandello, Lincoln Steffens, Lorado Taft.
True☐ *False*☐

44. The name Hirsch Jacobs is familiar to most of us in connection with New York banking circles.
True☐ *False*☐

45. The Golden Rule is obtained from the book of Matthew in the Bible.
True☐ *False*☐

46. There is no U. S. national park outside the United States proper.
True☐ *False*☐

47. When an aviator "taxis" his plane, he rents it out to some one else but retains the right to act as pilot for his customer. *True*☐ *False*☐

48. San Francisco and New York will both hold World Fairs in 1939.
True☐ *False*☐

49. If you were Webb Miller, you would probably be keeping your ears open for possible comments on your recent book, *I Found No Peace.* *True*☐ *False*☐

50. Thanks to Governor Earle, Pennsylvania has at last solved its bootleg coal-mining problem through the establishment of regional municipal mines leased from the operators. *True*☐ *False*☐

(*correct answers on page 92*)

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The People and the Arts

GILBERT SELDES

Bibliomania in the Drugstores — *Hollywood's Prestige Pictures* — *Broadway Hangs from a Chandelier*

MR. DREISER insisted — 'I don't want my books sold in drugstores.' " This is an excerpt from testimony on oath in a lawsuit between Mr. Dreiser and his former publishers, the nature of which is not important. The important thing is that Mr. Dreiser probably represents the feeling of many writers; friends of the masses they may be, but they cannot reconcile themselves to drugstore books and, as Carlyle said when he heard that Margaret Fuller had accepted the universe, "By God, they'd better!"

On sale at drugstores are as mixed a lot of contemptible and noteworthy books as any publisher could wish for his autumn list: collections, omnibuses, and remainders; *The Well of Loneliness* and *The Decameron,* sanctified by time or by judicial decree and meant to attract the customer by the faint suspicion that they were once considered smutty; old editions of reference works of which new editions have been published; hundreds of noteworthy books which have managed to become popular in the last ten years and have been reissued in dollar editions; great classics; cookbooks, detective stories, and trick books which are not books at all. Better, a writer says, to be pulped; better to be marked down at the secondhand bookshops, than to be thrown into such company. Their feelings hardly ever matter. Their books do get on the drugstore counters, but the fact that they do not like it is illuminating because it means that they have no intention of writing for the drugstore customers and are in their minds making a serious division between books which can be merchandised and the books which are intended to sell in small number. In doing this, they are only doing what every publisher does for commercial reasons. Publishers know that certain books have a capacity for large sales and others are issued to fill their lists.

I can also understand a writer saying that he will not have his books condensed to seven thousand words and issued in a digest. Here the menace to the writer is even greater because at the end of a few years his own public may inquire why he is writing seventy thousand words instead of seven. Nevertheless, a digest does give circulation to writers' ideas. It may not keep them alive, but it is helping them to function. I do not know whether the digests of books will reach the circulation of *Reader's Digest,* approaching two million copies, but if they do one-fifth as well, they will multiply by five or ten the number of readers of most of the works they condense. If the works of the good and important writers were not available for condensation, either because of the writer's prejudice or because of his complexity, the large circulations would go to the less worthy books.

I am coming around to the point I made at the very end of my last report on these pages, that we must take patriotism away from the scoundrels and popularity away from the charlatans. I do not want to labor the first part of this because I think it is rather obvious, and I mention it only because the two things are connected. In both cases a genuinely good thing has been neglected by those who should most conscientiously have cared for it, and as a result it has fallen into the hands of those who can most unscrupulously use it for their own advantage. A reasonable critical patriotism can exist; I have met it in small countries where it means something more than love for one's native land, although that is part of it; it becomes a powerful motive working for the general welfare. It is related to the size and shape and climate and raw materials and spiritual qualities of a country, and it is the soundest basis for good international relations. Because that sense of patriotism was neglected, we find ourselves in the disagreeable situation where patriotism is what Doctor Johnson called it, "the last refuge of a scoundrel," and those who love a country are not even permitted to try to make it more lovable, under pain of being called its enemies. The parallel in the second part brings up the whole question of the relations of the worker in the arts and those to whom he is communicating any important or trifling thing he has to say. The priests of the church are willing to talk to the common man, but the priests of art deliver themselves in obscure terms and go into an unpriestly rage when interlopers translate their message and vulgarize it and perhaps corrupt it, and make themselves understood.

I suspect that unless the editor of this magazine orders me to stop, I shall go on with this general theme for a considerable time, with the uneasy feeling that a great many of the specific movies and plays and radio programs I mention do not exactly prove my argument. At least I can say I am not unaware of the difficulties; I know that there are higher mathematics in the arts also, and the moment comes when the symbols cannot be universally understood. But I think that the time has come for a revolution in the frame of mind of the artist. He has to come to believe that his work is not finished until it has been read or heard or seen, and understood; he has to go over the psychological hurdle which still makes him believe that he stands at the apex of the pyramid and cannot communicate directly with those at the base. If he does not, he will find that between the mercenary and the honest propagandist, the artist is totally isolated.

I think we are in for a generation of change and, as I said before, not even the examples I select can all point in

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one direction. I am baffled, for instance, by the moving picture made of *The Plough and the Stars.* Obviously intended as a successor of *The Informer,* entrusted to the same direction, it follows the pioneer chiefly in being impressive, getting praise from the critical, and grossing insufficiently at the box office. After Mr. John Ford had finished his work, certain scenes were made over, and it has been publicly stated that Mr. Ford was not pleased and, moreover, was not responsible for the cutting which determines all the proportions of the various episodes and their relation to one another. The comic scenes, particularly those in which the brilliant Barry Fitzgerald appears, are conspicuous; the love story gets footage but is not integrated sufficiently with the story of the Easter Rebellion; the rebellion itself, of course, was shown with trucks and machine guns and devastation, all of them only inferred in Sean O'Casey's play; but it became merely an element in melodrama. Here you have, I suppose, an excellent example of an attempt to make a work popular. But the elements which were injected into the play were not those which grew out of the play itself. They were those which grew out of twenty years of experience in Hollywood, and the grafting process was not successful.

After the Thin Man is also an attempt to repeat, but in this case actors, writers, and director had only to repeat a success. The picture is synthetic and altogether admirable. There was one dog in *The Thin Man;* there are three, and some puppies, in the successor; the negligible mystery plot of the original has actually been improved, although the new one is the ordinary standard melodrama. When he came to make *The Thin Man,* W. S. Van Dyke asked for only one thing: eight scenes between the husband and wife. (I have this on the authority of Albert Hackett and Frances Goodrich who wrote the text of the picture.) By doing this, he took a favorite commodity, which we might call smart love or passion watered with wisecracks, and gave it some reality. It was not the wit that distinguished *The Thin Man,* but the wittily treated passional relationship between a man and his own wife. In the new version that relationship is no longer novel, but it is still pleasant.

After the Thin Man is a made-to-order Hollywood product; there was not even an original novel in the background; and as a movie it is eminently satisfactory. It begins to be more and more apparent that we are going to have two general classes of pictures made in Hollywood: classics which will build up the prestige of the screen, and the studio product, which may presently monopolize the pleasures of the screen. The latest and, I believe, one of the most expensive of these prestige pictures is *Lost Horizon,* after the novel by James Hilton. The brilliant Frank Capra has directed the scenes of adventure with a fine rush, but presently the picture begins to develop philosophical ideas not at all expressed in action. Then there is another outburst of action. Finally a character hitherto not met delivers a long narrative about still another series of adventures, and these sound like the picture which should have been made. In Hollywood they have a technical device known as the process shot. You may see characters walking along the Bund in Shanghai; the picture was made by having them walk in front of a movie of the animated life of the Bund. I have the feeling that *Lost Horizon* was intellectually a process shot; the ideas were artificially projected.

The prestige pictures may also make money. One of the current ones, *Camille,* is doing very well, largely because of Miss Garbo's sense of tragedy, which is unique in the movies. I do not

The Druggist's Gazette *gave it quite a favorable review*

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mean simply that she plays well in tragedies; I mean that she takes the frail character of Marguerite Gautier and plays it so that you have the feeling from the beginning that a tragic end must come. In doing this she is, of course, outside of the ancient melodrama which Dumas wrote; she is far outside the movie which quite decently respects the emotions of the old melodrama and shrinks only from being melodramatic itself. I can recall a few foolish moments in the picture as a whole; but I can recall with rare vividness a sense of mortality, the apprehension of early death, which Miss Garbo conveys. As for the actual moment of her death, I think you must go back more than twenty years, to a few of the rare, touching gestures with which Griffith used to illuminate his pictures, to find anything so poignant and so perfect.

The battle between the director and his stars continues in Hollywood. In *Camille* Miss Garbo wins without trying. In *You Only Live Once* the stars (Sylvia Sydney and Henry Fonda) were not, I suspect, at all aware of the fact that Fritz Lang had directed them *into* the picture so that they became functional parts of it and not stars imposed upon it. I understand that the author of this picture, Gene Towne, is very much amused at the complaint made against his picture—the standard criticism that the social implications had not been rigorously followed to their own conclusions. Mr. Towne insists that he did not even know the implications were there. He had in mind a big scene: a convict about to be electrocuted breaks out and, demanding that the warden open the prison gate, shoots the priest who has come to tell him that his innocence has been established and his freedom granted. The innocent man thus becomes a murderer, and he and his wife are both killed in the last stages of fleeing the country. The social implications are not concerned with any of this; the convict has been previously in jail for small offenses, and society has been merciless to him when he tried to go straight. It seemed to me when I saw the picture that at one point no one was quite sure whether the boy was to return to crime or not; good melodrama prevailed, and he was made the victim of a frame-up in the murder which ultimately led to the big scene. Moreover, there has been some complaint because the spirit of the priest appeared to the dying boy and repeated, rather effectively I thought, the last words he had spoken at the prison gate —"you are free." The excellence of this picture all comes from the masterly direction of Mr. Lang, who several years ago made *M* in Europe and last year did a brilliant job with *Fury*. I think that even those unaware of the fine points of motion-picture making could feel that the manipulation of scenes and the dramatic contrasts provided by the cutting are the real source of this picture's effectiveness.

I have to report that God's great out-of-doors has again taken a dreadful beating as background for an appalling story in technicolor. This one positively invokes the name of the Deity—it is *God's Country and the Woman*. If this sort of thing goes on, technicolor will become as unimportant in the movies as Tom Mix's horse, and not nearly so attractive.

*

Concerning radio, I have nothing to report except that, as a misguided tribute to the late David Freedman, the gay writer, nearly all comedy programs have become insufferably stupid.

*

Chandelier drama does not precisely parallel the drugstore books I mentioned in the beginning. It is said that Mr. A. H. Woods in the prime years of his career used to take up a handful of play scripts, toss them into the air, and produce whichever one hung on the light fixture. I suspect that this is not a tribute to the universal excellence of the plays submitted to Mr. Woods. It had a rather cynical implication that almost any reasonable script would do as a starting point for a good producer. I have a queer feeling that a great number of plays produced this year might just as well have been left hanging. They have merits, but when you subtract from the new plays the works of Maxwell Anderson and George S. Kaufman, very little is left which you feel you must see. Without that *must,* the theater becomes chiefly a place for habitual theatergoers, for the rapidly dwindling number who would rather see any play than no play at all.

It has been suggested that Maxwell Anderson is too infatuated with Shakespeare and that rhetoric holds up the course of his plays. I have felt this myself. But after seeing *The Masque of Kings,* it occurs to me that Mr. Anderson ought to study Shakespeare all over again, especially such a play as *Antony and Cleopatra,* in which Shakespeare in the full glory of his poetic creation makes rhetoric carry forward the action of the play more headlong than any clipped prose might do. The contemporary interest of Anderson's play about the Archduke Rudolf and Mary Vetsera, who were found dead in a hunting lodge, is all concentrated into one scene when Rudolf can make himself dictator but holds back because the way to dictatorship is the way of blood. He will not order the death of his own father, he will not destroy the enemies of revolution, he will not corrupt himself, so he calls off the successful revolution he has effected. Omitting that scene, Mr. Anderson has done little except worry the rumors, which have always surrounded the celebrated royal romance, into some appearance of logic. It is not impressive, and Mr. Philip Moeller's direction of a group of excellent players does little to give them life. Some of the players, including Henry Hull, who is Rudolf and the center of the action, seem unable to say clearly any speech longer than one line, and one reason for this is that the speeches have no action of their own; they are short arias suggesting that if Mr. Anderson is going to pursue his present line, he will end up at the Metropolitan Opera House.

There is a good deal of eloquence in *King Richard II* and much of it is written in rhymed couplets which we have come to expect only as a rather soft ending of a scene. Yet even Gaunt's long aria to "this blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England" and Richard's "for God's sake let us sit upon the ground" give a tremendous propulsion to the essential action of the play. It is not usually remembered that Gaunt's rhapsody ends with a denunciation of the abuse of royal power that has made England "like a tenement" and therefore explains the hostility of the Dukes to their King; and Richard's outburst prepares the way for his abdication. With Marlowe's *Doctor Faustus* this play takes first rank for the season's productions; the *Faustus* is done by the Federal Theater Project, giving it another good mark, and *Richard* is obviously done to give plenty of room for the virtuosity of Maurice Evans. So we have a collective enterprise and a highly individualistic one standing at the top of the list.

It will be interesting to see how John Howard Lawson's *Processional* has survived the years, if the Federal Theater Project revives it this spring as intended. By using the technique of American vaudeville, Lawson made the method convey all his sense of how fragmentary and disunited American life could be. In his new play, *Marching Song,* he has taken the staple elements of melodrama

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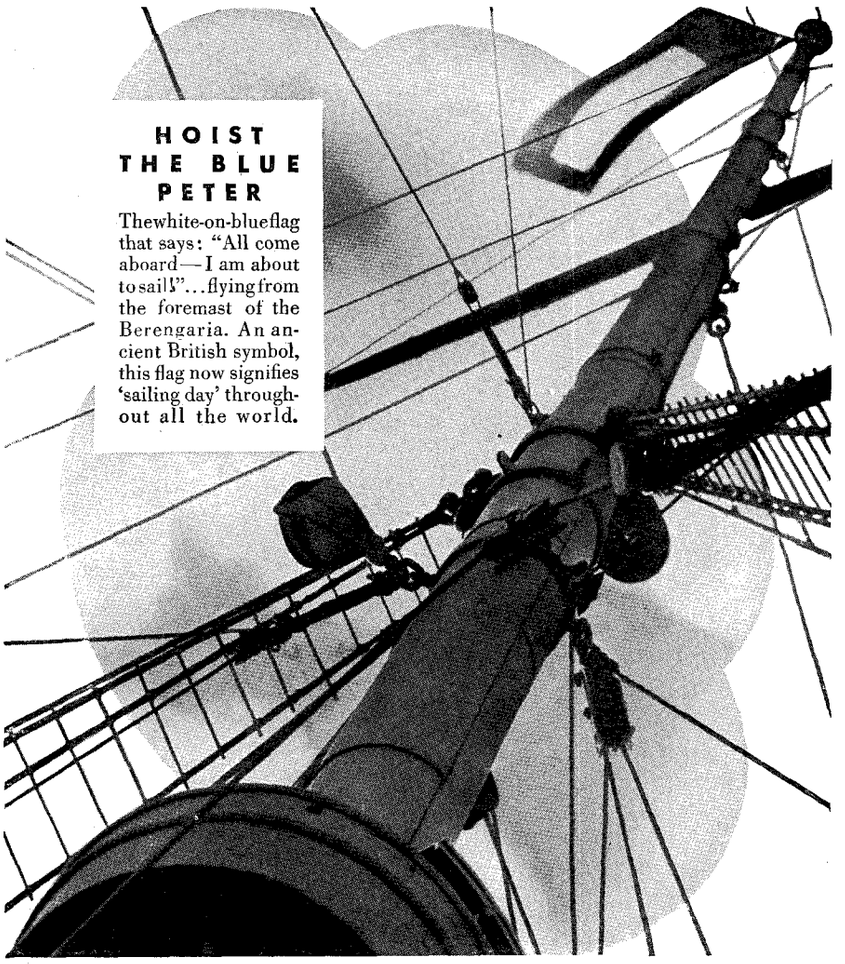
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and transformed them into a propaganda play which is remarkably successful as a play when it is good propaganda and remarkably unreal whenever Lawson deviates into dealing with separate individuals. There is an eviction which corresponds to the mortgage theme of melodrama; there is an appalling scene of torture which corresponds to the hero tied on the track of the advancing train; the little child who reconciles the angry parents is transformed into a baby which dies and becomes symbolically the leader of the strikers; and for a last-minute rescue, there is the blotting out of all lights as the electric workers pull the switches and join in the general strike.

The workers in *Marching Song* are more completely realized than their oppressors; some of them are weak in their ideology—a novelty in the proletarian drama—and a few betray their class; but all the more they are credible human beings when they go into action. The capitalists might be called caricatures, but Congressional investigations have informed us that capitalists have got to the point of hiring labor spies to spy upon other labor spies, so caricature seems impossible. They are, however, in Mr. Lawson's play, diagrams more than demons.

The vitality and conviction of *Marching Song* make the polite plays of the season look sick and make us wonder whether these polite plays were not always invalid. I would not use so big a stick to chastise so frail an offering as *Fulton of Oak Falls,* in which George M. Cohan plays virtually the same character as he did in *Ah, Wilderness!* but without the advantage of being restrained and molded into the play as he was when Mr. Moeller had him in hand. I am pretty sure that Mr. Cohan knows fifty times as much about the stage as Mr. Moeller does, but he lets his parts run away with him. He is ingratiating in this new trifle; he is amiable and he is prodigiously talented as always, but neither the text nor the acting creates a character; they combine to display a dozen too-often-repeated characteristics. It is clear that Mr. Cohan came too late to the Theater Guild for the Guild to make any lasting impression upon him; and I am afraid he also came too late for him to have made any lasting impression on the Guild. That tardiness perhaps is due to the same separation between the popular and the serious arts which must have been in the back of Mr. Dreiser's mind when he withdrew himself from the drugstore counters.

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East-to-West — 1. Japan

GEORGE BRANDT

DRAWINGS BY B. TAGAWA

[*This is the first of six travel articles which George Brandt has been commissioned to write for* SCRIBNER'S. *Mr. Brandt is circling the globe east-to-west, moving in a leisurely fashion, seeing what he can and setting down his impressions. His next article will be written from China.*—THE EDITORS]

A WEEK out of Honolulu I woke with the roar of cannon. A few minutes later two planes came dashing out of the sky. They scurried by, close to the waves, and disappeared. Then came more cannon shots, and we all observed that we were approaching the narrow inlet leading to the port of Yokohama. There in our sight were several Japanese battleships at target practice. Their great guns thundered at our tranquillity, yet as we steamed up the inlet, past Awahoji and into Tokyo Bay, the heavily wooded hills on either side gave promise of better things. Fujisan lay hidden behind the mist, but there were glimpses of towns and villages and Doverlike cliffs.

Yokohama harbor (port of arrival for northeastern Japan, twenty miles from Tokyo) was filled with ships of a dozen nations. There were P. & O. liners, O.S.K., N.Y.K., and tramp steamers from everywhere. Among them, with gaunt, oriental rigging, were Japanese fishing boats, drifting idly along with their tattered masters. We passed through the twin towers of the breakwater and tied up at our pier. Crowding to greet the boat was a typical Japanese delegation, in the amazing variety of costume to be found only in the Orient. Trim little Japanese women in kimono and obi, perched on their clattering wooden geta, brushed shoulders with their sisters in western dress worthy of Fifth Avenue. One modern young lady, with plucked eyebrows and crimson slacks, was smoking a cigarette and arguing with her male escort, arrayed in kimono and a straw hat. Darting among the dock officials were the jinrikisha men with their broad straw hats and their somewhat startling costume resembling nothing so much as a suit of heavy underwear.

Commandeering a Ford taxi, I set off for Tokyo with several shipmates. Immediately the routine of life afloat was shattered by the confusion of sights and sounds forever the hallmark of the Orient. At first the seeming lack of order bewilders, later the variety fascinates the visitor—just as Parisian individuality makes conformity to stand-

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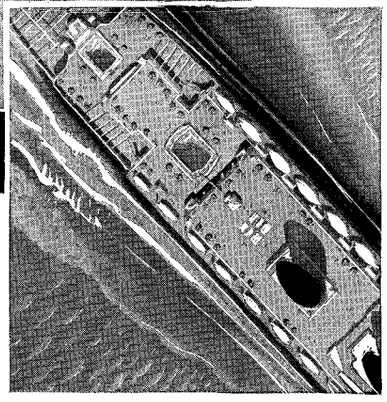
SUN'S-EYE VIEW

of a Springtime "Lido" Crossing



ON *your* Spring trip abroad, no one would blame you if you *went out of your way* to enjoy this warm Lido crossing—so delightful is the open-air life you lead in bathing suit, beach robe and sandals... or in evening dress strolling on deck under a balmy midnight sky!

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ard models seem a dull state of affairs. Everywhere, along the Tokyo road, were crowds of people—walking, chatting, carrying great loads on swaying rods. The street fairly hived bicycles, with their monstrously loaded trailers. Coolies tugged at clumsy wooden carts piled high with baskets and boxes and bales of merchandise. Glittering funeral cars, like temples on wheels, passed by ancient Buddhist and Shinto shrines. Inside the frail wooden houses covered with incomprehensible signs, we could see behind the counters to the bare mats of living quarters. Among the houses straggled narrow alleys, leading with oriental uncertainty to streets beyond. Somehow it all had a childlike quality, with its natural growth so different from the blueprints of city planners. Occasionally we passed small canals, lined with willow trees and crossed by little wooden bridges. Everywhere, in the maelstrom of traffic (the more confusing because, in the English fashion, the Japanese keep to the left), were the placid moonfaces of the people, now and then smiling at our strange appearance.

Tokyo is modern Japan. It is a city of six millions, the third largest in the world, and here the contrast between the old and the new is most dramatic. In its very heart is the Imperial Palace, surrounded by broad moats with their gigantic carp. It is the home of the Emperor when he is in Tokyo. He lives there in isolation, and so acute is the oriental appreciation of the value of mystery that it may not even be seen by his subjects. Yet flanking the moat is a line of modern office buildings filled with clicking typewriters and orders for Japanese-made textiles, toys, bicycles, electric bulbs.

Not even Broadway achieves the chromatic splendor of the Ginza's neon signs. We walked the length of it the first evening in Tokyo, peering into the shops with their porcelain, their metal art goods, their cameras. Next to a wonderful collection of old brocades was a display of electric refrigerators. And studying the crowd, about equally

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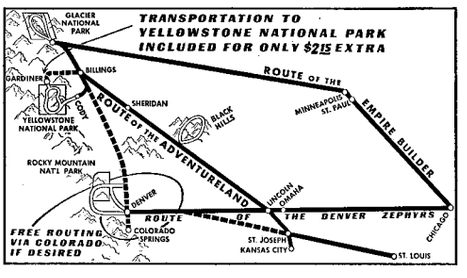

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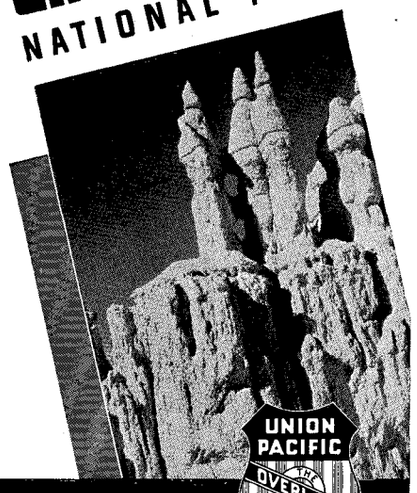

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divided in western and native dress, one wondered which is the real Japan.

On the Ginza are several of Tokyo's justly famous department stores, with every western product conceivable. On parallel side streets, blazing with light (electricity is cheap, since Japan is a country of mountains and mountain streams harnessed for power), hundreds of western bars cater to western taste for beer and cocktails. Here, too, are *sukiyaki* houses and other restaurants where the visitor can have either *tempura* (fried fish in batter) or *mizutaki* (chicken) or *unagi* (grilled eels), or as good a western-style meal as at home. The Ginza, too, contains excellent eating places, as well as taxi dance halls and cabarets with Japanese girls to talk the tired businessman out of his grouch. We took the subway out to Asakusa, with its Theater Street lined with movies showing the exploits of Hollywood's mighty, and those of Japan's samurai. Moving pictures are made in Japan, and those showing the life in earlier times are very popular. The bloodthirsty episodes depicting the feudal warriors of old Nippon are the equivalent of our Wild Westerns. They are also the glorification of the military life, for the spirit of the samurai is still strong in Japan. It is but one more aspect of Japanese complexity. Here, in Asakusa, with the crowds strolling casually by, with western music and modern Japanese dance numbers filling the air from countless radios, it is hard to conceive of these people and their attitude toward the Emperor and the army. For such is the loyalty of the Japanese it is unthinkable that a soldier be taken prisoner by an enemy. It would degrade the national dignity. Rather than that—suicide.

Dodging, as it seemed, most of Japan's seven million bicycles, as well as the Ford and Chevrolet taxis (American cars dominate, with only the microscopic Japanese *Datsun* in the field), we arrived at a famous *sukiyaki* restaurant. Light from the lanterns strung along the second-floor balcony shone in our faces as we entered. Here, in a little graveled vestibule, we were initiated into the ritual of shoe removal. Then, picking our way along glistening lacquer floors and intricate bamboo decorations, we proceeded to the inner courtyard with its garden (a mountain scene, with waterfall, lake, and stone lanterns). Then, over a red-lacquer bridge, to the immaculate mats of one of the dining rooms. As in all Japanese institutions, we were met with profound bows and polite greetings. The serving-girls vanished, soon to return with hot towels. In Japan it is the custom to wash face and hands at the table, before dining. Likewise, in warm weather, it is quite correct to remove coat, shirt, and even trousers. I have seen dignified old gentlemen parading in top hats, cutaways, and shorts.

But to get back to *sukiyaki,* in the center of the little sandalwood table was a charcoal brazier. *Sukiyaki,* as you may know, is prepared right at the table. Bowls of fresh raw vegetables and long strips of beef are brought in, placed in a pan above the brazier, and moistened with soy sauce. When sizzling hot, it is time for the chopsticks, which require practice but seem to add to the flavor. So into the dish with them, men first, for Japan is a man's country. Once upon a time there were Amazons famous in Nipponese history, but Buddhism taught that woman is but a brainless doll. So even now she must meekly follow man, even on the Ginza, though modern Japanese girls are determined to make some changes there.

The famous Kabuki-ja Theater in Tokyo is a truly magnificent building in the Japanese temple style. It must not be missed and at night it scarcely could be, with its cream-colored walls and flaring tile roof flooded with light. The brocade and water-color decorations in the foyer are breath-taking. It is almost inconceivable that such perfection of design can exist. (Even beginners in design here turn out highly finished work, as you can see for yourself in the classes given in the big department stores, those amazing places with roof-garden cafés and playgrounds for children, marble display rooms, escalators, and every western feature.)

The theater equipment of Japan is ultramodern. There are revolving stages, and proscenium arches spanning the whole width of the house—actors approach the stage on a runway at the side of the auditorium. In place of our own drab asbestos there are exquisite brocade curtains donated by manufacturers of such things as tooth paste. In the modernistic playhouses, lavish

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HOW TO HAVE YOUR VACATION AND EAT IT TOO!

WHEN we describe Southern California as we see it, some people think we're exaggerating. When we hold back, to please the skeptics, we can't do the place justice.

So we'll let an easterner, here on his first visit, tell you *his* impressions. An editor who came but recently to look us over and got so enthusiastic he's still here. Because he "thought it was fun" he wrote some pieces about a number of Southern California subjects, and told us we could use them if we wanted to—free. He called this one "Gastronomic Adventuring in California."

"The waiter brings you salad as the *first* course when you dine—in California. Then you may have the tiny oysters of the West Coast—each no bigger than your little finger tip; or abalone steak, like a sweet pancake made of nut-fed shellfish; or sand dabs; or rock cod; or half a cracked crab, bigger than two whole ones in the East.

Cherimoya . . Green Almonds . . Zuccini

"Back home, you eat some of the sun-filled fruits and vegetables of California throughout the year. Others are so delicate that only those who visit California may enjoy their flavorsome delight. Fresh figs with cream for breakfast or dessert. Ripe dates. Boysen berries. Plums like nectar. Melons of exotic sorts. Cherimoya. The pungent sweetness of green almonds in a salad. Chinese string beans two feet long. Zuccini melting on the palate.

"Drive-in markets whet your appetite with festive reds and greens and yellows. Avocados from steep hillside terraces lie like black auk's eggs, filled with creamy lusciousness. Ripe olives belie the ancient maxim that 'one must learn to like olives.'

Pili and Poi . . . Shashlick . . . Sukiyaki

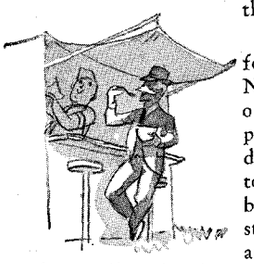
"And restaurants—truly you may eat your way around the world in California. Boston has her beans of fame in song and story; New Orleans her pommes de terre souffle; Chicago boasts of thick rare steaks and Baltimore of terrapin—but California has the poulet and the crepes suzette of France; the pilaff and the cream cheese soup of Greece; the pili and poi of Hawaii; paprika schnitzel from old Germany; tamales and chili con queso from Spain; black curds from Armenia; shashlick from the steppes of Russia. The Chinese here give you chopsticks to eat chu po po and kidney flowers. In the Japanese restaurants you take shoes off at the door and sukiyaki is cooked at your table with a seasoning of sugar and no salt.

"A hot-dog wagon is a chili wagon here.

The cafeteria is native to this land of half-descent from Spain—it means a little coffee house. And cost of your food and drink out here is just as different as their flavor."

* * *

Since you can't spend *all* your time here eating, let us briefly mention other attractions also here: Ocean, for surf- and sun-bathing, boat-trips, deep-sea fishing, south-sea islands. Snow-peaked mountains, for hunting, fishing, exploring. Los Angeles and Hollywood for smart shops, cafes, theaters, night life. Pasadena, Long Beach, Santa Monica, Beverly Hills, Pomona, Glendale and other storied cities for charming hospitality. Unusual and fascinating Los Angeles County industries, Missions, orange groves, palms, *every* sport . . . with a famous all-year climate to make them perfect.



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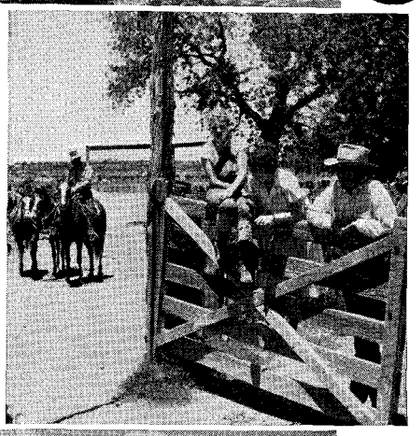
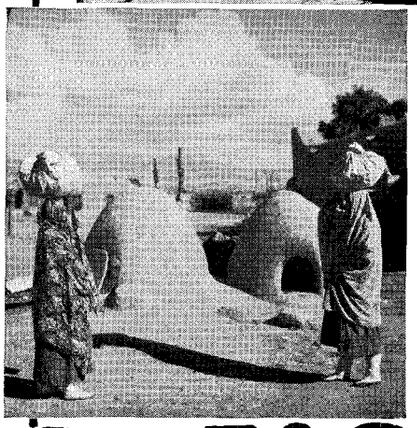


or a dude ranch



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with chromium and glass, there are several floors of cafés and displays of silk, radios, and the like. These theaters, usually circular in form, are perhaps the most spectacular buildings of modern Japan. They suggest that the Japanese have a special histrionic urge—a theory that seems to coincide with their adaptation of Chinese culture and their unprecedented imitation of western industrialism.

The theaters are the social headquarters of the Japanese. Perhaps the diversions of the intermissions are welcome, when you consider that programs often run seven or eight hours. At the Kabuki-ja one afternoon and evening I saw, first, an adaptation of a *No* play (with magnificent robes and settings, and a fantastic chorus of howling commentators, in archaic style). Following this was a story of feudal Japan, with as elaborate realistic sets as I've seen in New York, Berlin, or London.

Don't suffer under the illusion that the Japanese *can't* paint in perspective. When staging a modern play, they outdo Belasco. One scene called for a rat to run across the stage. So a rat ran across the stage. If a scene demands a bonfire, there's an actual bonfire right before your eyes. The Takarazuka theatrical school, between Kobe and Osaka, produces modern operettas done entirely by girls who have all the precision of Broadway. At the huge theater across from the Imperial Hotel in Tokyo, I saw them do, on one bill, a French musical comedy, an adaptation of an Austrian operetta, a smart American revue, and—for good measure—a scene from a *No* play. The theme song of the French comedy was *The Man on the Flying Trapeze*.

In the traditional Japanese play, as in the Chinese, the settings leave much to the imagination. Costumes are changed on stage, by black-garbed servants supposedly invisible to the audience. In Osaka, at the Bunraku puppet theater, these pseudo-invisibles manipulate life-size puppets, while on the sideline is a dialogist, working himself into a purple frenzy.

The Japanese delight in long-drawn-out death scenes, particularly between mother and child, and the howling lamentations of the dialogist (as the puppets play their rôles) is something wonderful to hear. Accompanied on the samisen by a bored musician, he works himself into a passion, pounding his little table, tearing his hair, sobbing monstrously as the mother one moment and as the dying child the next, then pausing between frenzies for a glass of

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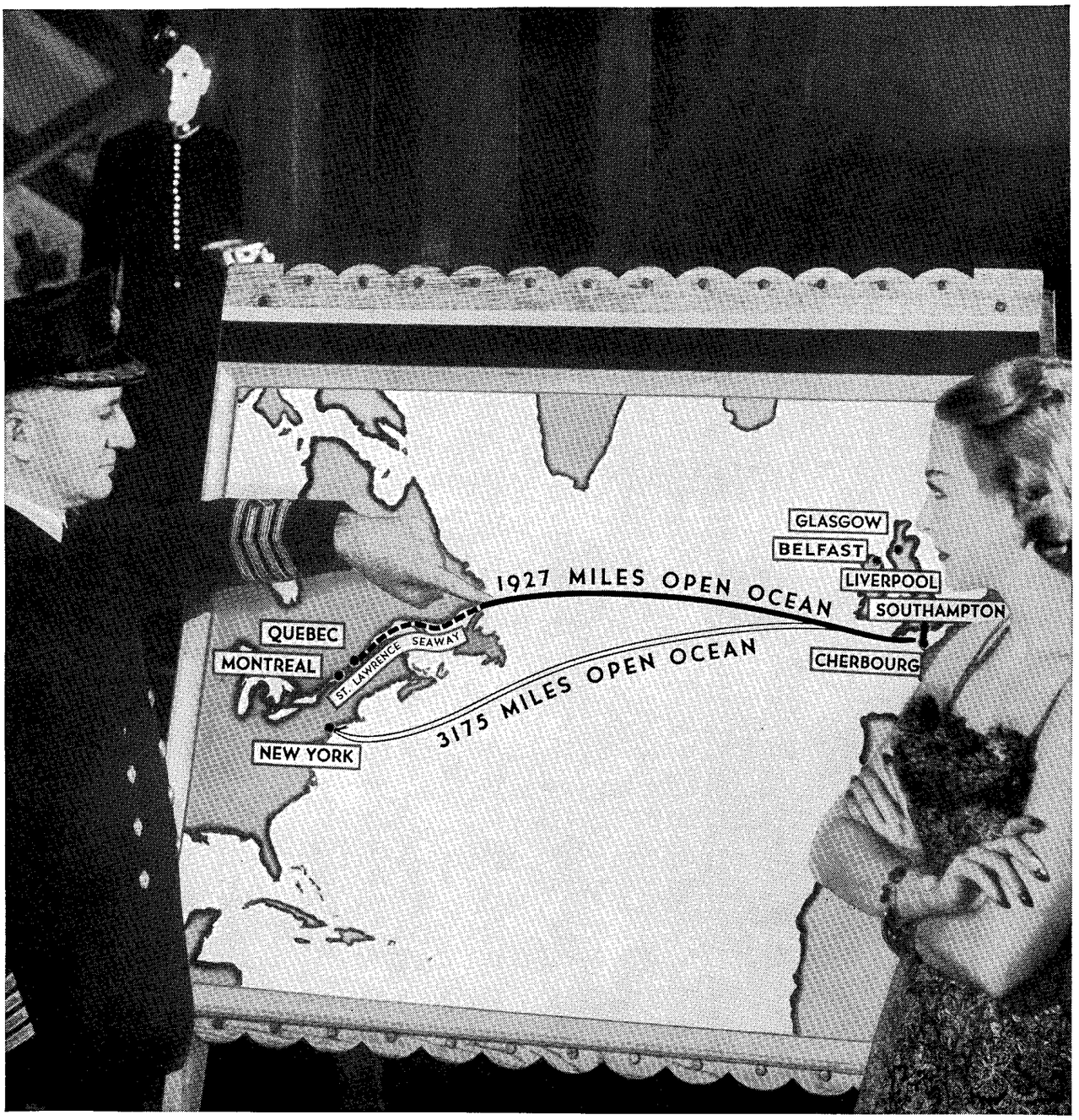

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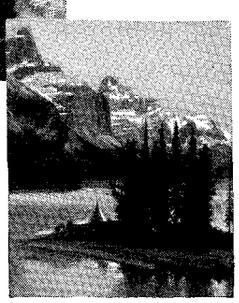

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water and a hot towel. Such performances are emotional outlets for the Japanese, trained for centuries to display outward placidity, even in the face of disaster. Thus in Japan the visitor may be astonished to witness a native actually smiling as he narrates the death of a loved one. Inwardly emotional, the Japanese smiles in pain or embarrassment, in consideration of others. Hence the origin of the myth of his hypocritical smile.

In the theater the audience sits placidly for hours, feet tucked under, in a fashion that makes them resemble a convention of war veterans. The children scamper about at will—this being, as they say, children's paradise. Many plays deal with their joys and tribulations, and nowhere is the family more closely bound together. There is no Sunday, but usually employees get two days off a month. Many of them spend the entire forty-eight hours in the theater.

Some prefer jujitsu, some the fencing with long poles fiendishly brandished, and some the wrestling matches between enormous bare giants. The wrestlers wear their long hair braided and feed on specially raised beef which comes in portions ten times those received by the laymen. I saw them perform in a tournament in Kyoto. The heaving and grunting and preparations for the brief business of tossing the loser out of the ring is as ludicrous and lengthy as anything ever seen in Madison Square Garden.

But the most celebrated entertainers are the geisha. I've visited the best geisha school—in Kyoto—and have seen students performing en masse and solo. I've seen traditional singing and dancing (or, rather, posturing) and I've seen a South Sea number, a sad thing called "I may be black, but I'm the daughter of a chief." To supplement all this, I've had numerous conversations with those who should know.

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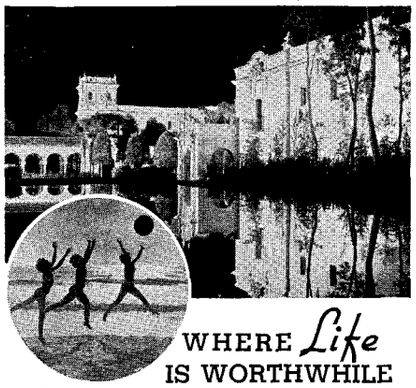

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And then, of course, I've had my own experiences out of school. A geisha is the product of long years of training in traditional song and dance, and impromptu ballad making. She is adept at soothing the furrowed brows of troubled males, and is, to the Japanese, the essence of feminine delicacy and beauty. There is a geisha union, with a big modern building, in Tokyo. While I was there the geisha went out on strike for their rights. Even so, the institution is waning somewhat, and now in addition to playing the samisen (a sort of native banjo) and singing in high, squeaking pitch, today's geisha is learning how to please modern tastes. Many geisha are the special friends of wealthy men. However, so far as the general public is concerned, the geisha in a first-rate establishment is an entertainer, nothing more. In the poorer places she usually owes her female employer money, and if her debtor sees fit to arrange an evening for her, not much can be done about it.

Tokyo is modern Japan, despite the fact that its residential sections are decidedly oriental, with the little houses packed in as tightly as those boxes you've seen, one inside the other. The hundreds of hot springs in the country have made the Japanese notoriously clean, perhaps as the by-product of the pleasure of a good hot steaming. The slums of Japan's cities, while disordered, are cleaner than those of the West. In his era Ieyasu taught Buddhist resignation. Such a creed, of acceptance to the inevitable, added to the æsthetic ideal of the value of simplicity, helps to solve the paradox of Japan today. The art principle of *shibumi* is this: better quiet understanding than ostentatious display. Better a simple little wooden house, undefiled by paint, open to sky and garden, with immaculate mats on the floor and a few well-chosen furnishings, than the disordered hodgepodge of much western architecture and decoration. Thus one screen and a motto by one of the Hundred Poets, and a little shrine with one fine vase and a flower, may constitute the major fittings of a room. It is in the perfection of *small* things that both old and new Nippon excel. In her modern flare for machines, Japan resembles America; in her military caste, Germany. Artistically, Japan stands in a special category. The essentials came from China, but the sure sense of design and the restraint typical of every aspect of her civilization are truly Japanese. The Japanese are content to live simply, which makes it possible for the indus-

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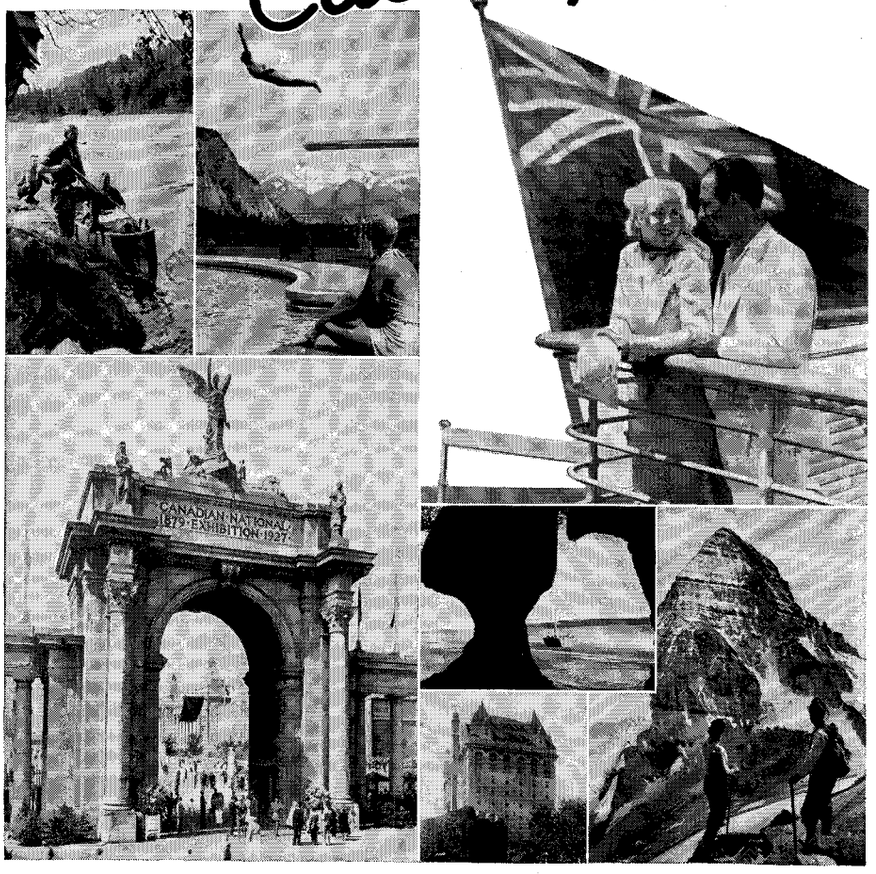

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trial barons to buy cheap labor. But even in the dormitory system, with young girls living at the plants where they operate machines, conditions are better than at home. Schooling, religious training, even dowries are provided, and after three or four years the girls leave. Possibly the barons, who control some seventy-five per cent of the wealth, are not democratic. But among the middle and lower classes there is a selflessness, a feeling of one for all and all for one, that is absent in the West. First, to Japanese, comes the race. This is the contribution of Buddhism. The friendly smiles of the people are not masks, they are real. There is no profanity in the Japanese language, and I, at least, have never seen anger displayed. I know you will say such a state of affairs cannot possibly exist—particularly with the aggressive attitude of the army. Well, come to Japan yourself and see. These are not supermen. Malnutrition, due to faulty diet, tuberculosis, and other human woes are widespread. Coolies work ten hours a day for thirty cents, and walk miles to and from work. Suicides are numerous. Yet the Buddhist philosophy teaches the need of "playing the game." Perhaps the West may not know all the answers after all.

*

FRAGMENTS: The 1940 Olympics, which Tokyo landed after a nod from Mussolini, will probably be held near the Meiji shrine and its vast forest of trees planted by devout Shinto subjects of the present Emperor's grandfather. The Imperial Hotel—a creation of Frank Lloyd Wright and one of the few buildings to withstand the great earthquake—is adding eight floors for the event. Harold Lloyd has let it be known that he has booked an entire floor. . . . Timid souls from the West might note that many of the most attractive eating places in Tokyo are near the temple of Kwannon in Asakusa. During the 1923 earthquake not a person was lost inside Nio-mon, the great gate.

Abroad with a Purpose

Combining travel abroad with a short session of study is a natural for eager minds. I'm not talking about the American sort of summer school in which credit grinding and examinations take out all the joy. The European vacation school is quite different. There are no entrance requirements, no finals. They are concerned not with courses you *have to have* but rather with those

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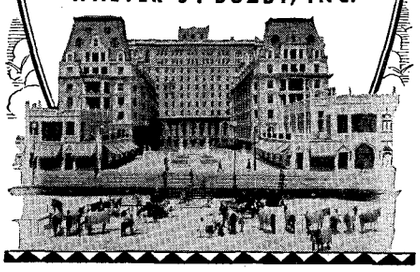

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EAST-TO-WEST
2. CHINA

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things you have been wanting to know about and do all your life.

About a hundred and fifty of these schools are in session across the Atlantic during July and August. There is, for instance, a series at Upsala University, given in English. If you are interested in arts, handicraft, architecture, or interior decoration, you'll find excellent courses there, offering not only theoretical but practical knowledge of the ancient and modern arts that make Sweden pre-eminent in this field. Should social problems occupy your mind, Upsala gives a course to supply you with first-hand information about the Swedish Co-operative Union, the profitable and smoothly operating government monopolies, the means by which capital is controlled, and similar topics with which we are now struggling for enlightenment. Tuition per course is $30; board and lodging in the picturesque university city, about $25 for three weeks.

New this year are the courses in Belgian art and culture at Brussels, given in French and in English. Faenza (Italy) again offers its fine session in ceramics for foreigners; the Salzburg Mozarteum Academy, music, dance and theater; and at Gmunden, near Salzburg, in the Castle of Traunsee, there will be courses in the German language, for beginners as well as for advanced students, and lectures on German literature and the arts.

This is the barest suggestion of the splendid range that the vacation schools offer. In every European country, for every field of culture and endeavor, there are courses to entrance the active mind. They give not only instruction but an opportunity to live for a time in an old world, quietly, rather than in tourist fashion, among men and women from all parts of the globe.

There are also a number of tours abroad that combine eye-filling with mind-filling. The Augustan Pilgrimage, for instance, under the leadership of Professors Allen, Spencer, and Winspear, covers the wide sweep of the ancient Roman Empire from Britain to the Mediterranean. Then there is the Fifth Russian Seminar, under expert professorial guidance, that offers a wide program of travel and planned study through the Soviet Union. College credit may be obtained by special arrangement on some of these trips. For music lovers, a tour leaves June 29 for Northern Europe, including not only sight-seeing of special interest, but opera and festival tickets at Paris, Bayreuth, Munich, Salzburg, and Vienna. —K. K.

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U S S R

Peoples artists who perform in the collective farm theatres of the Ukraine — these are two who have distinguished themselves in the Donetz industrial area.

Education and culture in the Soviet Union are keeping pace with the enormous strides forward being recorded in industry and agriculture. This has been an essential part of the program of social improvement whose achievements vie in interest with the scenic panoramas and historic monuments of a long past. An increasing number of European and round-the-world travelers are including Soviet trips in their itineraries. Interesting starting points are Moscow, Leningrad, Kiev or Odessa. Tours may extend down the Volga to the many resort spots and interesting cities of the Caucasus, the Crimea and the Ukraine.

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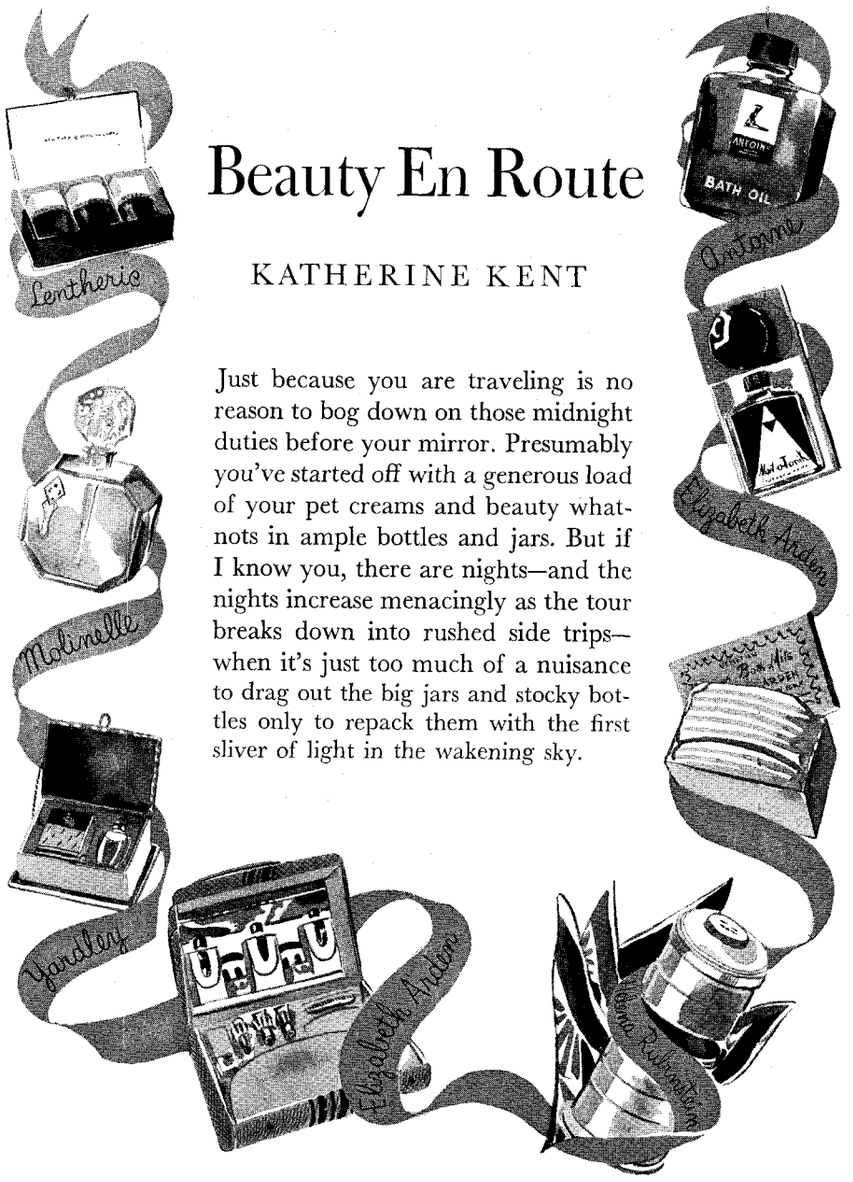
Beauty En Route

KATHERINE KENT

Just because you are traveling is no reason to bog down on those midnight duties before your mirror. Presumably you've started off with a generous load of your pet creams and beauty whatnots in ample bottles and jars. But if I know you, there are nights—and the nights increase menacingly as the tour breaks down into rushed side trips—when it's just too much of a nuisance to drag out the big jars and stocky bottles only to repack them with the first sliver of light in the wakening sky.



By all means carry along a good supply of the things your skin craves, but prepare as keenly for the short stops, the luggage-cramped nights on trains, and the dash for repairs between engagements.

One way to forearm is to possess a separate make-up case of a size and lightness that keep it a real asset. There are a number in airplane weight of the fill-it-yourself variety. In the completely fitted type Elizabeth Arden has scooped her sisters with a new Aviation Kit.

The cover is a tweedlike fabric specially processed to make it stronger and scuff-resistant. Aluminum jars replace the ordinary heavy sort, and there's everything from essential creams and every make-up requisite to a huge mirror, comb, toothpaste, purse, and an envelope compartment for nightgown or what you like in it. Twenty-five dollars.

In the smaller tuck-in-your-bag outfits there are several new ideas. The cleverest by far comes from Helena Rubinstein. It's a five-inch, tower-of-ivory, bakelite ensemble made up of four separate compartments that fit snugly into one another. At the base is a jar of Herbal Cleansing Cream, grand for travel grime; above it, Novena Night Cream to tame down the smile and frown crinkles and smooth wind-stung skin; the next notch houses Water Lily Powder; and capping it all, Rouge en Crème. The whole thing comes tied in a gay, color-splashed kerchief to wear as a headband while creaming, or as a bib when you powder. Perfect for short trips and rush changes, and easily refillable from your big jars along the way. Three seventy-five!

Dorothy Gray's brand-new Treatment Package (two fifty) will also do nicely by you as a travel fill-in on trains

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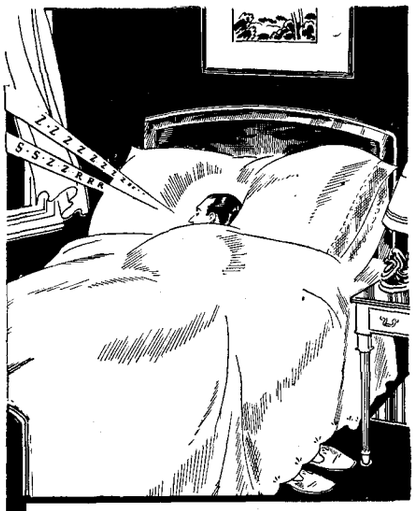

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and for week ends. It comes packed in three different ways for different types of skin with cleansing, stimulating, and softening preparations.

Fortunately, equipment for grooming the nails is easily carried. But since you'll probably be close to a professional manicure most of the time, I've only one suggestion: Carry along a nail-and-cuticle conditioner to counteract the dryness that travel grime inevitably brings with it. Nail-O-Tonik (an Arden product), consisting of a cream and an oil, is excellent for this purpose.

*

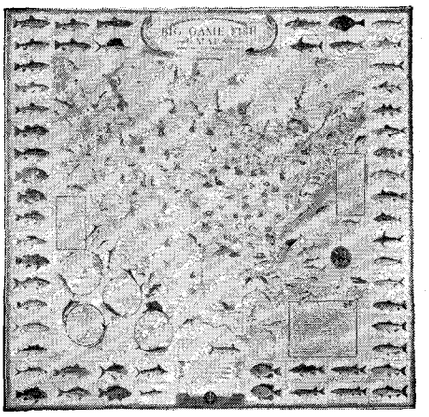
For you exquisites, Antoine de Paris has created a new Bath Oil and concentrated it so highly that the flat little bottle takes no space at all in your kit. Its rich, vernal fragrance should soothe the most rail-strung nerves and leave your skin pagan-smooth and delicately scented. Six to eight drops in the water do the trick. Five fifty the bottle at Saks Fifth Avenue.

And while we are on the subject of the bath, have you seen Arden's trick bath mits? They're soap-prepared, so you have only to slip one on, pat the water, and whisk yourself into a cool, fragrant lather. Pack the mit again in a water-proofed cover and it's ready for tomorrow's plunge. In boxes of three at two dollars or individually at seventy-five cents each. But if you are soap-insistent, have a look at Lentheric's triple-decker box that contains Lilac, Lavender, and Fougere, to choose as the vagaries of the hour and mood demand. (One dollar.) The soaps are intriguingly boxed in the new Bal Masque design that can be matched in bath powder, face powder, and perfume.

*

SAY-IT-WITH-GLAMOUR DEPARTMENT: With the Coronation just abreast of us, Yardley of London (and who has a better right?) gives you the perfect bon voyage suggestion: A triple compact of gold with regal ermine pattern and a half-ounce of Bond Street Perfume nested together in a richly emblazoned jewel box fully lined in crimson velvet. Eight twenty-five.

From England, too, is a new Molinelle perfume—light, fresh, piquant with the fragile scent of the early English Rose to keep your memory alluringly with her. At Saks Fifth Avenue in sealed packages that begin at five dollars. And while you're there, it will pay you to investigate Antoine's Parfum Rue Cambon for that more sophisticated damsel. Its lingering, yet restrained, incense is bright with individuality, deep with a subtle warmth. Ten dollars.



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Socrates, Morris Ernst, and the Supreme Court

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

TIME: *March, 1937.*
PLACE: *New York City (but not in the Union League Club).*
DRAMATIS PERSONAE: *Socrates and Old Reactionary.*
AUTHOR'S NOTE: *It being a free country, the reader is privileged to call Socrates a dumbbell if he chooses.*

SOCRATES: I've been reading Morris Ernst's *The Ultimate Power,** and I can't say that it's very much of a book. In fact, we Greeks would call it a flop.

OLD REACTIONARY: I'm glad to hear you say that. These wanton attacks on the Supreme Court are most deplorable. As for that Heywood Broun who got Ernst to write the book, he ought to be . . .

SOCRATES: Yes, I know. He ought to be shot. But not for the reasons you think. I must say that Broun is delicious when he is exploring the subconsciousness of Justice McReynolds; you may remember that it reminded him of a bleak Abyssinian terrain. . . . But Mr. Ernst's style is almost as jumbled as one of those scissors-and-paste opinions which McReynolds puts out when he's too lazy to sound off in his own words. I've no doubt that Ernst is quite brilliant as a lawyer. And he's done wonders to make that friend of yours who runs the Vice Society—John S. Sumner—look like a nut. But as a writer? When I'm reading him, I keep thinking of Peggy Bacon's description of him in *Off With Their Heads!*—"Wits dart like a waterbug." They certainly do.

OLD REACTIONARY: I'm glad you think he's scatterbrained. . . .

SOCRATES: I didn't say that he was scatterbrained. I said his style was jumbled. His book sounds as if it were dictated at odd moments between cases, or between swimming and late-afternoon cocktails at Nantucket. Now, I have a firm conviction—one of my few—that books ought not to be treated as red-headed stepchildren; they ought to be worked over and brung up properly. Ernst dashes in and slaps everything down, helter-skelter, using flash backs and flash aheads to prove that life in 1787, the year of the Constitutional Convention, was not as it is now. The simple versus the complex, you know. He proves his point indubitably, but he makes your head reel.

OLD REACTIONARY: But what about his other points? Aren't they as jumbled and as inconsistent as his style?

SOCRATES: No, they are not. And that is what makes the style a pity. It gets between the reader and a lot of hard common sense.

OLD REACTIONARY: Common sense, my eye! Call it common sense to attack the Constitution and the Court? Call it common sense to undermine legality? Why, even Charles Beard, the liberal who started all this *lèse majesté* about the Court with his *Economic Origins of the Constitution,* is not in favor of rushing ahead and abolishing the justices. Last spring, writing in *The New Republic* or *The Nation* or some other red rag, he warned radicals to go slow. Said we ought to make a thorough study of the Constitutional Convention before we make up our minds about any change in the Work of the Fathers. The Fathers had great wisdom; they didn't go haywire and pull off *coup d'états* whenever they happened to dislike the way things were going.

SOCRATES: That, my friend, is where you are wrong. As Ernst demonstrates, the Constitution itself is the result of a *coup d'état.* The delegates to the Philadelphia convention were given no power to discard the old Articles of Confederation. They usurped that power in defiance of the thirteen states. And the felony was compounded when the Constitution was illegally adopted after ratification by only eleven out of thirteen states. The Articles of Confederation had stipulated: "No changes to be allowed except by *unanimous* consent."

OLD REACTIONARY: But the people approved the scrapping of the Articles of Confederation.

SOCRATES: Whadde'ye mean, the people? Let me read to you what Ernst says: "New York was the only state which permitted manhood suffrage for the election to its . . . convention on ratification, and this false generosity in New York was due to the feeling that the large patroons controlled the votes of their servants and tenants. Elsewhere the property tests necessary for the election of legislators were applied. At least two-thirds of all adult males were thus excluded from voting by these property tests." Now, my friend, what do you make of that?

OLD REACTIONARY: Well, most people were illiterate in those days. Why should they have voted on something they couldn't understand?

SOCRATES: Now we're running off the track. The point I wanted to make is that your side is only against *coup d'états* when they are not pulled off by your politicians.

OLD REACTIONARY: But two wrongs never make a right.

SOCRATES: But if there are ten or twenty wrongs by one side?

OLD REACTIONARY: What are you driving at?

SOCRATES: Only this: that the Republican Party, to which you swear allegiance, began its effective career by disregarding Chief Justice Roger B. Taney's declaration that the Missouri Compromise of 1820 was unconstitu-

**The Ultimate Power*, by Morris L. Ernst. Doubleday, Doran, $3.

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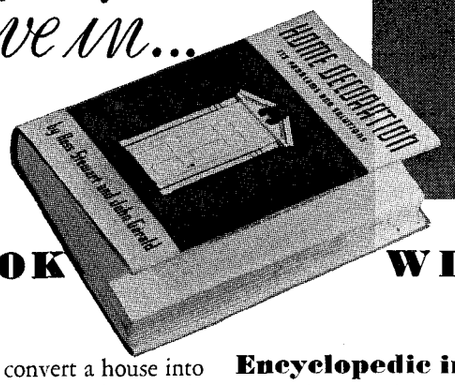

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JOHN GERALD

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tional. Its post-Civil War president, Ulysses S. Grant, the "honest" soldier, "packed" the Court with two new justices to get a reversal of an adverse Legal Tender decision. And . . .

OLD REACTIONARY: But don't blame me for the sins of my fathers.

SOCRATES: I'm not blaming anybody. I just want to keep the record straight so that there won't be any holier-than-thou stuff pulled in my presence. Did you know that Lincoln said the Court had diluted the doctrine of popular sovereignty as "thin as the homeopathic soup that was made by boiling the shadow of a pigeon that had starved to death"? How would that sound in the mouth of Alf Landon, who admires Lincoln?

OLD REACTIONARY: Not so hot. But let's cut out this historical cackle and get down to realities. I'm not much good at arguing myself, but I'd like to quote Walter Lippmann to you. He's a liberal, but he's against any tampering with the Court or the federal system.

SOCRATES: Go ahead. Shoot.

OLD REACTIONARY: Well, Lippmann's against packing the Court, but I'll come to that later. First I want to quote him on Senator Ashurst's proposed amendment for granting omnibus powers to Congress to regulate agriculture, commerce, industry, and labor. Lippmann says this "is a proposal to abolish the federal system and establish a centralized unitary form of government." He admits this is what the English have, but points out that the British Parliament makes the laws for only a relatively few square miles of the British Empire, which is in large part a federation of federal states. The logical inference is that federalism is the only way of governing a big territory.

SOCRATES: May I point out to you that the analogy between the British Empire and the United States is completely cockeyed? Lippmann ought to go up to Yale and take a course on the British Empire with Professor Cecil Driver, who is within commuting distance of the *Herald Tribune*. In the first place, the British Commonwealth of Nations gets along without any super-supreme court, thus proving that federalism does not require any arbiter that shall say to separate regions: "Thus far and no further." Decisions of the judicial committee of the Privy Council are not binding on the dominions. Secondly, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, and Britain herself all have separate monetary systems. They have separate tariff-making rights. Each can regulate immigration without regard to

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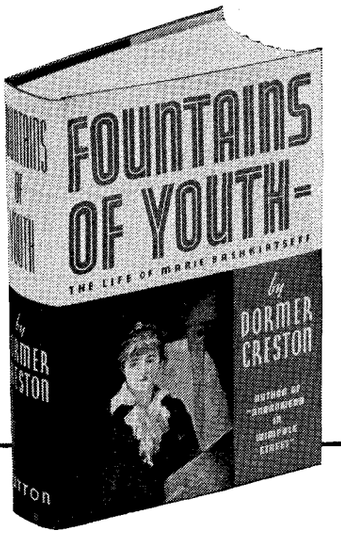

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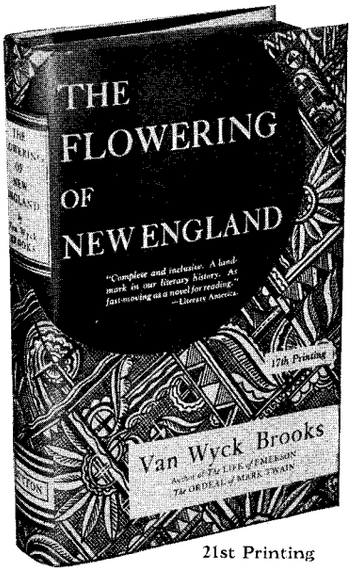

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the others. They are, in short, autonomous economic units, like the thirteen American states under the old Articles of Confederation. The states of the modern United States are not autonomous economic units. Connecticut cannot regulate its own currency. Ohio cannot put a tariff on Michigan's automobiles, nor can New Orleans disobey the tariff laws of the United States as a whole just to attract commerce to her docks. Lippmann entirely overlooks the fact that a trading area—by which I mean an area bound by the same currency and tariff regulations—must be governed as an economic entity. In arguing against Senator Ashurst's proposal, Lippmann is really arguing for more and better Jefferson Davises. If we are not really a nation, but merely a collection of regions, there is no reason on earth why the regions should stick together if it pleases them to fly apart. If Alabama, for instance, can ruin the Massachusetts textile industry by permitting child labor and a sixteen-hour working day—which is what it can do under the present interpretation of "state's rights"—why should Washington prohibit Massachusetts from levying a tariff on Alabama suits, neckties, and shirts? Does it make any sense to split hairs as Lippmann is doing? Either we are a nation, or we are a federation of regions. If we are a nation, we ought to be allowed to get the economic benefits of being a nation. If we are a federation of regions, the regions should be allowed to protect themselves. In the British "federation" each region is permitted to protect itself. Look at the way Ireland is fighting against economic dependence on England! And South Africa even reserves the right to secede from the Empire.

OLD REACTIONARY: But Lippmann makes the point that a strong centralized government is liable, under reactionary control, to step all over civil liberties.

SOCRATES: True, but our "federalism," so-called, has never prevented Washington from stepping all over those liberties in the past whenever reactionaries or war-makers have been in control. "Federalism" didn't keep Eugene Debs out of jail during the War. It didn't prevent the "Selective Service Act," as the draft act was euphoniously and phonily named. It didn't save us from prohibition. It didn't keep Grover Cleveland from sending federal troops into Illinois and breaking the Pullman strike of 1894, although Governor Altgeld had expressly said he didn't need or want the troops. As a matter of fact, "federalism" has allowed reaction to dig in in the states (witness Huey Long's rule in Louisiana) without guaranteeing civil liberties in connection with questions that concern the national government. I'm afraid that reactionaries want central power (Hamiltonian power) to do what they like, and state power (Jeffersonian) to prevent liberals from doing what liberals like. So far they've had the best of two worlds: under Harding, Coolidge, and Hoover they had a strong central government; under Franklin Roosevelt they have a weak central government. The Supreme Court has seen to it that this dual arrangement is possible.

OLD REACTIONARY: But even if everything you say is true, you must admit that packing the Court is a devious and unsportsmanlike way of gaining an objective. If Mr. Ernst advocates that . . .

SOCRATES: But he doesn't advocate that. As a matter of fact, he doesn't think packing would do much good. Presidents have no control over the future opinions of a justice. After all, Wilson, apostle of the "New Freedom," appointed McReynolds as well as Brandeis. Coolidge appointed Stone, who now sides with the liberals. The Senate agreed to Roberts under the delusion that he was more or less on the liberal side. Theodore Roosevelt put Oliver Wendell Holmes on the bench after first making sure, in his own mind, that Holmes would see eye to eye with him. But Holmes crossed up his master by voting against him in the Northern Securities case. If Franklin D. Roosevelt were to appoint Felix Frankfurter, he might be disappointed the moment a new NRA case reached the Court. For Frankfurter, being a Brandeis man, is presumably against the NRA principle.

OLD REACTIONARY: So you're against packing the Court?

SOCRATES: I'm neither for nor against it, for whether it is packed or not, our problems will remain essentially the same. If democracy survived the original Federalist packing of the Court in the last days of John Adams, and if it survived the appeal to civil war as a measure of flouting Taney, and if it survived the Grant packing, it will in all probability survive any Rooseveltian tampering with the number of justices. But democracy won't survive very long if we persist in allowing one state to undercut another state in the matter of wages and hours, while denying to the more humane state the right to protect its own trading area. I am not arguing that we ought to give Connecticut the power to put a tariff on Virginia tex-

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tiles; I am arguing that there cannot be a "fair field and no favor" over the U. S. trading area unless the government has power to legislate working conditions that are equal for all states.

OLD REACTIONARY: Well, what has Mr. Ernst to say about fixing things up?

SOCRATES: He's for giving Congress the right to overrule the Supreme Court by a two-thirds vote.

OLD REACTIONARY: But that means the Constitution won't be the Constitution if two-thirds of Congress say it isn't.

SOCRATES: Well, what of it? It's simply a new and simpler way of amending the Constitution.

OLD REACTIONARY: But what if two-thirds of Congress voted to abolish democracy and instituted a dictatorship?

SOCRATES: But the Supreme Court is a dictatorship of nine men at this very moment. To quote Justice Hughes: "We are under a Constitution, but the Constitution is what the judges say it is." No power on earth can prevent five out of nine justices from misreading the Constitution if they so desire, and the people can do nothing about it unless they choose—to pack the Court.

OLD REACTIONARY: But justices don't misread the Constitution.

SOCRATES: Justice Stone thinks that some of them did in the AAA decision.

OLD REACTIONARY: Still, I'd rather trust nine men than one man.

SOCRATES: You assume that Congress—including the Senate—is the pliant tool of the executive. Go back and read your American history. The Senate has never been the tool of an executive. The Senate, sir, is a jealous body; its members hold office for six years—time enough for many of them to wait for the next President's patronage. It cannot be coerced over any long term. You forget that.

OLD REACTIONARY: Maybe I do. But I still don't like the way things are going.

SOCRATES: That's your privilege. But may I call it to your attention that we live in a democracy, and that Landon didn't win the last election? If you really are a democrat you should be willing to abide by the decision until the next election.

OLD REACTIONARY: There probably won't be any next election.

SOCRATES: If there isn't an election in 1940 I'll drink hemlock again.

OLD REACTIONARY: Let's shake on that.

Book Notes

This is a readers' year. Never, since we can remember, has the public had a better chance to talk back to those who publish the books it consumes. The publishers have asked for it. There was the Viking Press, for instance, offering prizes for the best letter, as we recall, on what the reader thought about Maxence van der Meersch's *Invasion.* Farrar & Rinehart, as a result of their offer of free copies of Myron Brinig's *The Sisters* to the first fifty people to write them, agreeing to write a report of the book, received 350 letters and six telegrams two days after the item appeared in various newspapers. And Random House, backed by a distinguished board of judges—John Barbirolli, Lawrence Gilman, Jascha Heifetz, and Deems Taylor—are offering no less than a Steinway grand piano as first prize (second and third are proportionately tempting) for the best essays on one of three subjects which you couldn't hope to cover fully without having read *Beloved Friend: The Story of Tchaikowsky and Nadejda von Meck,* by Catherine Drinker Bowen and Barbara von Meck. Contest closes April 15.

Of course there's nothing so very new in being able to say what you think about a book. It's a free country, and all that, and the reviewers are quick to grab a chance if we aren't. But never do we remember such an array of offers *inviting* the public to say what it thinks, and that in the place where it'll do most good. Soon it'll be touch and go whether more reading matter goes in or comes out of the publishing houses, and we think this rapport with the well-known mass mind isn't going to do anybody any harm. As a side issue, it may do something toward giving the late-lamented art of letter writing a new lease on life. We're all for it. We like letters fine.

*

One came in from Craftsbury Common, Vermont, the other day, with a Vermont story that in these days of super-high-pressure salesmanship we found as bucking as a dry sherry before lunch. Dorothy Canfield Fisher, whose husband is in the Vermont legislature, and than whom Vermont has no greater friend, told the story. She—Mrs. Fisher—had been speaking before the ladies' Searchlight Club of Craftsbury and in the talk afterward related the anecdote.

A man who ran a crossroads store was sitting in the back of the store playing

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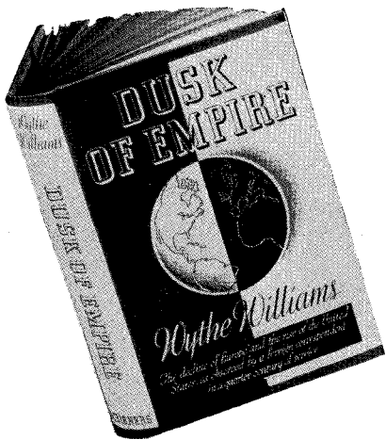

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checkers with a friend. Somebody came in and stood around the front counter hopefully.

After a while the friend said, "Say, Jess, there's a customer out there."

"Sh-h-h," whispered Jess. "Keep quiet and maybe he'll go away."

*

Then there are the people who write rich, racy letters, and then just as from the midst of your throatiest chuckle you exclaim "Aha! Here we have something!" you come on that chilling, though quite understandable, phrase, "Sorry I can't let you publish any of this." Martha Gellhorn, whose book, *The Trouble I've Seen,* has aroused enormous discussion and interest, is one of these.

"I couldn't write a couple of hundred words about myself at any time. There is nothing at all to say. I am working on a novel. . . ." And then comes the good part, dear reader, ending up with, "None of this is for publication, but only to explain to you that nothing happens to me, so I can't write very well about myself. I only work. It isn't very funny. . . . I wish I were Gypsy Rose Lee. . . . What good jobs do you know about? There must be other trades for relatively good tempered, fairly healthy women.

"Why don't you just say noncommittally: M. G. is working on a novel. The Federal Theatre tells me, by the way, that they have almost completed a play which is made from *The Trouble I've Seen.* I don't believe it for a minute because they have said this before. But they seem very sure of it now, so you might mention that. You might also say I am going abroad sometime; it sounds like ship news. There really isn't anything to say."

It sounds as if the trouble she's seen is nothing to the trouble she's seeing.

*

Then there was the letter from Struthers Burt, whose brilliant *Escape from America* is different from the other recent books about America in that he is one of the few Americans who have consistently realized that this country has been here and has been important all along, and is not solely a new continent for rediscovery by those who either physically or mentally are recently returned expatriates. Says he from Summerville, South Carolina:

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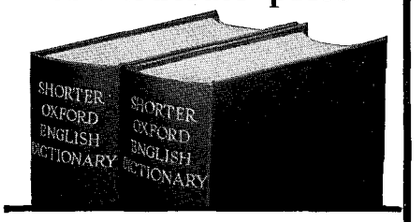

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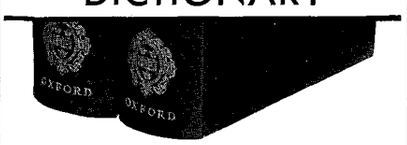

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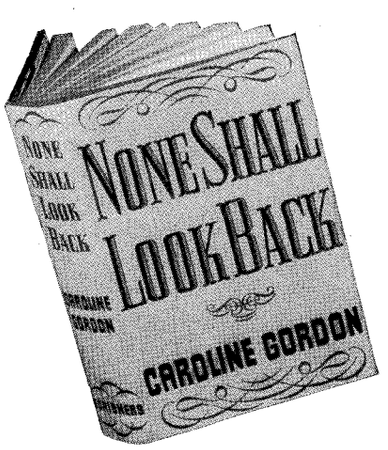

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will soon be in full bloom, which is horribly dissipated on their part, and quite unnatural."

By the time the magazine comes out, their jonquils will have been gone long since, we suppose, and our own may be somewhere near the blooming. But just now, the idea of a jonquil in flower is enough, even were we a strong man, to make us weep.

*

We spoke in the beginning of this column of the rapprochement between the publishers and the public. We feel that our monthly publishers' advance vote on forthcoming books is in keeping with this general trend. Each month John Chamberlain and the editors of SCRIBNER'S go over the advance lists of books, choose the twenty or twenty-five books that seem to them outstanding. They then submit this list to the publishers who, in turn, vote for the ten they feel—from what they know of authors, advance copies, publishers' notes, and the like—are going to be the important books of the coming month. They vote not on their own books alone, but on the books of all publishers. This is the basis for our "Scribner's Recommends" book list.

—KATHERINE GAUSS JACKSON.

Scribner's Recommends:

1. *Theatre,* by W. Somerset Maugham. Doubleday, Doran. $2.50.

The author of the classic *Of Human Bondage* makes a brilliant study of a woman, in a novel of the stage.

2. *Forty Years on Main Street,* by William Allen White. Compiled by Russel H. Fitzgibbon. Farrar & Rinehart. $3.

Mr. White has added much to this collection of his columns from the *Emporia Gazette* to make a warm and personal volume.

3. *The Miracle of England,* by André Maurois. Harper. $3.75.

A lifetime of study and several years' work have gone into this clear history of England's progress. By the author of *Disraeli* and *Ariel.*

4. *The Revolution Betrayed,* by Leon Trotsky. Translated by Max Eastman. Doubleday, Doran. $2.50.

What happened, and is happening, in Russia, by a man in a position to explain things that have never been told before.

5. *The Letters of Lenin,* translated and edited by Elizabeth Hill and Doris Mudie. Harcourt, Brace. $4.

With Russia more in the public eye than ever, these important translations fill a vital need.

6. *Grey of Fallodon,* by George Macaulay Trevelyan. Houghton Mifflin. $3.75.

A clear and enjoyable biography of Lord Grey just as he was, by the grandnephew of Lord Macaulay.

7. *Look Through the Bars,* by Ernst Toller. Farrar & Rinehart. $2.75.

How a great man's philosophy developed in a German prison.

8. *Whitman,* by Edgar Lee Masters. Scribners. $3.50.

The life of a great American poet through the eyes of another great American poet. Mr. Masters, aside from his own *Spoon River Anthology,* has already made himself famous as an interpreter of other poets in his *Vachel Lindsay.*

9. *Forward from Liberalism,* by Stephen Spender. Random House. $2.

An outstanding English poet and essayist predicts what our future holds.

10. *We Are Not Alone,* by James Hilton. Little, Brown. $2.

All the delightful, tender, mystic and gently wise aspects of Hilton's philosophy in one short novel.

It is interesting to note:

. . . that Oxford University Press added their important *The Private Manufacture of Armaments,* by Philip Noel-Baker, instead of the book we listed, which was advanced.

. . . that Yale University Press adds *Neutrality for the United States,* by Edwin Borchard and William P. Lage. They believe that this book "can influence our national policy, and that it may play an important part in saving millions of American lives from the next European slaughter."

. . . that Viking Press substituted *Twilight of a World,* by Franz Werfel; Little, Brown, *Why Was Lincoln Murdered?* by Otto Eisenschiml; and Dutton, *Fountains of Youth, the Life of Marie Bashkirtseff,* by Dormer Kreston, for books that have been advanced or postponed.

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Our Hypnotized World

(*continued from page 42*)

against war during peacetime that governments may halt and hesitate before venturing to declare war. Once war is declared, however, all such propaganda is nullified by the counterblasts of pro-war propaganda delivered on every side by every agency of the government—and in the case of centralized governments such as exist in every industrial country today the job is simpler and easier than ever before.

But it is not only when democracies are confronted with war that they verge into dictatorships. When the populace becomes sufficiently discontented and restless, and there is a demagogue who can sway it to his support, the danger of dictatorship is imminent. In the United States, for example, democracy can continue only so long as the populace remains acquiescent and no demagogue arises to challenge it to follow him. The existence of the radio alone makes such a possibility all too ominous. The very fact that Roosevelt's recent election, won by such an overwhelming majority, was due in considerable part to his radio magnetism, which means hypnotism, suggests what might readily occur if a new Huey Long, lacking Roosevelt's benevolent vision, should suddenly emerge and, utilizing the radio and exploiting all the other hypnotic devices of contemporary society, take the public by storm. Under such circumstances, democracy can very easily revert to dictatorship, in the same way that Sinclair Lewis described so vividly in his novel *It Can't Happen Here*. The threat of Father Coughlin, Gerald Smith, and William Lemke is typical of such a trend. Fortunately, none of these combined in their respective personalities the magic hypnotic appeal of Huey Long, who, in time, might have succeeded wherein they failed.

However, what is a necessary prerequisite for such a catastrophe is a discontented, restless, bellicose populace, already stirred and shaken to the point of social hysteria, where mob reaction replaces individual decision, and individuals become little more than mobsters in their psychology. Just as a physician has to get his patient into an individually receptive state of mind before he hypnotizes him, so a demagogue must have his populace in a socially receptive state of mind before he can victimize it.

The conditions which make a populace receptive to such hypnotic appeal are, in the last analysis, economic. No demagogue has ever been able to stir up a happy, prosperous populace. It is only an unhappy, unprosperous populace which is amenable to his appeal. When a populace is unhappy and unprosperous, as the American populace was during the depths of the depression, and most likely will become with our next "crash," there is the rapid development of the tendency to violence. This tendency existed in all populaces that reverted to fascism. It is when that tendency develops, as Sinclair Lewis describes with such remarkable effectiveness in his novel, and as all European fascisms have borne out, that we can be sure we are on our way to fascism in the United States. This return to the primitive, as it were, to the biological, to the prematurely violent, always marks a breakdown of every civilizational pattern, and opens up the gateways for the triumphal entry of the thieves, the vandals, the gangsters.

Pari passu with their advance, develop the tendencies toward suppression. The spirit of tolerance which preceded is succeeded by a spirit of intolerance. Might and right become confused as identical categories. The pacific tenor of rustic as well as urban communities is supplanted by a lynch psychology which crucifies all opposition by terrorism and torture. This change appears first in the economic realm, in the field of labor, where big business employs mercenary forces to beat down the radical labor elements which threaten its hegemony; then it spreads to the psychological realm, where class, group, racial, and national antagonisms are exploited in order to galvanize the populace into violent action. After that, the step to dictatorship is a small one, for by that time the populace has been so browbeaten into submission by the hypnotic appeal of the Führer, the Duce, the demagogue, call him what you will, that it no longer has any decision in the matter. Its social will has been robbed of its independence and virility.

The stability of a government, in the last analysis, depends upon how effective its hypnotic controls are over the populace. In that sense the economic fact is secondary to the psychological. Countries may be economically impoverished, as Germany and Italy today, but if the governments can control the attitudes and convictions of the people, they can maintain themselves without difficulty. Of course, there is a point, as in the case of the French Revolution, where economic distress is so unendurable that it becomes the motive force in igniting the revolt of the people. But such extremes of distress seldom break out into revolutionary violence, unless there is a countergovernment sentiment which has developed a different set of beliefs, with a different set of hypnotic controls to lend them power.

In Spain, for example, the government and the countergovernment forces, owing to the instability of the whole state apparatus, were in a condition of stalemate. The countergovernment forces, fearful that the government, once it was able to solidify its influence over the country, would be able to render all opposition futile, decided to revolt before such controls could be adequately instituted. Given another six months, a revolt might have been practically impossible.

Now that the revolution, or rather civil war, is on in Spain, the future will remain in debate until one side or the other becomes victorious. The side that wins will do what every victorious group does: seize control of all the sources of social suggestion, and within a year or two, or possibly three, win the populace over, by social hypnosis, to accept its position and policy.

The same situation would hold true in any other country in the event of such a crisis. It may be that France will provide the next example of a similar situation. Many competent and experienced observers of European affairs seem to think so. If the Blum government should be overthrown, and the French fascists should seize power, the chances are that a civil war would result, at the end of which a dictatorship of some sort would ensue that would seek to win the populace over by the means I have stated.

What all this proves, by way of conclusion, is that hypnotism is even more powerful as a social device than as an individual therapeutic, and that all those who recognize its powers can turn them to advantage only by directing them toward healthy and progressive social ends. In the hands of individual quacks or social fakers, it can prove as great a menace as, in the hands of scientists and political progressives, it can prove an inestimable boon to the human race.

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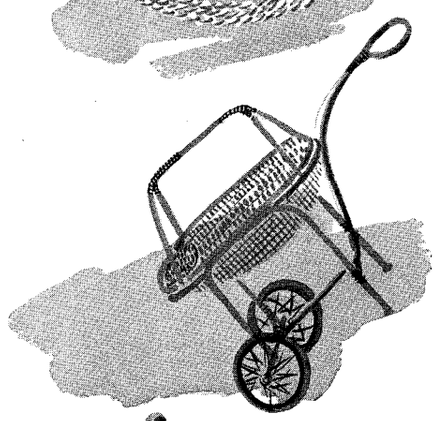
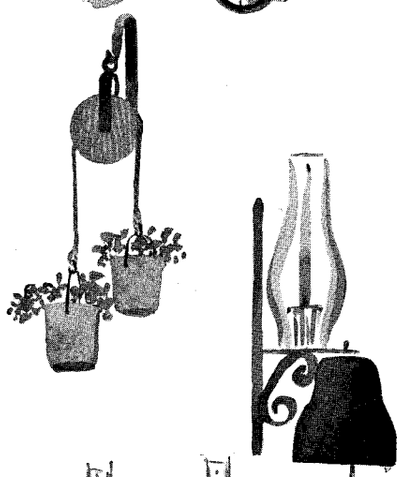
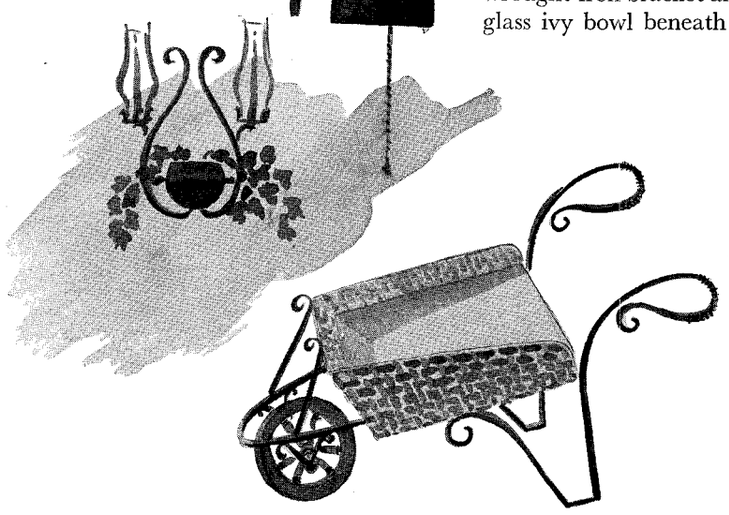
Down the Garden Path

KATHERINE KENT







THERE really *is* something to this business of turning the fresh thawed earth. It gets even the most stay-indoors person before there's a bloom or a shoot to show for it. No wonder, then, that I've been found these last weeks staring wistfully at all those decorative odd bits that make the garden gay and the house brim with living color before May spreads the garden beds with blooms.

Quite the quaintest thing to meet my eye and rout the last winter doldrum was a hoop-skirted wench created out of reed. She stands three feet high with head coyly poised and arms akimbo to hold sheaves of flowers at your garden gate and greet your friends. The idea is a gracious old-world one brought here for the first time by Abercrombie and Fitch (Madison Avenue and Forty-fifth Street).

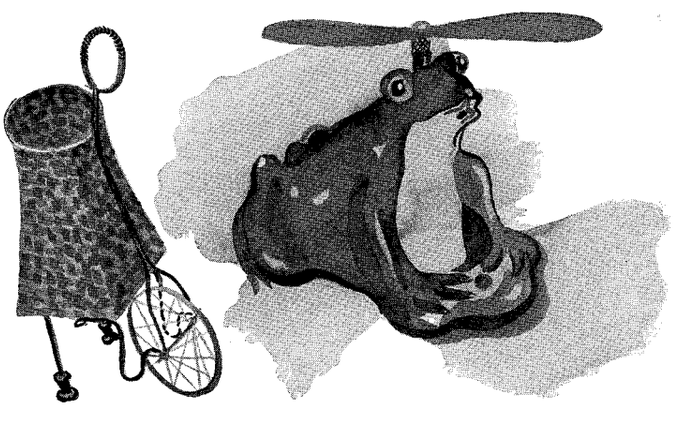
Designed for the garden gate too—though there's no rule to keep you from using it elsewhere—is a small, wrought-iron, hurricane lamp with a summoning bell below it, imported by the Peasant Village. Again this season the designers here are doing nice things with the once-humble chimneyed candle—putting it atop a long spiked pole to dig in by the side of the garden table or, on a slender length of pole, to carry as you make your way across the dark lawn to greet the belated guest. These designers are just as good with indoor ideas—my pet at this instant is the twin, hurricane, wrought-iron bracket affair with a clear-glass ivy bowl beneath it.

Pleasant things have been happening to flower carts. From the skillful hands of Carolina mountaineers come two new versions. Both have painted, wrought-iron frames that house the flower carriers of woven split oak. One type has a deep, wastepaperlike carrier splendid for carting off budded cherry and apple branches or for the more prosaic job of trundling off pruning leftovers. Later in the year it will be perfect for gorgeous big things like your dahlias. The second type has a fairly shallow traylike carrier that allows you to spread your flowers without piling them on top of each other. It comes in two sizes: twenty-five inches high with a tray sixteen by forty-two, or in a smaller version which is twenty inches high and has a tray thirteen by thirty-four. This smaller or junior size has a removable metal lining (painted a gay green) that fits snugly within the woven carrier. It's an intriguing little piece and as practical for wheeling out thirst quenchers as it is as a flower cart.

The all-rattan cart sketched is exceptionally well-made and durable. The flower-basket section with its long, deep sweep of handle is designed with practical foresight, for you can lift it off the wheeled base and carry it on your arm between the flower beds, where the cart itself is too wide to trundle. It's a Hammacher Schlemmer piece of expert planning.

*

Fern stands (yes, they still call them that) and bracket affairs for ivy pots



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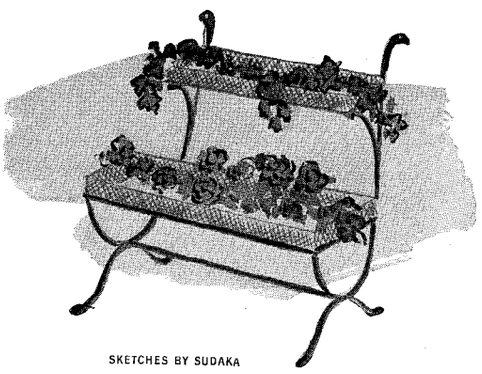
are to be found everywhere in designs that fit the mood of period or modern rooms. In fact, so many have gone decoration-mad that the job of sifting and sorting finds me flat and spent. It's all because I still harbor the naïve belief that such things should function as background for plants and not dominate the scene. As an example of what the better shops have to offer you in excellent workmanship and restrained design, there is the two-tier, ivory-finished metal stand sketched—decorative enough to get away from the crude and stark, yet a willing and dignified background for the potted greenery for which it is intended.

From the hill-billy country comes the well-bucket, twin-pot bracket (sketched on the preceding page) grand for rustic porches and rooms of the knotty-pine or seventeenth-century maple genre. The pots are of a native clay in a rusty matte finish and hang by heavy cord from a simple wooden plaque.

Brackets and stands bring up the problem of what to put in them. Ivy is, of course, the all-around stand-by, for it requires little light and a minimum of care. But now that the days are longer and brighter, and sun porches are gala in new chintzes and plaids, I'm appointing myself a committee of one for the promotion of blooming pots, particularly the old-fashioned varieties like trailing petunias. My very favorite, however, is a plant forgotten in most parts of the country—the ivy and the Martha Washington geranium. Neither of these are of the stiff-necked, martinet straight kind that the word geranium brings to mind. Both varieties branch and dip with a poised grace that richly deserves greater recognition for potting and for window boxes. The blooms are those of the more familiar geranium family and do well with just a little real care. May is the month to buy the plants from your favorite greenhouse.



SKETCHES BY SUDAKA

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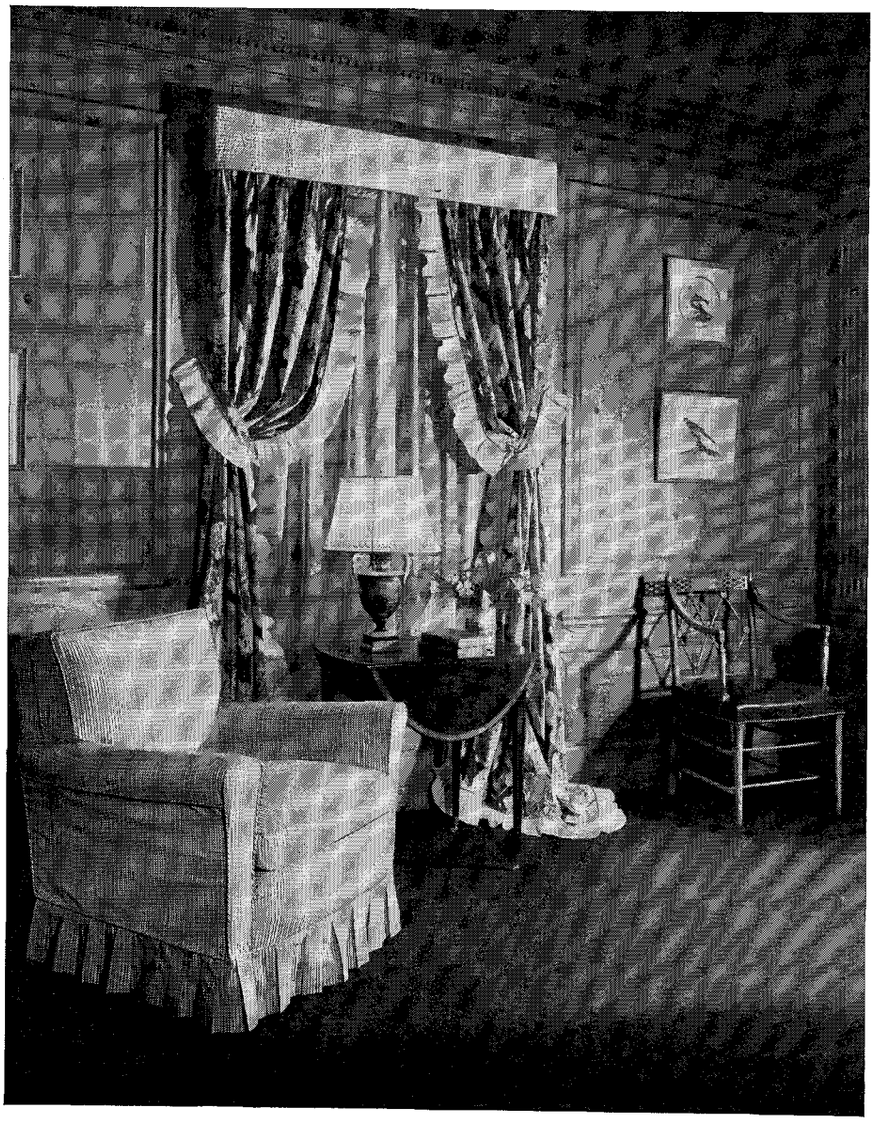

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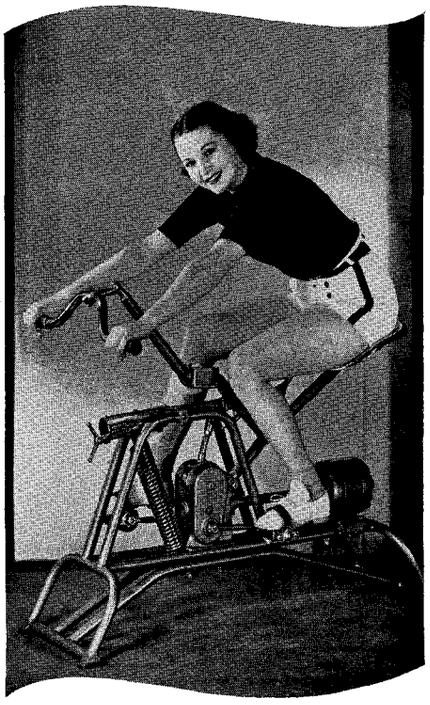

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Now out to the garden once more for a look at the big ceramic frog (made at the Weller Potteries) that balances a three-blade, propellerlike sprinkler on his nose. He's heavy enough to sit tight under a heavy charge of water through the hose that attaches in the hollow of his body, while on the other hand he is not too weighted to be easily moved from one part of the garden to another. And best of all, he solves the problem of what to do with the watering gadget when it's not in use. Just leave him on the lawn day and night and let his ornamental value do utilitarian duty, too.

*

LEARNED HERE AND THERE: That orchidgrowing (amateur) is not limited to Rex Stout characters nor is its cost prohibitive. You begin with a mature plant (unless you want to wait nine years for a seed to grow up) that can be purchased from any of the commercial orchidgrowers such as Lager and Hurell, Summit, N. J.; Edward Manda, Inc., West Orange, N. J.; George Baldwin, Mamaroneck, N. Y. The plant, of course, must have an even temperature and proper humidity, so count a glass case in the reckoning. There is an inexpensive one called Plant-I-Dor, put out by Hitchings and Company at Elizabeth, N. J., which an enthusiastic amateur orchidgrower tells me is excellent. It measures sixteen by twenty-four by eighteen, has a concealed moisture tray and a glass lid that slides up and down in grooved recesses to permit controlled ventilation. Seven fifty plus carrying charges brings it to your door. But whatever sort of case you buy, an automatically controlled, electric heat unit is a wise investment, so that when the room temperature drops below the minimum for plant health, the case will be properly heated. Hitchings and Company also put out one of these gadgets that plugs into a 110-volt socket, is easily installed in the case, and sets you back only three dollars. And now if you are really serious about this orchidgrowing venture, you'll do well to look up *American Orchid Culture,* by Edward A. White, head of the Department of Floriculture at Cornell University. It is written for commercial growers, but since there is nothing on the subject for the amateur, this is your book.

Answers to "The Scribner Quiz"

(*see page* 58)

1. True
2. True
3. False
4. True (St. Louis, 821,960 pop.)
5. True
6. True (Freedom)
7. False (name of well-known make of American airplane, very fast)
8. False (just finished murals in Missouri's capitol)
9. True
10. False (2,000,000)
11. False
12. False
13. False (the New York Giants)
14. True
15. False
16. True
17. True (87.3 per cent)
18. True (Vermont and Tennessee were carved from the original boundaries)
19. False (Sanka Coffee)
20. True
21. False (married)
22. True
23. True
24. False (a small glassful)
25. True
26. False
27. False
28. False (that was the issue between shipowners and seamen)
29. True (according to Emily Post)
30. True (Union Jack dates from 1801)
31. False (*The Eternal Road*)
32. True (three or four per week)
33. True (*The Hundred Years*)
34. False (written by Dale Carnegie)
35. False
36. True (new regulation just in effect)
37. True
38. False
39. False (that's a definition of cement)
40. False (recently extended by Congress to June, 1939)
41. True (112 lbs.)
42. True
43. True
44. False (famous race-horse trainer)
45. True
46. False (Hawaiian National Park)
47. False (to taxi is to move a plane over land or water before rising or after landing)
48. True
49. True
50. False

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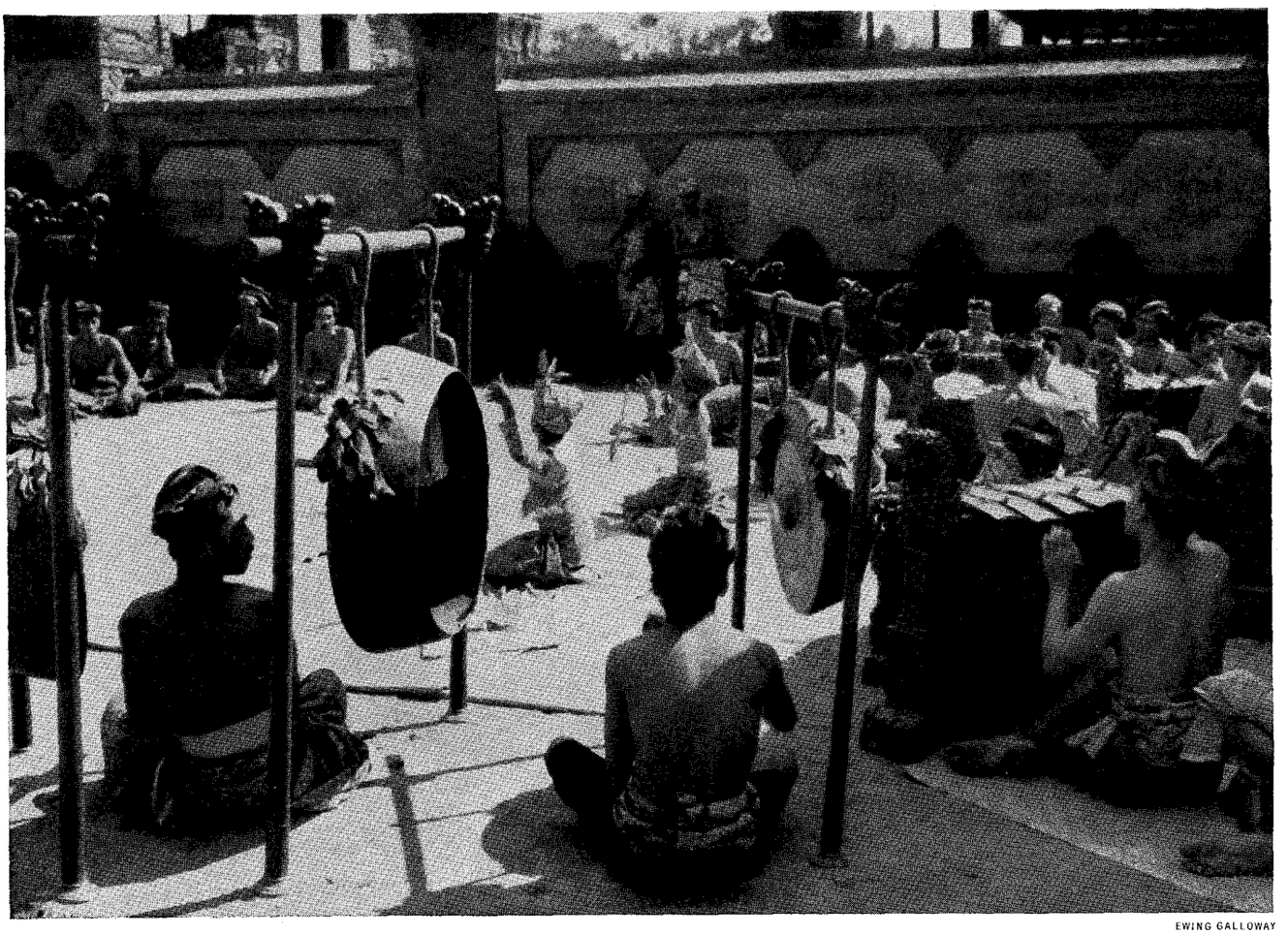

EWING GALLOWAY

Rhapsodies in Yellow and Brown

RICHARD GILBERT

ORIENTAL music has no greater authority in the western world, perhaps, than Dr. E. M. von Hornbostel, of the University of Berlin. For several years I have experienced unbounded delight in the anthology, *Music of the Orient,* which this eminent musician and ethnologist has prepared on twelve records of the Parlophone Company of Europe. Although this unique collection of exotic music has been available for some time as an imported item, I call it to your attention now because the local Decca Company, by including it in a recently issued catalogue, makes it easily obtainable here at an unusually low price.

The set has been devised to provide within the smallest limits possible a comprehensive survey of the principal musical products of all high Oriental cultures. It is virtually a musical tour of Japan, China, Java, Bali, Siam, India, Persia, Egypt, and Tunis. Tonal vistas of exceeding strangeness are unveiled with convincing dimension and atmosphere. This magic carpet whisks you off to unseen but palpable places, sets before you an assembly of yellow and brown musicians, some of whom will titillate your ears, others assail them, with a variety of sounds heard up until now only in distant corners of the earth.

All sorts of stringed instruments, plucked and bowed, a number of curious flutes and fifes, and a great variety of percussion devices make their appearance in ensembles performing in Japanese and Chinese theaters, at the Royal Court in Jogjakarta, and in streets and coffeehouses. The larger portion of this music is vocal with instrumental accompaniment. Some of the singers recount ancient and modern dramas and colorful fairy tales in recitatives that are positively eerie; others offer invocations to Allah or a simple peasant song with a melodic curve of peculiar charm. The instrumental parts provide music of more universal appeal—the *samisen* of the Geishas, the quaint cylinder-shaped *hu-ch'in* of the Mongolian fiddler, and that direct ancestor of the Elizabethan lute, the Moorish *'Ud,* are recognizable timbres. The highlights of the collection, however, will be found in the superb recordings of Javanese and Balinese music.

Whether prominence is given to the Indonese orchestras out of consideration for the comparatively recent "discovery" of the combination Utopia and Paradise on the isle of Bali or for the

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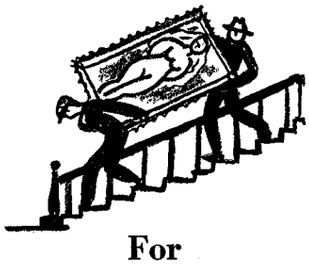

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interests of modern musicians and students of the dance does not really matter. The music of these orchestras (*gamelon*) is, by the standards of either hemisphere, alluring and unforgettable. Debussy, Stravinsky, and Ravel heard it at Paris expositions decades back and did not hesitate to borrow those features of Malayan composition that appealed to their alert sensibilities. Nine of the twenty-four record sides are devoted to music of Java, Bali, and Siam, and for this Dr. von Hornbostel has at least one listener's profound gratitude.

If, as Hassoldt Davis, author of *Islands Under the Wind* and of the running commentary for the film *Goona-Goona,* says, "It is really impossible to describe the music of Bali," readers must not expect me to compete with one who has spent some little time living under the direct spell of the tintinnabulating magic of the *gamelon* —"a harmony of great and little gongs, of xylophones, cymbals, flutes and quaint fiddles—sorcerous and yet strangely without passion."

The instrumentation of the *gamelon,* mainly percussive, varies for different religious or ceremonial functions. Both male and female voices, *suling* (flute) and *rebab* (pin-violin) are used as freely melodic instruments, independent in rhythm and melody, merely hovering above the heavy main tone. The leading instruments are the long-sounding kettle-gongs (*bonang*) and the metallophones with bamboo resonators (*gendèr*). Accompanying instruments which subdivide the melody into a network of smaller intervals are called *saron* and *gambong.* The former are short-toned metallophones, the latter a kind of xylophone. Additional gongs and kettle-gongs and drums serve to emphasize the rhythm and to underline the division of the melody by strong beats, and to provide counterpoints. The *gamelon gong* is the largest of Balinese orchestras.

Listen to the record entitled *Lagu Kebiar.* Neither Stravinsky nor Ravel ever confected a more brilliant instrumentation. The finale of *Les Noces,* by the former, and certain passages of *Ma Mère l'Oye,* by the latter, are no more striking in orchestral device. Frequent changes of rhythm and a continuous subtlety of dynamic shading give to the piece a rhapsodical ebb and flow.

I would make Dr. von Hornbostel's *Music of the Orient* required listening wherever records are played. It is the sort of thing which not only provides a source of endless enjoyment, but makes for a broader appreciation of the possibilities of organized sound.

The New Records

One of the most redundant record releases in many months contains—besides an unusually interesting assortment of instrumental and vocal discs—symphonies of César Franck, Anton Bruckner, Beethoven, and Sibelius. The latter composer is represented by his *Fifth,* the London Symphony Orchestra recording of which appeared several years ago in the first *Sibelius Society Set* (a limited edition) together with the tone poems, *Tapiola* and *Pohjola's Daughter.* There is no need of tarrying long here with regard to these already well-known interpretations of the late Robert Kajanus other than to say that the set has been added to Victor's regular list as No. M333.

Felix Weingartner's new *Eroica* repeats those admirable and authoritative features noted recently in this specialist's eloquently projected essays of Beethoven's *Fifth* and *Seventh* symphonies (the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra—Columbia set No. 285).

Franck and Bruckner both were religious mystics, contemporary organists who spent a considerable portion of the nineteenth century cloistered from the everyday world in their chosen cathedral lofts. As men, they resembled each other in their childlike simplicity, modest retirement, and trusting naïveté. As composers, the parallel ceases except that in the case of each it was through the enthusiasm and constant effort of a few close disciples that their music eventually secured performance and recognition.

Franck's D minor work has become an acknowledged masterpiece, perennially played. Bruckner's nine symphonies still are the subject of controversy.

Despite its frequent lapses into maudlin sentimentality, Franck's symphony is, in fact, a unique and important document in the transition from the music of the romantic period to the music of modern times. Its three movements are suffused with an enticing chromaticism to which every neophyte promptly succumbs, and the cyclic use of its motives eases for many enrapt listeners the problems of tracing melodic developments. It is an easy work to like; moreover, it is one of which the ears tire quickly.

Leopold Stokowski and the Philadelphia Orchestra—as resplendent a combination for the performance of this surging work as one could wish for—made a recording of the D minor in the early days of the electrical process

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which proved to be the most popular album of records in the Victor catalogue. Set forth now with the additional allurements of wide frequency and dynamic ranges, this old war horse achieves a phonographic eloquence that a great many collectors—especially those fortunate possessors of modern wide-range equipment—will find imperative to heed (Victor set No. M300).

The worst thing about Bruckner's symphonies is the interminable length of their movements. The *Fourth,* in E-flat, called the *Romantic,* is no exception. Even when one has played through and enjoyed the lusty hunting scene of the *scherzo* (one side) and concluded the trio of simple folklike charm (a very brief side), one finds the *da capo* instruction: repeat the *scherzo,* which means going back to side 10 again after side 11. While certain musicians—principally the three mentioned above—have been charged with tampering with Bruckner's scoring, no one has undertaken the criminal act of abridging his hyperbolical expanses. It is not only the excessive length of Bruckner's works that makes them forbidding; it is also the uneven quality of his inspiration—imagination and dullness, careful design and careless sketch succeed each other in rapid flow.

In this new recording of Bruckner's *Fourth* symphony by the Saxonian State Orchestra conducted by Doctor Karl Böhm, we are given to understand that the composer's original scoring has been adhered to. This is made possible by the newly published *Originalfassung.* Bruckner's protagonists feel that the publication of the authentic score will compel a re-estimation of their hero's music. To help attain these ends, Doctor Böhm has been at pains to supply a reading full of virility, passion, and breadth of stroke; and the German recorders have done as lucid a job as I have ever heard emanate from their studios. Much of this admirably presented music commands respect, if not love; measures of genuine inspiration—such as the episodes of idyllic beauty and rugged massiveness in the first movement, the sad restraint and religious solemnity of passages in the second, the open-air exuberance of the rollicking *scherzo*—mark Bruckner an epic poet. But his repetitiousness, especially in the final movement, and frequent lack of structural firmness mar the effect as a whole. The phonograph, however, provides you with your own blue pencil (Victor set No. M331).

By no means overlook the Adolf Busch Players' performance of Bach's *Suite No. 1 in C* and *Suite No. 2 in B minor* for strings, the first with two oboes and bassoon, the second with flute. The dance movements are conceived and developed with grace and quaintness; the overtures prefacing them, in the French manner, have slow introductions followed by rapid fugal movements—all laid out with the same richness of treatment to be found in the *Brandenburg Concerti.* The Players are superb, and the recording is excellent (Victor set No. M332).

Excerpts from the two orchestral suites which Bizet arranged from his incidental music to Daudet's *L'Arlésienne* receive highly vitalized performance by Sir Thomas Beecham and his London Philharmonic Orchestra: *Prelude, Adagietto* and *Menuet* from *No. 1* and *Menuet* and *Farandole* from *No. 2* (Columbia set No. X69 and disc No. 68882). This incomparable music, full of animation and piquancy and moving warmth, deserves everyone's attention. . . . Sir Thomas also serves up a magnificent performance of the overture to *Die Meistersinger* that supplants all other recordings of this Wagner excerpt (Columbia No. 68854).

Swing Session

Two versions of *Limehouse Blues* by the same performers: Decca No. 23021 has Stephane Grappelly and his Hot Four (featuring Django Reinhardt) in a rather restrained improvisation, beginning with Grappelly's muted violin in a straight chorus and working into an adroitly integrated series of variations giving Django's guitar prominence; Victor No. 25511 displays the Quintette of the Hot Club of France (the same fellows) with more dash, less interesting ensemble. The back of the first has *I've Found a New Baby;* the coupling of the second, *After You've Gone.* Swing addicts will want both of these discs by the best "hot" performers of Europe whose first records to appear in this country were noted here some months back. . . . Padilla's *Who'll Buy My Violets?* takes a torrid jamming from the members of Tommy Dorsey's orchestra, with Rubinstein's world-weary *Melody in F* coming to life on the other side in a clever arrangement by Carmen Mastren for the same band (Victor No. 25519). Both tunes are definitely better for the musical treatment they receive here, and great for dancing, too. . . . The irrepressible Thomas "Fats" Waller may be heard in *I'm Sorry I Made You Cry* and *Havin' a Ball* (Victor No. 25515).

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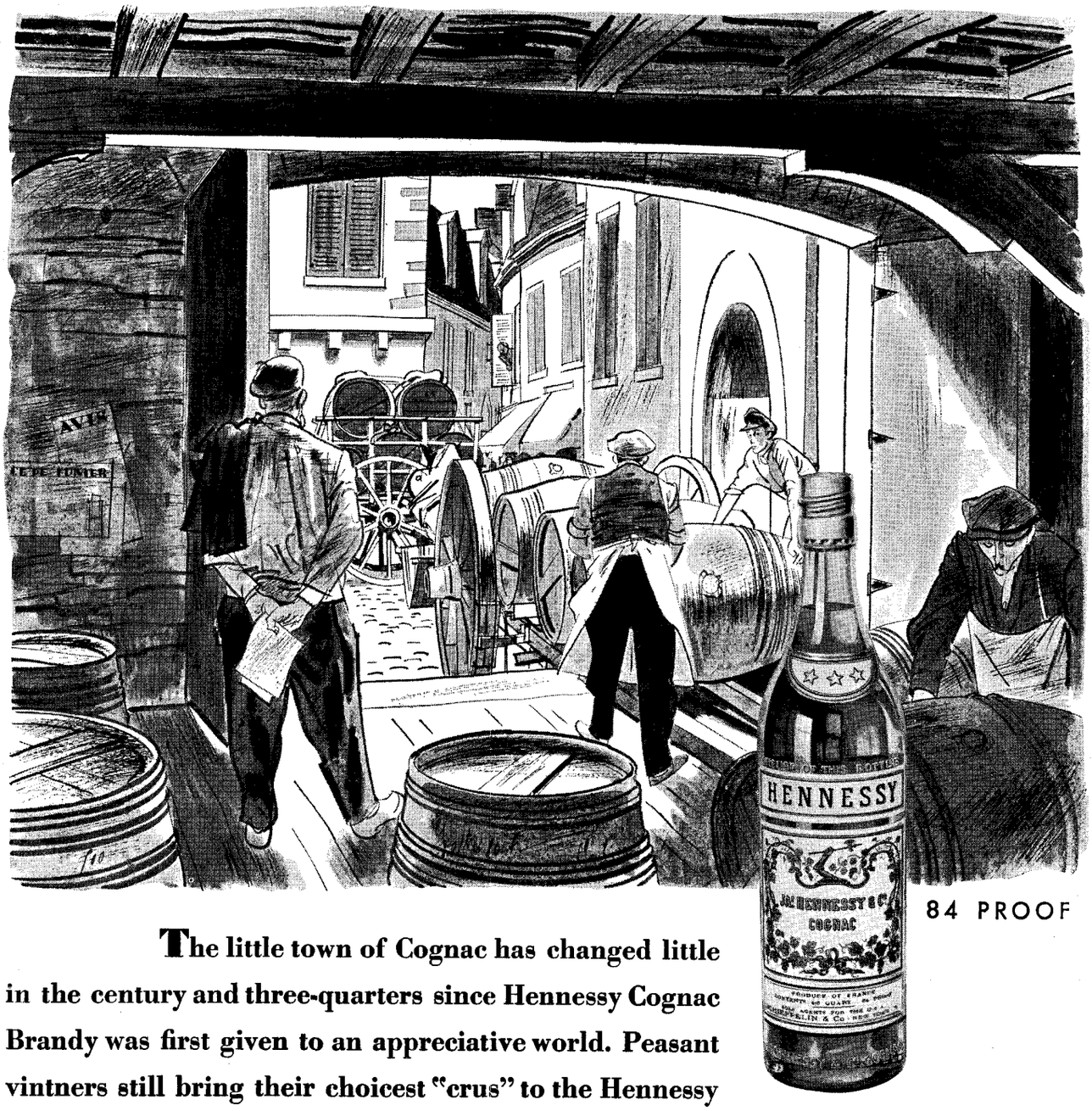

84 PROOF

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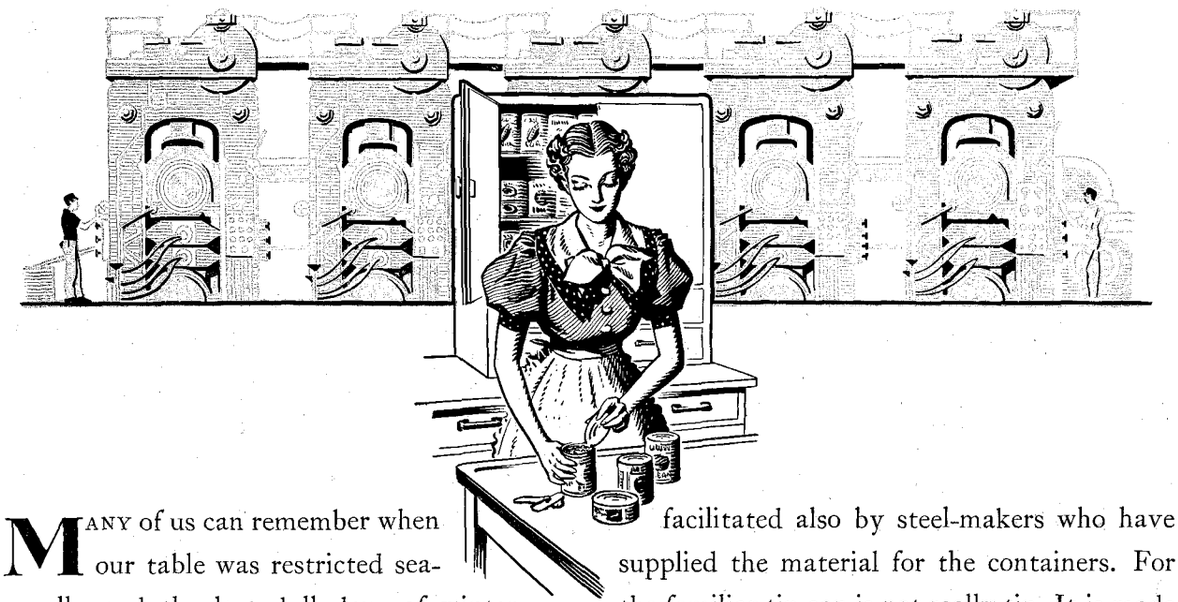

MANY of us can remember when our table was restricted seasonally and the last dull days of winter were made even more drab by monotonous fare. Fresh produce was scant, tough and stringy. The fruits and vegetables put up in the fall had just about given out. Commercially canned goods were limited in variety to a few insipid, uninteresting vegetables.

Today pantry shelves are laden with an almost endless variety of tinned fruit juices, succulent vegetables, meats, fruits, fish—and may include exotics like passion fruit, guavas, rice birds, bamboo sprouts, artichokes. You can even buy canned rattlesnake meat for canapes and green turtle soup complete with sherry.

Great credit is due the packers and canners for their enterprise in broadening the variety of canned foods and putting an end to purely seasonal restrictions on our daily fare. This diversification of our winter diet has been facilitated also by steel-makers who have supplied the material for the containers. For the familiar tin can is not really tin. It is made of steel—steel strip rolled down to a thickness of 5 or 10 thousandths of an inch and then plated with tin.

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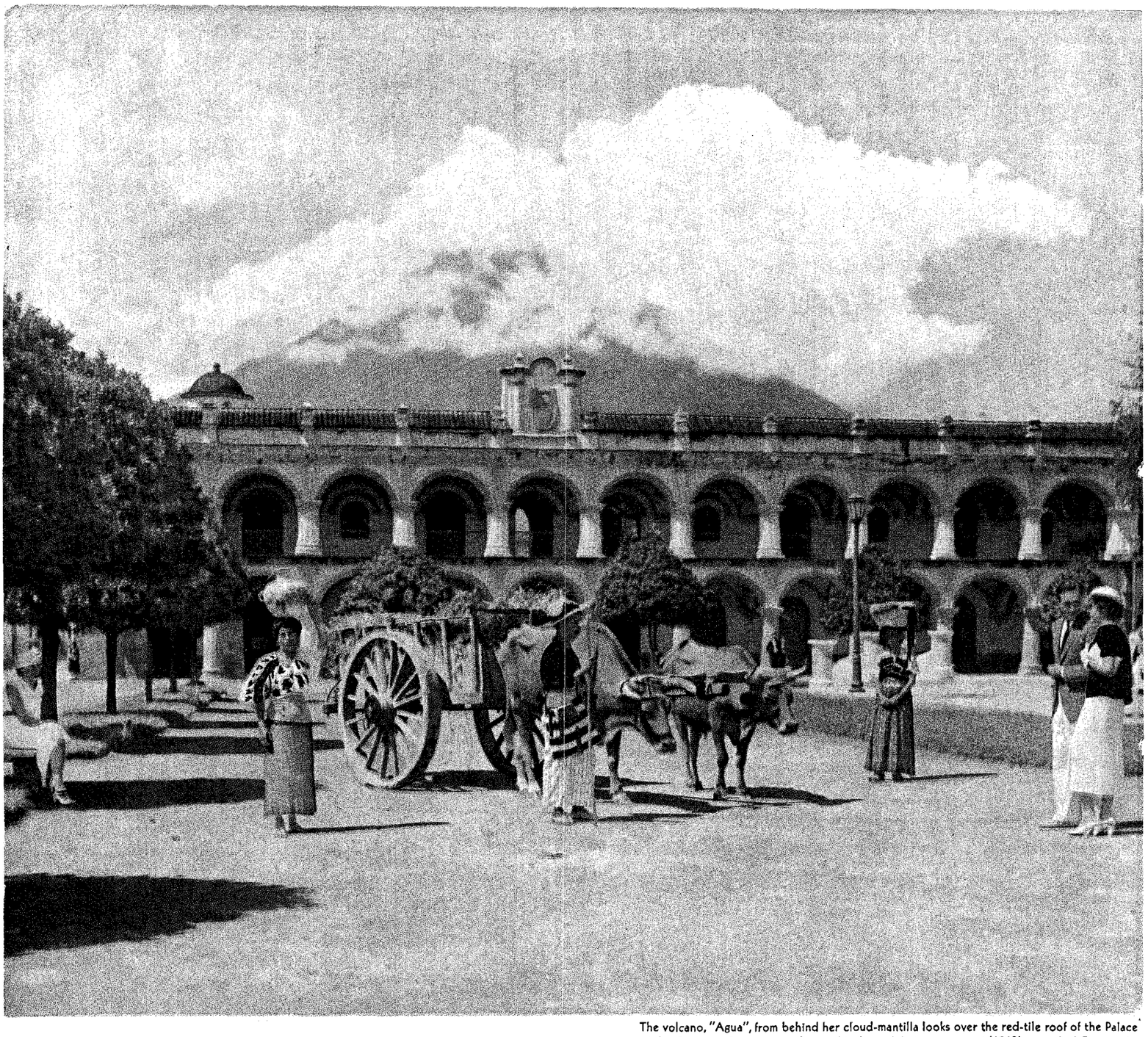

The volcano, "Agua", from behind her cloud-mantilla looks over the red-tile roof of the Palace of the Captains General into the sun-lit plaza of Antigua, ancient (1543) capital of Guatemala.

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